Saturday Review

October 17, 1964 25¢

POSITION PAPERS:

My Case for the Republican Party 1964

By Barry Goldwater

SEVENTH OF A SERIES IN A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION YEAR

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The Peace Corps Volunteer Returns

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Making History in Prince Edward County

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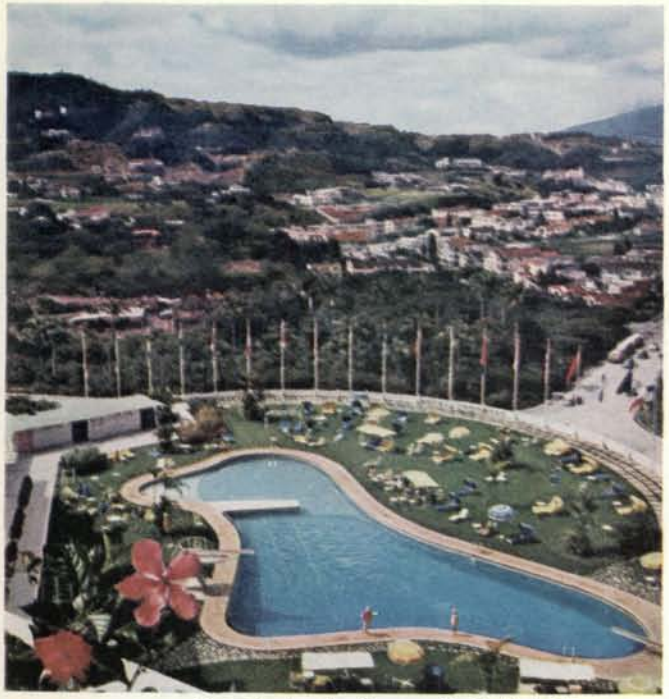
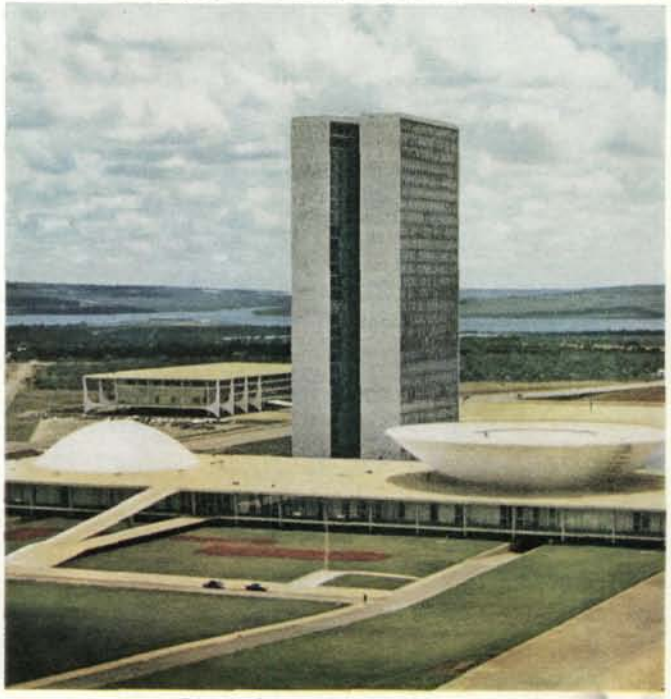


Places to stay: in Caracas, it's the Hotel Tamanaco.

Things to see: Casa Rosada, for instance, in Buenos Aires.

Things to do: go for the big ones on the Chilean lakes.



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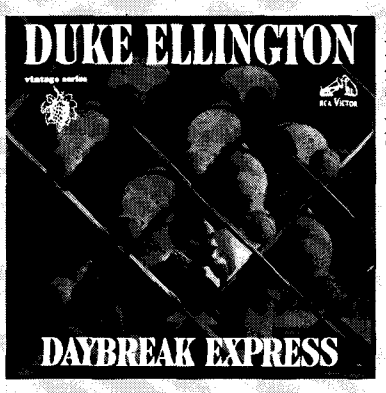

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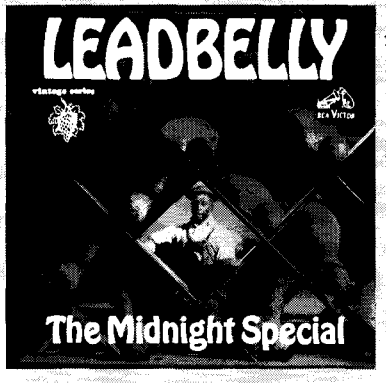

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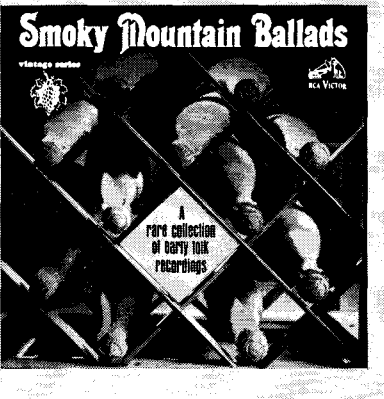

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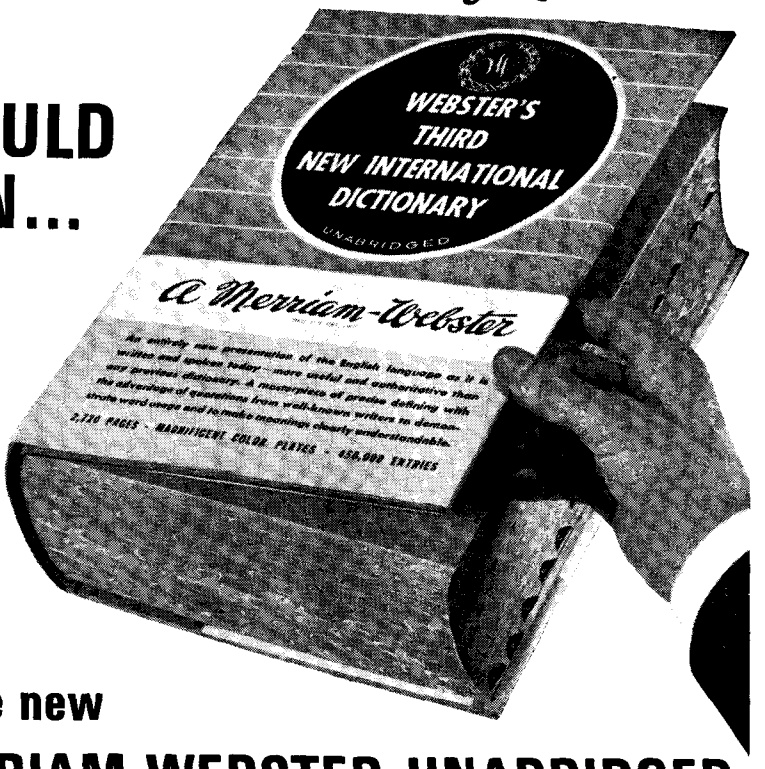

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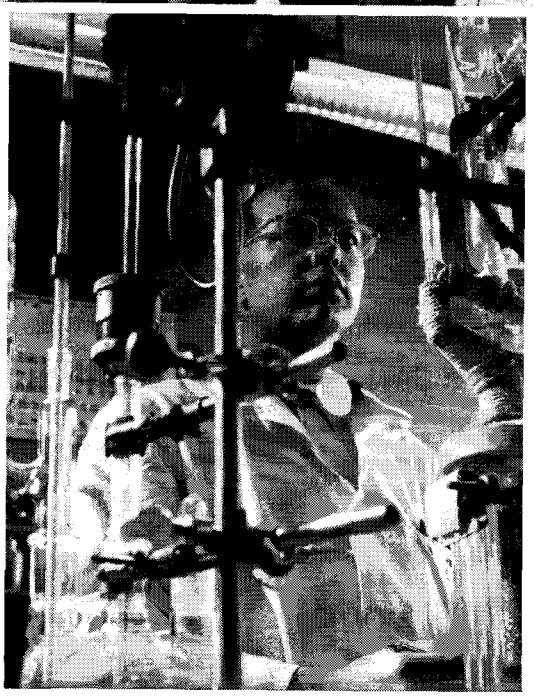

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Long, Long Ago

Edited by Martin Levin

Huey

RIGHT above the frankfurter griddle in my father's East Bronx delicatessen, obscured somewhat by the oily smoke from the steaming hot dogs, was a large banner—the kind college students tack to their walls—with Huey Long's motto "Every Man a King" boldly emblazoned across it. To the left of the slogan was a serious, unsmiling photograph of the Kingfish himself: the great Huey P. Long. Long and my father had been good friends ever since the day Billy Lyman, leader of the Fifth Assembly District's Star Democratic Club in the Bronx, and Judge Adlerman, also a prominent figure in Bronx political circles, had brought Huey into the delicatessen one night after a rally at the nearby Hunts Point Palace. Huey and Dad had immediately taken to each other and, finding that they had much in common (Dad agreed with everything Huey said), formed a lasting bond of friendship. Some months later, after several conversations with Long in the rear of the store, my father formally became a member of the "Share the Wealth Movement."

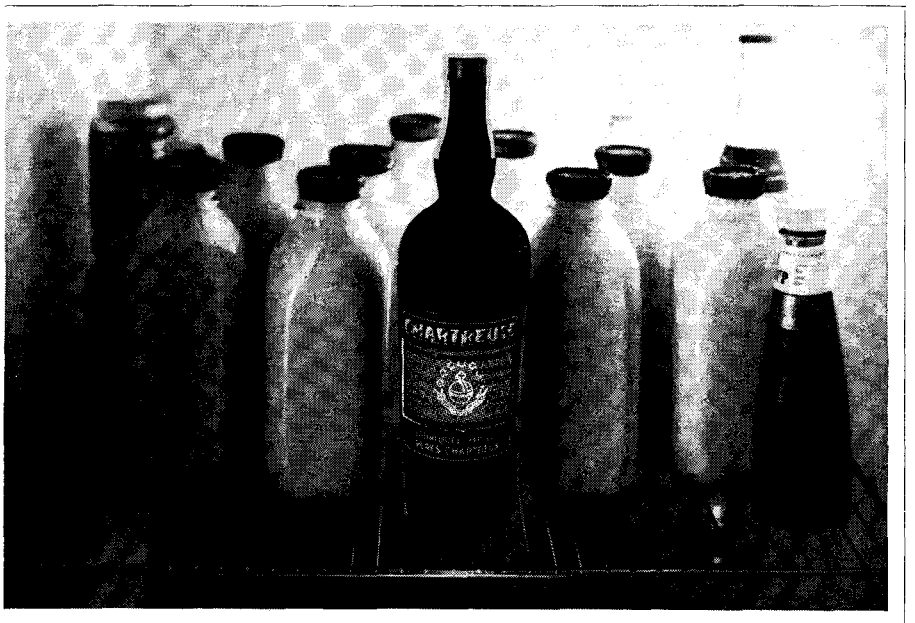
Whenever Long came into the store, my father would rush from behind the counter, still clad in his large apron, face flushed, and would vigorously shake hands with him. Huey's favorite "Jewish" sandwich—you can just imagine how much meat my father piled on it for him—was a hot pastrami combination. It was on club bread with mustard, sweet red pepper, cole slaw, with a layer of hard salami covering the pastrami. If a regular customer happened to be in the store and saw my father preparing this creation, he would become indignant. "How come you never make for me such a sandwich?" For this challenge my father had a stock answer: "He's my brother, he just come over from Poland. I haven't seen him in twenty years, so I think I'm entitled to make him a good sandwich?" And Huey, with that seersucker suit of his, looked as if he *had* just come from the other side. With the sandwich, my father always served Huey a bottle of Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic. Huey used to complain, "I like it, Abe, but it's got no kick to it . . . needs some gin." "Drink," my father would say. "It's healthy for you, better than alcohol."

My father used to remark about Huey, "Boy, has he got a mouthpiece on him, worth a million dollars." He was especially proud that the man could talk for hours and hours without a stop in the marathons that he held in the Senate, while opposing some bill or other. He would tune his old Stromberg-Carlson radio to the station carrying Huey's speeches, and, when a customer entered the store, he would proclaim loudly, "How do you like that man? For hours he's been speaking already. That's Senator Huey Long, a great American . . . my personal friend, you know." Not only didn't any of my father's customers believe that Huey Long was his personal friend, but what's more, they didn't much care. Speechmakers were easy to come by those days; it was the middle of the Depression, and the East Bronx was full of Communists and other soapbox persuaders. The few knowledgeable customers would sneer, "Long, that Fascist?" And to this my father would invariably reply, "What Fascist? Who's a Fascist, Huey Long?" Then he would laugh loudly and say, "You're crazy! He's a great American."

Once father did ask Long about anti-Semitism in the South. "That's a damned lie," Long replied. "The Jews, we love them all. We believe in the Old Testament just like you folks do up here. There's no prejudice against anybody in the South, Abe, not even the colored folks. Some people up North just have no understanding of the South, that's all. Why, two of my very best friends, Seymour Weiss and Abe Shushan, they're Jewish boys, and they've done right well for themselves in the South."

My father's favorite radio harangue of Long's was the one in which he explained the Share the Wealth Plan: "If a man makes over a million dollars a year, the government should confiscate everything over that million."

"By golly," my father would say to the nearest luckless customer, "he's right. A million a year is more than enough for a person. That Huey Long is a genius." Dad also liked that part of Huey's program dealing with stiff inheritance taxes. "Children should make money on their own and not be like sponges," said my father. "They shouldn't depend on a father's dying to get money. They should work themselves up by themselves and not depend on anybody leaving them money." My father was the most surprised man in the world when the Democratic Party failed to nominate Huey



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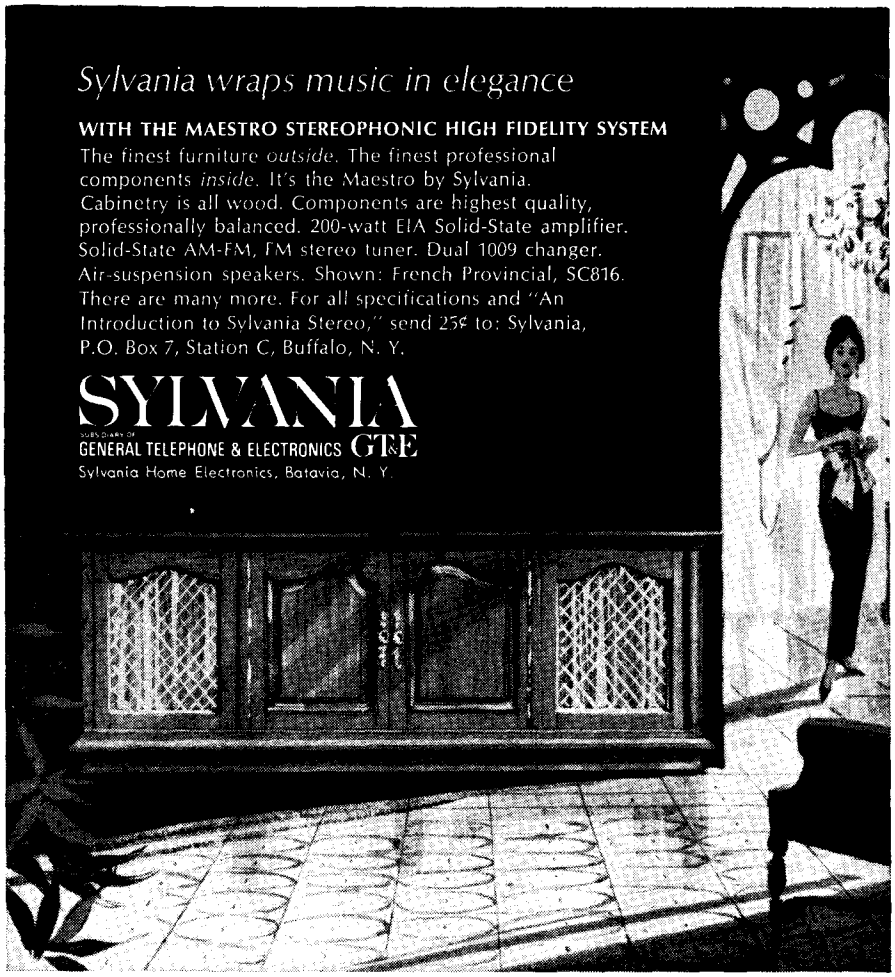
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Move Over, Rover

PROGRESS keeps on happening and things keep evolving. Take dog food, for instance. Dog food has come a long way. In days of yore dog food was whatever happened to be left after people were through eating, and no one seemed at all concerned whether it was high in carbohydrates and low in protein and might possibly give poochie hardening of the jejunem or hypertension or impair his sex appeal.

Those barbaric days are long gone, and dog food has evolved. You can now get dog food that has chlorophyll in it to give your canis familiaris sweet, kissable breath. Some comes in little patties like hamburgers. Some makes its own gravy (thus relieving the busy housewife of the tiresome necessity of hours spent over a hot stove making gravy for the family dog three times a day). It comes in different flavors: meat, chicken, fish, cheese, vegetable. It comes in crunchy dry form in different shapes and colors to indicate the flavor and nutrients. It is enriched with bone meal and blood meal and cod liver oil and wheat germ and all kinds of goodies that keep man's best friend at peak form with clear eye, steady paw, and glossy coat.

At the same time human food has been evolving, too. Things have gradually been taken out of human food or replaced with ersatz substitutes. I saw a dog food ad the other day that advertised good old "stick to the ribs nourishment," and I was struck with nostalgia by this quaint, old-fashioned phrase, which I hadn't heard for so long in relation to people food.

About a month ago I visited a friend who has five children and I was surprised to see in her kitchen a sack of dog biscuits of the large, bone-shaped variety.

"Have you finally gotten the kids a dog?" I asked.

"Nope, I buy them for Sean," she said, referring to her five-year-old boy. "He got hold of one and just loved it. I looked at the contents printed on the sack and it looked like good stuff so . . . why not?"

Why not indeed? I wonder how that canned canine stew would taste with a little sherry, a pinch of oregano, and just a *soupçon* of garlic over toast points. Perhaps those meat patties properly grilled . . . hmmmmm. After all, aren't people entitled to clear eyes, steady paws, and thick, glossy coats, too?

—Kay Haugaard.

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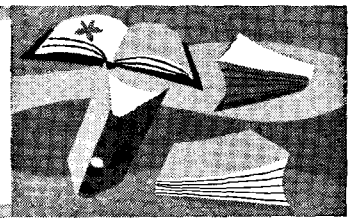
Trade Winds



We are now prepared to set to rest officially the soda-biscuit crisis, resulting from our rash offer to TRADE WINDS readers who could supply a substitute sentence to replace "the quick brown fox . . ., etc." Feeling that no product would be too good for the contestants, if that is what you would call them, the

Arnold Bakers, of Greenwich, Connecticut, have been kind enough to put together spanking-fresh packages of old-fashioned cookies in half a dozen gourmet flavors, and to ship them off via parcel post to our hungry wordsmiths. Such an assortment will not only put to shame the soda biscuits that we originally promised, but will indeed be a feast fit for Olympus. (The fact is that we ran into a little trouble when it turned out that we owed three-quarters of a ton of soda biscuits.)

Late entries for the contest brought a response from E. A. Heath, of Evanston, Illinois, who was easily bored with the challenge of putting together a sentence with each letter of the alphabet in it. He came up with several sentences using each letter *twice*, among them being: "A plump wench flagged a Zanzibar kayak to query a vivid chief squaw about juju maxixes." And that's not all. Imposing the limitation of metric feet, rhyme, and the limerick form, Mr. Heath came through with no less than six limericks, some of them including a *triple* use of each letter. Among them:

When an expert burlesque queen
named Maizy,
Stripping velvet, became very lazy
She would quickly exhibit
Just one jeweled explicit
Gliding off from the jokesters like
crazy.

Grant's 8—the light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. 86 proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N. Y.
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Regardless of what your own views may be, sex seems determined to be here to stay. What's more, in the book world it recently launched a very real war between the sexes. The publishers of Helen Gurley Brown's *Sex and the Single Girl* locked in mortal court combat with the publishers of Albert Ellis's *Sex and the Single Man* over title rights. While the outcome was rather technical, the possibility that this sort of thing will continue a follow-the-leader pattern is a matter for concern. What will follow Miss Brown's new *Sex and the Office?* Will it be *Sex and the Factory, Sex and the Salt Mines, Sex and the World's Fair?* Apparently anything can happen.

We're inclined to follow the suggestion of our correspondent Jack Derr, who writes from Tyrone, Pennsylvania, that there is such a parade of these books coming out that he's changing his book plate to read: *Sex libris.*

If there's a marked improvement in weather forecasting in the coming days, it may be possible to trace it to a recent order received by Fawcett Publications for their new Premier paperback, *How You Can Forecast the Weather*, by Eric Sloan. A very official order form came in from the U.S. Weather Bureau, requesting two copies at 60 cents each. But perhaps most significant is the manner in which the title was typed on the order form. It read: *How Can You Forecast the Weather?*

From Canton, Ohio, Judith Gilhousen reports that she passed a large church with the following notice on the outside bulletin board:

9:15 AM Sudnay School
10:30 AM Morning Worship
If youe'r to Busy to Pray
Youe'r to busy.

And we were delighted to hear from Bing Crosby, who spotted an enormous sign on the lawn of a handsome English

church as he was driving by. The sign carried the letters: CH - - CH. Underneath was the question: "What's missing here?"

In the lower corner of the board were the letters: U R.

"Seemed like a nice, soft sell," Bing writes.

There is nothing more strenuous for an author than the job of thinking up names for his characters. Richard Condon, who is the author of this season's *An Infinity of Mirrors*, solved the problem neatly when he was writing his fourth

(*Continued on page* 15)

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The shocking truth

about the parents of poor students

They're failures at school because Mom and Dad fail them at home.

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How do these bright, normal youngsters go wrong?

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The lack of reading ability is at the very heart of the dropout problem.

And who's to blame? Not the schools, as you may think. *These youngsters fail in life, because Mom and Dad fail them at home.*

Maybe without even knowing it, some parents teach their boys and girls to despise school and all intellectual activity.

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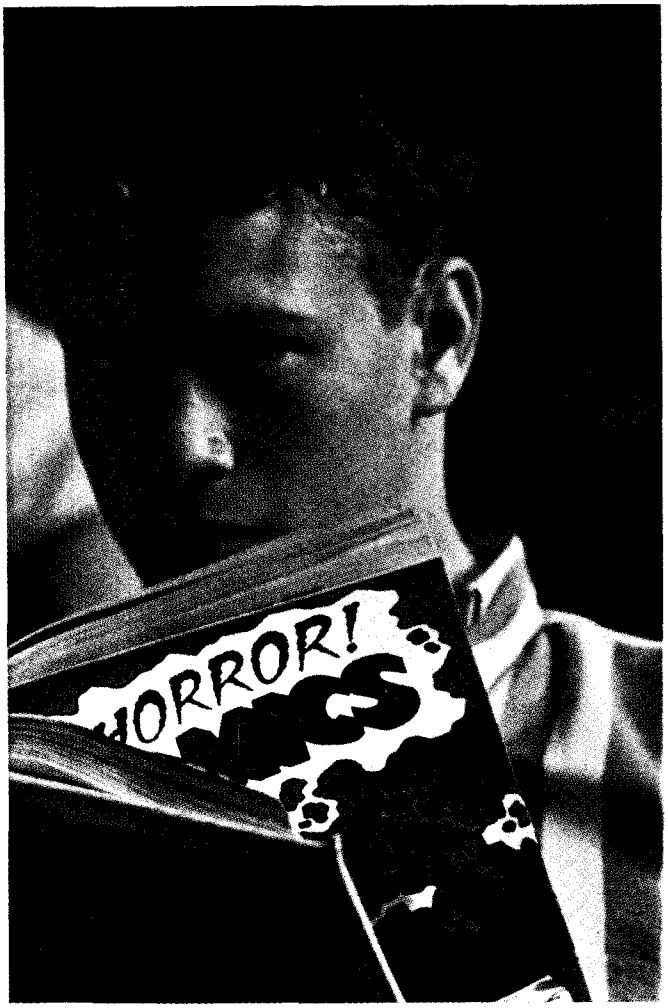

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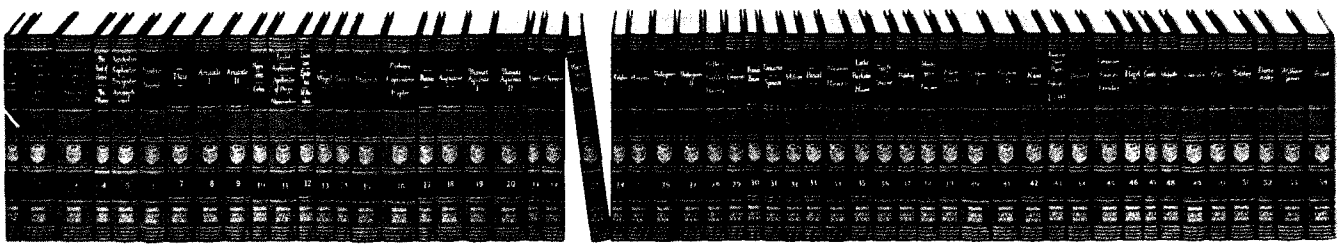

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Continued from page 10

novel, *A Talent for Loving*. He used the names of some eighty friends to make him feel more at home in the hostile Old West, the locale of the book. Each friend happened to be a more or less frustrated actor, diverted to other careers by the simple expedient of having to eat.

"All went well," said Condon, "until a few months after publication. Then the living cast of characters began to grow restive."

Indeed they did. Led by Frank Heller, the Goodson-Todman producer, and Benn Reyes, a union known as the International Brotherhood of Book Actors was formed, with Peggy Flinn of Martindale's Book Store in Beverly Hills as the executive secretary. Their object: to use collective bargaining to get roles in other novels and thereby pick up larger audiences. Just when Heller claimed he was negotiating successfully with Leon Uris and Francis Parkinson Keyes, Condon threatened to block any such nonsense and take them into the venue of legendary Judge Bean and the harsh law west of the Pecos.

Last reports were that the union is just about ready to dissolve itself.

It is with a great deal of trepidation that we quote a letter from Marjori Wihtol, of Middletown, New Jersey, especially after the soda biscuit crisis. We hasten to add that the prize for any answers to this request will *not* be ten pounds of soda biscuits, or anything else. Those who respond, however, may have the eternal gratitude of Mrs. Wihtol, who is suffering from a gnawing frustration.

"What I need, Doctor," she writes, "is a substitute in learning music for 'FACE,' 'Every Good Boy Does Fine,' 'All Cows Eat Grass,' and 'Great Bulls Do Fight Always.' Having departed from the piano in 1913 and arrived at the organ in 1963, I find this inane code has not changed a whit. Far more imagination is used by medical students in inventing sentences for nerves, bones, etc. Censorable, though!"

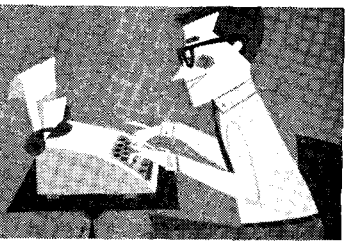
Maybe this is worth a few soda biscuits or cookies, but the supply is already too low to tamper with.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1592)
OLIVER HALE:
COLUMBUS

This serious man whom Time made necessary . . . I think of him among the doubting men, his hands tiller and helm; the light strikes molten from the sun, and the wicks of his eyes blaze with fire of their own, whose core was kindled in a vision of far lands.

Top of My Head



How to Try in TV Without Really Succeeding

THE PROFESSIONAL critics were divided in their opinions of the comedy shows of the new television season. John Horn of the New York *Herald Tribune* said "lousy," while the more mildly spoken Jack O'Brian of the New York *Journal American* said "simply terrible." I didn't catch all the new shows but a few I saw lay somewhere in the middle of those two extremes, hovering between "mediocrity" and "Oh no!"

Two laugh tracks to which were attached what were purported to be comedy shows seeped into our living room—the Cara Williams show and *The Baileys of Balboa*. I don't know who produced these two epics, but the Cara Williams show turned out to be one of those cliché husband-and-wife situation comedies—the same old song and dance. The producer, whoever he was, attached the loudest laugh track you ever heard. As for me, give me the old soft shoe.

The premise of this comedic situation —hold on to your old straw hat—is that a man and his wife are working for a firm that does not hire married couples. How to keep the boss from discovering they are married will be the spectacle to which we will be treated for the next thirty-nine weeks. Unless they are legally separated from each other. Or from the show.

In playing the wife it was obvious that Cara Williams was having a ball. But it was the husband who summed up the whole program, after they had barely escaped being discovered as a married couple, when he said to Cara: "Everybody makes mistakes. But when you make one you make a *big* one." An epitaph to a producer if I ever heard one. How much more rewarding to have filled this prime half-hour time with some nice music. For instance the lovely DeMarco sisters. If he can get them.

The other show from this producer—*The Baileys of Balboa*—was about an old fisherman who in thirty-five years of fishing had never caught a white bass. But the four-year-old boy caught one with potato pancake as bait. The track on this show was up to its gills in laughter. Another program by this same producer was *The Reporter*. This was not supposed to be a comedy show. It only turned out that way.

I know there's somebody up at CBS keeping score. I'm sure the respected and show-wise Mr. William S. Paley has already marked our boy 0 for 3. Well you can't win 'em all. CBS astutely invested in *My Fair Lady*. This time it turned out to be *My Foul Ball*.

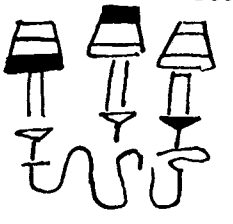
It came as quite a shock, this surfeit of bad comedy shows that turned up on CBS. This is the network that regularly defeated the other networks in the ratings in this category. Its program department—those sensitive, inventive planners who gave us such lovely items as *Beverly Hillbillies* and *Petticoat Junction*—seemed suddenly to have lost their touch of genius, what with *Gomer Pyle* and *The Munsters* and *Gilligan's Island*. The last one I can understand. Without even seeing a script, you know at once that *Gilligan's Island* sounds funny. *The Munsters*, I must admit, was more patiently treated by the perceptive Jack Gould of the *New York Times* than it was by the other critics.

I'd like to think that Mr. Gould was so worn down by the unfortunate *Addams Family*, another spook show, that *The Munsters* seemed more palatable by comparison. This can happen in any medium where the standard is mediocrity. It's like the scoreboards in some ballparks that explode into fireworks and the sound of sirens when one of the home-team players gets a home run. But at the Washington Senators' ballpark it explodes when one of the home-town players gets a walk.

But the real critic has yet to be heard from. This critic has nothing to do with taste or sensitivity. His name is A. C. Nielsen and his feelings about what's worthwhile are as cold and calculated as a computer's.

However, all is not yet lost. It's early in the season and networks can rinse out their cobalt with Dristan, clearing all the passageways, and put up a sign that says "Oops! Sorry!" and start afresh. Especially with that thing on a Tuesday night or two ago—that was the weakest that was—and in color yet.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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State of Affairs

Candidate's Dilemma

WHAT has emerged so far from the election battle is the fact that the majority of Americans are moderates. They may feel unhappy about Castro in Cuba, they may dislike the expansion of federal authority, they may want to see Communism destroyed throughout the world, and they may worry about the Negro getting "too far too fast" in his demands for equality, but when they weigh all the odds a heavy majority seems to be opting for a moderate, forward-looking posture that avoids radical solutions and the active pursuit of what often sounds like adventurism.

It seems that this mood in the nation is Senator Goldwater's toughest problem. The drastic choices he has been advocating are the hallmarks of his policies. They helped him to catch the headlines, to arouse nationwide interest, and to stir up the enthusiasm of an eager minority. They helped him, above all, to his nomination. But gradually and inevitably, as the country listened more closely to what he was advocating, it also began to realize that he was not the true conservative he had advertised himself to be. After all, a conservative is a man who seeks to preserve, who tries to keep intact existing institutions, who aims to stabilize rather than to unhinge. As a consequence, many people seem to have come to the conclusion that Senator Goldwater is a radical rather than a conservative; and radicals in this country, whether of the left or the right, have always been viewed with suspicion and reserve.

This is of course an ironic development, for Senator Goldwater considers himself the apostle and crusader of conservatism. In almost every field of political, economic, military, and social endeavor he has extolled far-reaching changes. There is his idea that the United States should impose its will on the Soviet Union, if necessary by the use of military power, because, as he put it in his speech before the American Legion convention in Dallas: "If we follow the notion of a 'let's be friends' approach coupled with a defense establishment we are reluctant to use, we will run a very grave risk of war." There is his advocacy of reducing the budget and taxes when at the same time he is proposing a highly expensive build-up of a manned bomber force. There is the controversial suggestion of leaving decisions about the use of conventional weapons in the hands of the NATO Supreme Commander rather than in the President's. And there are his many new approaches to social security, to agriculture, to economics in general that have aroused uneasiness and led to a narrowing of his own political base. In turn, all this has helped to broaden President Johnson's, who now delights in having been given so much political elbow room and, with considerable relish, is making the most of it. All over the country "Republicans for Johnson" committees have sprung up, and two of the traditionally Republican newspaper chains, Hearst and Scripps-Howard, have decided to support President Johnson. In this situation President Johnson does not need to sound clarion calls for new policies; he can rest on his record and make more of the same sound attractive to the voters.

ALTHOUGH the president was well behind Senator Goldwater in putting his philosophy between book covers, a paste-and-scissors job has now been rushed into print under the broad title *My Hope for America* (Random House). Perhaps the quotation that most aptly illuminates the difference between the Johnson and Goldwater philosophies comes when Johnson says that his dream "is not the grand vision of a powerful and feared nation, it concerns the simple wants of the people." The book, published both in hardcover ($3.95) and paperback (95¢), is a collection of generalities from various utterances arranged under such headings as "President of All the People," "The War on Poverty," and "The Necessity for Strength," but they give in their simplicity, common sense, compassion, and basic truth a surprisingly coherent impression of the Johnson philosophy. They also confirm, as he put it in one quotation, that he has "no gift of prophecy, no special insight into history." The grander vistas and perspectives on the world are missing. Yet one is made to feel that this man is not without intuition and the broad understanding of his job and his responsibilities. He says, for instance, "The people of the world prefer reasoned agreement to ready attack;

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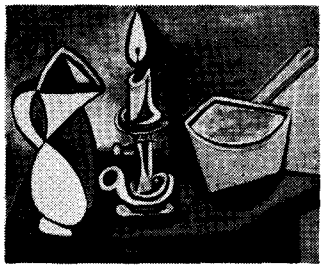

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that is why we must follow the prophet Isaiah's saying 'come now let us reason together.'"

In the light of the public reaction to Senator Goldwater's campaign so far, and to the strategy adopted by his opponent, it is not surprising that the Senator has become more cautious in his off-the-cuff remarks, and that in his speeches he now tends to blunt the edges of the radicalism of his earlier positions. In his televised conversation with former President Eisenhower, an attempt was made to "defuse" what his aides consider his most serious liability, the accusation that he's "reckless," that he is too free-swinging with nuclear weapons, that his judgment is not trustworthy. And in his speeches he is less categorical about balanced budgets, about the speed with which various responsibilities would be shifted from the federal government to the states, about the use of nuclear weapons. But it is doubtful that he can save himself from the predicament of being viewed as "radical." His mild manner of speech certainly helps on television. His delivery is restrained and low-key. He has an extraordinary capacity for delivering the sharpest verbal thrusts as if he were throwing a feather. But once they appear in cold print they regain their startling wallop. Thus, instead of clarifying his positions, he has confused them. He is caught in a web of his own making.

THE apparent desire for moderation and the reluctance to undertake drastic changes is not only characteristic of the mood in the United States. It is widespread throughout the West today. People, whether in the United States or in Western Europe, are on the whole doing well; they feel safer than they did a few years ago. They don't think war is a probability, and whatever gripes they have are on the trivial side. Most of the protest movements, from Poujardism in France to the Nuclear Disarmers in Britain, have disintegrated. And whether we look at the policies offered by the opposition parties in Britain or in Germany, they do not represent a radical choice. Ideological differences have lost their momentum, and radicalism is not fashionable these days except in the underdeveloped countries. Whether it is in the United States, or in Western Europe, or even in the Soviet Union, people tend to want above all to conserve whatever progress they have achieved. Moderation is the watchword of our times. True, Senator Goldwater probably would never have achieved the prominence he now enjoys had he not advocated a radical choice. But this choice, it seems, has also become the petard upon which he finds himself now hoist and dangling uncomfortably as November 3 approaches.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Let's look at the facts about the proposed Medicare Tax... and a medical care program for the aged that already exists!

What's the hurry here? The supporters of the proposed Medicare Tax would have you believe that passage of this controversial bill is urgent . . . that persons over 65 are deprived of needed medical care because they can't pay for it.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The Kerr-Mills Law, passed by Congress in 1960—and other state and local programs—enable individual states to guarantee to every elderly person who needs help the health care he or she requires.

We call this health program . . . Health Opportunity Program for the Elderly. Thousands of people every day are being helped by its generous benefits. And, unlike Medicare, which would substantially increase your Social Security Tax payroll deductions, existing programs are being paid for now by a part of your present tax dollar!

Medicare? No. Health Care for the Elderly? Yes! For more information on this program, ask your doctor or call your local medical society.

HEALTH OPPORTUNITY PROGRAM FOR THE ELDERLY

THIS MESSAGE BROUGHT TO YOU IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY THE

American Medical Association

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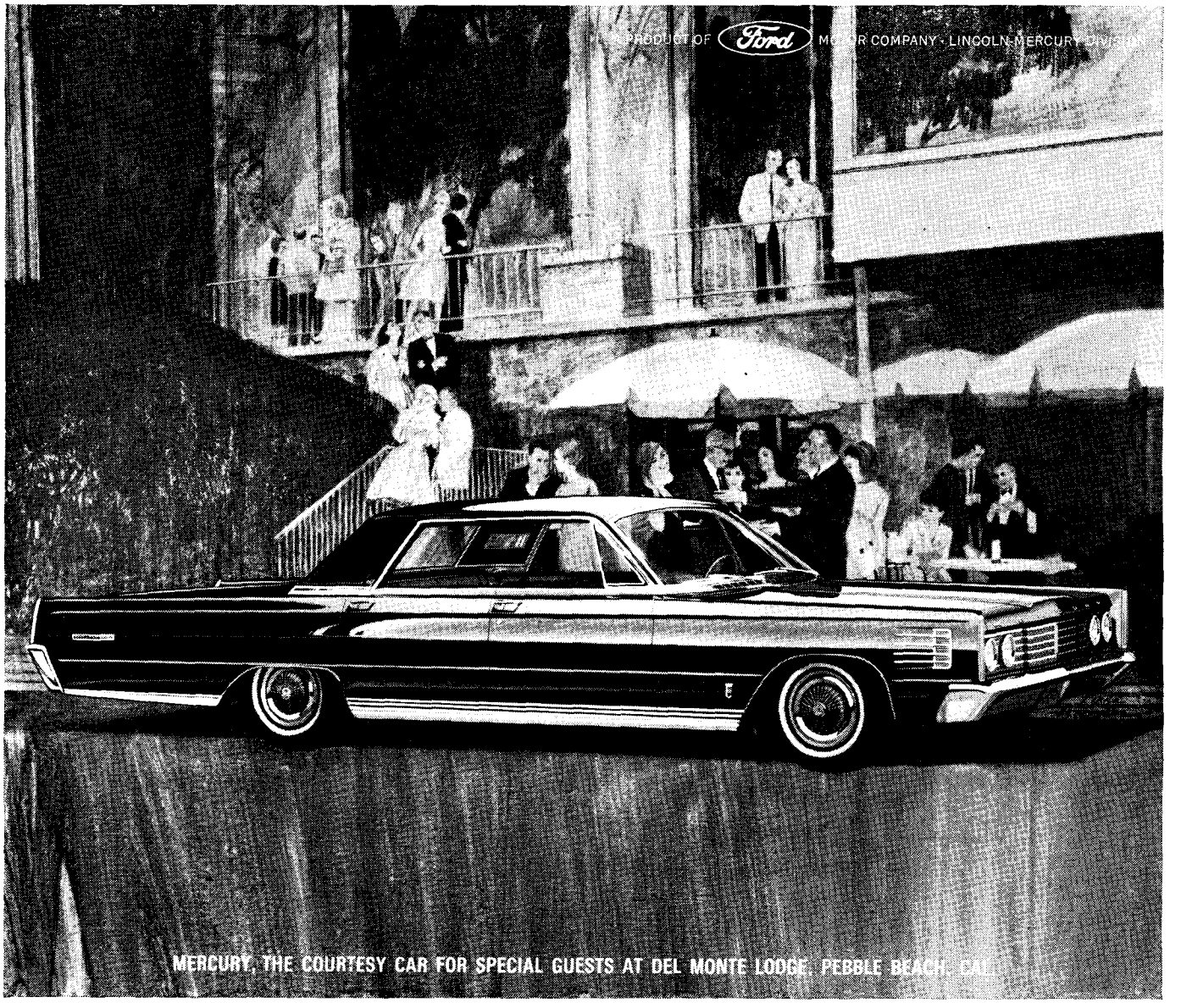
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Saturday Review
October 17, 1964

Position Papers

My Case for the Republican Party, 1964

This article, written for *SR* by the 1964 Republican Presidential candidate, is the seventh in a series of position papers by leading spokesmen whose voices figure prominently in the 1964 Presidential campaign. Previous articles in the series were published February 29 (Arthur Larson on liberal Republicanism), April 25 (James J. Kilpatrick on Southern conservatism), June 13 (Ralph McGill on Southern progressivism), July 11 (Joseph S. Clark on Democratic liberalism), August 22 (Robert Taft, Jr., on middle-ground Republicanism), and September 26 (Roy Wilkins on a Negro view of the candidates). A critique of the Goldwater candidacy, written by Senator J. William Fulbright, will appear in the next issue. The series is scheduled to conclude in the issue of October 31 with a position paper by the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, Hubert Humphrey.

By BARRY GOLDWATER

OUR FOREFATHERS passed on to us our most cherished possession—a free and orderly community of man. Today that free and orderly community faces grave dangers. Republicans, in this historic election year of 1964, submit that a rebirth of belief in the time-tested principles of our federal republic—a rebirth that we already sense in motion across the land—is the only way to avert these dangers.

But let us not be misunderstood. Our program looks to these principles not because they are old but because they are true—because we think that, applied anew to today's complex problems, they will lead toward solutions that do not sacrifice the freedom we have fought so long to preserve. In short, we seek to make time-tested principles work in *new* ways. And we repudiate the worn-out doctrine of this Administration—a doctrine geared to a Depression-era mentality, one that demands we turn our problems, our lives, and our liberties over to a supposed elite in an all-powerful central government. This doctrine is not only *old;* it is also disproved by experience.

Our party today is dedicated to peace, to progress, and to purpose.

These words and phrases have been repeated so often in political campaigns that they have become empty. Our task is to look beyond the words—to understand what the politicians really mean when they use them and what they *do* with them when they get in office.

When Republicans speak of these things we mean something far different from the opposition party. We mean peace through preparedness, progress through freedom, and purpose through constitutional order.

PEACE THROUGH PREPAREDNESS: The questions of peace, and the requirements for keeping the peace, are basic to the differences between the two major parties today.

The present Administration does not understand the nature of the threats to the peace, the nature of the enemy who threatens the peace, or the nature of the conflict which, whether we like it or not, has been imposed upon the entire world. What more flat evidence of this could there be than the fact that the leader of the present Administration did not even mention Communism in his acceptance speech?

The fact is that Communism is the *only* great threat to the peace today. It cannot be ignored.

Republicans have proved that they understand these things. Republican performances in the White House and in the Congress have demonstrated this understanding.

A major concern of ours has been the military security of this nation. Some distort this proper concern to make it appear that Republicans today are preoccupied with war. There is no greater distortion. We are preoccupied with peace—and this is why we must continue to raise our voices in protest against the defense practices of this Administration.

I am trying to carry to the American people this plain message: our nation and the entire world risk war in our time *unless* free men remain strong enough to keep the peace. There is danger that peace is slipping away from us again, as it has three times since 1917 under Democratic Administrations, because our leadership pretends there are no threats to it and does not yet understand how to use our power—with prudence and restraint—to prevent war.

This Administration, which inherited the mightiest arsenal for the defense of freedom ever created on earth, is gradually dismantling it through a series of moves that amount to unilateral disarmament. As a result, we face the prospect of going into the decade of the 1970s with only a fraction of the flexible, balanced weapons systems which give us the vital options of controlled, graduated deterrence—rather than only

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a capacity for all-out nuclear confrontation.

We have simply got to put this record straight, and all of us must understand it: The Republican Party is the peace party because it understands the enemy. It understands that he always has and always will take risks and seek advantages when tempted by weakness. America must be strong because only a strong nation *can* keep peace.

PROGRESS THROUGH FREEDOM—AND CONSTITUTIONAL ORDER: The questions of progress and freedom are also basic to the differences between the two parties. This country has grown great and strong and prosperous by fostering a free constitutional society and a free-enterprise economy. This combination has preserved and protected our freedom, our right to disagree, our diversity, our independence from arbitrary influence in our affairs. It has also been the mighty engine of progress that has made our country and its standard of living the envy of the world.

The Philadelphia Convention gave us a government by the consent of the governed, but it also gave us something more—a system of checks and balances. It divided the powers of government both between the nation and the states, on the one hand, and among the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judiciary, on the other. These divisions were not designed primarily to promote efficiency. On the contrary, as Justice Brandeis once pointed out, they guarantee a certain amount of inefficiency.

Yet today we hear pleas for a new and concentrated "power to govern." Those who seek this concentration of power apparently reject the idea that the surest guarantee of individual freedom is the absence of concentration of power, whether it be governmental or economic power. We hear praise of a power-wielding, arm-twisting President who "gets his program through Congress" by knowing the use of power.

Throughout the course of history, there have been many other such wielders of power. There have even been dictators who regularly held plebiscites, in which their dictatorships were approved by an Ivory-soap-like percentage of the electorate. But their countries were not free, nor can any country remain free under such despotic power.

Some of the current worship of powerful executives may come from those who admire strength and accomplishment of any sort. Others hail the display of Presidential strength, or judicial strength, as the case may be, simply because they approve of the *result* reached by the use of power. This is nothing less than the totalitarian philosophy that the end justifies the means —or, put in culinary terms, that you have to break some eggs to make an omelet. If ever there was a philosophy of government totally at war with that of the Founding Fathers, it is this one.

To a constitutionalist, it is at least as important that the use of power be legitimate as that it be beneficial.

To me, the political heroes of this nation are not the men who have indiscriminately used power to gain their ends, whether those ends were selfish or unselfish. The real heroes are those who refrained from power when they doubted the legitimacy of its exercise. These are the constitutionalists. These are the apostles of legitimacy.

One of the best-known examples of this sort of political heroism is that of the Republican Senators who despised Andrew Johnson and his program but nonetheless voted to acquit him in his impeachment trial. The strongman-philosopher would have said that if you believed that Andrew Johnson was a bad President it didn't make much difference whether you really thought he was guilty. But Fessenden of Maine, Trumbull of Illinois, Ross of Kansas, and many others felt that the illegitimate use of the power of impeachment could not be justified by a desirable end.

Those Democratic Senators who, in 1937, voted to recommit Franklin Roosevelt's court-packing plan, even though they violently disagreed with the decisions of the "nine old men," are also my kind of political heroes. They thought it more important to preserve the tri-partite system of government than to accomplish a more immediate political end. This we might term the exercise of legislative restraint.

IN short, politicians become statesmen and heroes, to my mind, when they keep their actions and proposals within the framework of our constitutional order, knowing that it is that very order that preserves our American freedom.

In recent decades there has been less and less of this kind of restraint, and as a result the ground has been shifting—seriously and significantly—beneath the structure of our American political system. One such shift has occurred at the level of state powers. These powers, the fuel of the federal system itself, have been siphoned off into the central government and away from the state capitals. Responsibility for this shift is shared both by those who do not jealously guard and wisely use their local power and by those who, from the outside, attack it in the name of central planning.

The results are often described most broadly as overconcentration of power in the central authority. But there are other and more subtle effects to which we have, I feel, given too little attention. There is, for instance, a distinct cultural loss. The structure of the federal system, with its fifty separate state units, has long permitted this nation to nourish local differences, even local cultures. Technological standardization may have done more than anything else to level them off, but still in the structure of state power there has always been the guarantee that some minorities could preserve their dissident voices, in their local forums. And from those dissident voices has come continual enrichment of our national debates, our national ways.

Or we might look upon the fifty states as fifty laboratories in which men, in their own and local ways, test and probe

"Dad, have you got one of your unpublished stories? I need a composition for English."

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the modes of civil government, developing new tools and techniques, and, above all, developing their own skills. Those that develop well become available to the nation as a whole. Those that fail, or are warped in ways that make them unsuitable to the nation as a whole, can be buried in their own backyards.

There are those who say that the cost of fifty governments is too great to bear in this complex age. And yet, how better to meet complexity than with a diversity of resource? And how can we measure the cost of what we gain from our states against any mere scale of dollars? The ledger sheet that the structure of state power must satisfy is the well-being and the freedom of the people who live in those states.

Regard for the federal system, and for the fifty states that make it a system, is first of all a regard for the due process of law as a fundamental of political order. It is a regard also for the wisdom of the people themselves. It is confidence in their ability to use that wisdom to solve their problems, in their own best ways.

The federal system, with its base in the states, tolerates many differences without, of course, tolerating impairment of nationally agreed-upon freedoms. It does not demand, in other words, that all citizens adopt a single best answer to any problem—but it does tend to prevent them from adopting any single worst answer.

The shift in state powers to the central government has been accompanied by a shift at the level of legislative power as well. Although it may not burst out as dramatically in the headlines as does the tension between the central government and state government, the tension—the veritable warfare—between the Legislative and Executive branches of government presents a major disturbance in the ground of freedom today. Again, the responsibility must be shared by those who would give legislative powers away and those who would take them.

Only recently, a colleague of mine in the United States Senate flatly described the legislatures of America—all of them, whether state, local, or national—as the major stumbling block in the democratic process. The charge is fantastic. What it says is that representative government—which is the essence of freedom itself—is the enemy of freedom. And the solution my colleague offered was just as fantastic. He said that an increase in Executive power would be the answer—an increase in the very centralization of power that always has been contrary to broadly based democratic processes. The whole history of freedom has been, simply, the history of resistance to the concentration of power in government.

"Really socking it away, aren't you, Mr. Willard?"

Over three decades, however, our own resistance to such concentration has been less than complete. The growing imbalance between Legislative and Executive powers attests to it. The power of Congress to initiate legislation has slowly passed to the Executive. It has become increasingly difficult for Congress to say "no" to the major items of a President's legislative agenda.

The Congress and the state legislatures may represent the people directly, but the Executive has found ways to reach them even more effectively, if indirectly. Into Executive agencies, for instance, has flowed the vast power of a public relations operation for public pronouncements. Patronage has flowed to it also, at an increasing rate. Huge contracts make the Executive branch a far from silent partner in many enterprises. Its appeal need no longer be to reason alone. It can appeal also to power.

Meanwhile, Congress and the state legislatures have become inhibited. Men who are elected to represent the people find themselves the targets of abuse when, in representing them, they oppose major legislative programs. They are called "do-nothing" representatives. Actually, by such resistance they may be doing the very best job they can and may be representing perfectly the actual wishes of their constituents.

Today, for example, the great debates in Congress rarely concern the truly significant questions of whether a program should be initiated or discontinued, what the general purposes and goals of our foreign policy should be, what major goals we should set for our defense establishment, what principled guidelines we should establish for economic growth and security. When Congress debates such matters the restless Executive whispers, and then shouts, that time is being wasted. Too many people have listened to the criticism without analyzing it. Too many echo it.

THERE has been a tendency to view these two trends toward centralization of government power—the erosion of state power and the erosion of legislative power—as independent of each other. Actually, they are interrelated.

The problem and the interrelationship can be seen this way: The state governments and the Congress, by and large, stand together on one side of the battle line. They face, across that battle line, the Executive branch and, usually, the Judicial branch, the Supreme Court. The latter's decisions indicate that it now has little disposition to support the states or the Congress against the Executive or to prevent the Congress from abdicating more and more of its powers—despite the allocation of those powers by the Constitution itself.

Until recent years the Supreme Court had exercised a considerable amount of restraint—judicial restraint—with respect to acts of Congress with which it disagreed but which were founded on legitimate exercise of legislative power. But not the Supreme Court of today.

I weigh my words carefully when I say that, of all three branches of government, today's Supreme Court is the least faithful to the constitutional tradition of limited government, and to the principle of legitimacy in the exercise of power.

Let me mention only two leading examples of its recent decisions—both of which the Republican Platform of

(*Continued on page* 49)

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Notes on the American Election

WHAT MAKES the 1964 Presidential campaign so fascinating is that it is constructed like a play, with all the characters revealing more and more about themselves as the plot progresses. This holds not only for the leading candidates but for the American people themselves. A situation exists that has forced all the elements of the nation to ask themselves what it is they really believe about their past, about the future of a free society, and about the kind of men they want to make their decisions small or large.

What the American people have revealed about themselves in the current campaign, as Henry Brandon comments in his department in this issue, is that they don't panic easily or rush hither and yon to the sound of new drums. They have also revealed that there is far more connective tissue than anyone had supposed tying together the vast economic and social sectors of the nation. It has always been clear that in the presence of a foreign emergency, the country knew how to unite. But it has not been clear until now that a genuine internal test could cause the nation to erase so many of the lines of separation that add up to the pluralism of the whole.

The American people may also be revealing something else about themselves in the current campaign. And that is that they associate the Presidency with a certain largeness of spirit, the ability of a leader to see and soar far beyond party and political compartments to the human condition at its biggest. Almost three-quarters of a century ago, Lord Bryce pointed out that the distinguishing feature of the American Presidency was that the President was expected to voice the aspirations of common people all over the world. Stated in these terms, the requirement tends to sound somewhat rhetorical, even grandiose. But the expectation is real nevertheless; the great names in the White House have always been associated not with towering political measures or achievements but with a point of view about the possibilities of a human being and about human destiny in general. Moreover, the American people are wary of cynicism and negativism as ingredients for the making of the nation's future.

As for the candidates, an interesting juxtaposition has emerged. As the campaign has progressed, President Johnson has enlarged his identity and Senator Goldwater seems to have lost his. President Johnson's image had been somewhat blurred as a natural consequence of his elevation rather than election to the office, but he has become increasingly tangible and identifiable as a leader and thinker. Senator Goldwater, on the other hand, seems to be increasingly diffused and obscured by a series of roles that have been superimposed upon him to fit the occasion—the occasion being quite different from the one that led to the nomination. His natural free-swinging, hard-lipped, somewhat cynical style seemed to be well suited for the militant battle for convention delegate support and for becoming known to the populace. But that pre-convention style didn't quite suggest the role of a statesman who could unify the country by making a genuine identification with all its main segments. Nor did it suggest qualities of restraint and sensitivity at a time of unlimited and suicidal power.

As a result, the Senator as Presidential candidate is substantially different from the Senator as pre-convention campaigner. The old directness and sense of conviction are still there, but the basic manner is now earnest and soft-spoken. The ideas, too, have been substantially modified. Now there is an identification with many of the policies of the same General Eisenhower who was vilified so pitilessly by many of the Senator's earliest supporters.

This is not to say that the Senator should have stayed in pre-convention character. If he had, the Republican Party today would be even more fractured than it is and the prospects for a successful election even blacker than they are. The lesson to be learned from the 1964 Presidential campaign is that the time to think about a candidate's basic identification and posture is before the nomination, not after. It should be clear that the strong candidate is one who can appeal to and create a consensus, who can give people a lift instead of a sinking feeling, who has exciting ideas about the making not only of a better nation but a better world. Another lesson to be learned is that it is not enough to run on a political and philosophical program calling for the repeal of legislation. The job of the President, as John Stuart Mill pointed out, is to become the spearhead of an ongoing legislative program, recognizing that the formation of legislative proposals is not a task for which a legislature is primarily suited.

As we say, it has been a fascinating campaign. It has provided the American people with more than emotional catharsis; it has been an energizing process and an adventure in self-discovery.

—N. C.

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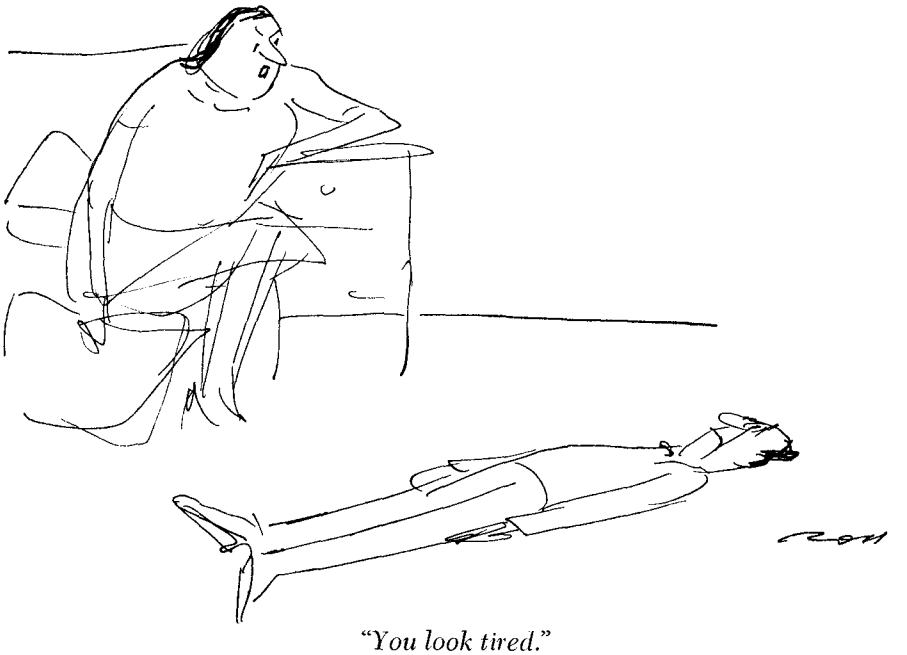
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Conservation and Population

JUDGING FROM HIS EDITORIAL "Quiet Crisis or Lost Cause?" [*SR*, Sept. 19], Wallace Stegner belongs to the small, urgently concerned minority trying to bring issues of conservation and ecology into their rightful public and political prominence. Well and good, but the omission in his editorial of all questions relating to population growth and its needed control seems to me ultimately irresponsible. It should be clear by now that "development-minded politicians," "resource-devouring industries," as well as vanishing wilderness and loss of open space, are but effects of unchecked human fertility. If wilderness bills, massive conservation programs, and other public gestures are ever to be anything other than short-term delaying actions, the "explosion" must be brought under control. Conservationists, because of their awareness and values, must promote population control with unrestrained vigor.

RODNEY FREELAND.

San Francisco, Calif.



"You look tired."

No Sale

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON [*SR*, Sept. 5] suggests that the real Daniel Boone, even as the forthcoming TV character, was not averse to engaging in speculative enterprises. Mr. Shayon then cites a specific incident to support his argument.

That "D. Boon" speculated a bit now and again is largely true; but that "he persuaded the Cherokees, in 1775, to sell 20,000,000 acres to a land company for 10,000 pounds of 'Indian goods' " is far, far from being accurate.

The 1775 purchase of a vast tract of Cherokee land was managed by one Richard Henderson of North Carolina and his associates in the Transylvania Company. Daniel Boone was not numbered among Henderson's partners, nor, indeed, was he present when the formal negotiations with the Indians were completed. Acting in the employ of Henderson, Boone and a party of men were at work blazing a trail to Kentucky, even while Henderson was deliberating with the Cherokees.

J. H. O'DONNELL,
Department of History,
Radford College.

Radford, Va.

Travelers' Troubles

THANK YOU FOR the recent editorial on the proliferation of arrival and departure taxes on international travelers [*SR*, Aug. 15]. This statement is most timely. Our government is now taking steps to combat this problem through implementation of the recommendations of the U.N. Conference on International Travel and Tourism. We shall continue to cooperate with the travel industry and the intergovernmental organizations concerned in the hope of eliminating or reducing all ill-conceived or discriminatory charges upon the free flow of world tourism.

LUTHER H. HODGES,
Secretary of Commerce.

Washington, D. C.

Inside Story

IN HIS ARTICLE DEALING WITH Atlantic City and the Democratic convention [*SR*, Sept. 19], Marc Connelly has committed a grievous reportorial error. By kissing off sub sandwiches as being "some kind of sandwich," he has given ammunition to those who habitually cry shoddy reporting and may have touched off a controversy of major proportions. The sub (short for submarine) sandwich is not merely some kind of sandwich. It is a creation guaranteed to kindle the wildest anticipation in the heart of the beholder.

A sub, also called a hero, also called a hoagie, is perpetrated in the following manner: A small loaf of bread, of roughly the same consistency and digestibility as a policeman's night stick is split from end to end. Into the breach is crammed salami, bologna, braunschweiger, ham, Swiss and American cheese, pickle, lettuce, tomato, onion, mustard, and/or ketchup. After a training period, during which the aspiring sub eater chews on old garden hoses and sink stoppers, the sub is eaten, accompanied by the sound of loosening molars.

Innocently or not, Mr. Connelly has stepped squarely into the middle of a national controversy. He must take a positive stand. There can be no safe middle ground halfway between salami and bologna. In this, the year when public disclosure of personal belongings appears to be good for the soul, it seems that the least Mr. Connelly can do is to reveal the contents of his refrigerator.

WALTER MULL.

Allison Park, Pa.

Civil Rights and the GOP

AS A SCRANTON SUPPORTER at the Republican Convention, an Assistant Platform Chairman, and as the co-author of the bill that became the Fair Employment Practices section of the Civil Rights Act, I was aghast at the Position Paper of Roy Wilkins [*SR*, Sept. 26].

Many of us who wanted a stronger Civil Rights Act (including those most instrumental in its passage, such as Congressman Bill McCulloch of Ohio and Senator Ev Dirksen of Illinois) are proud that the Republican Platform of 1964 contains more direct, more meaningful, and more specific commitments to civil rights than does the Democratic Platform. When you read the Democratic Platform carefully on civil rights, it is largely a panegyric of past performances. The only specific commitment for the future is "fair, effective enforcement of the 1964 Civil Rights Act."

The Republican Platform of 1964 makes seven important pledges on civil rights:

1. "Full implementation and faithful execution of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and all other civil rights statutes, to assure equal rights and opportunities guaranteed by the Constitution to every citizen."

2. "Improvements of civil rights statutes adequate to changing needs of our times."

3. "Such additional administrative or legislative actions as may be required to end the denial, for whatever unlawful reason, of the right to vote."

4. "Continued opposition to discrimination based on race, creed, national origin, or sex. We recognize that the elimination of any such discrimination is a matter of heart, conscience, and education, as well as of equal rights under law."

We pledge further:

5. "To implement all applicable laws and never lose sight of the intense need

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for advancing peaceful progress in human relations in our land. The Party of Abraham Lincoln will proudly live up to its heritage of equal rights and equal opportunities for all."

6. "To help assure equal opportunity and a good education for all, while opposing federally sponsored 'inverse discrimination,' whether by the shifting of jobs, or the abandonment of neighborhood schools, for reasons of race."

7. "To open avenues of peaceful progress in solving racial controversies while discouraging lawlessness and violence."

We also make specific commitments to implement more effectively job training programs and we criticize the failure of the Democrats to fulfil campaign promises on civil rights, particularly in making job training available to Negroes in the South.

I hardly think that these pledges represent a backing away from previous Republican support for the cause of the Negro minority. Mr. Wilkins mentioned only two of the above Republican pledges and chose to combine them with a phrase elsewhere in the platform calling for "maximum restraint of federal intrusions into matters more productively left to the individual." This phrase in the platform preceded a pledge for continued Republican sponsorship of selective aid to higher education, tax credits for college education, practical federal-state-local programs to help the poor, assurances of a good education for all, respect of the farmer's right to make his own management decisions, and establishment of realistic priorities for spending in the most productive and creative areas, such as education, job training, vocational education, and natural resources.

Why do Mr. Wilkins and other civil rights leaders persist in characterizing our Republican platform as weak on civil rights? Most of this seems to emanate from a basic suspicion that Barry Goldwater will be against them, even though his private life and his Congressional votes prior to 1964 indicate otherwise. This is no excuse, however, for falsely characterizing the Republican Platform of 1964. Mr. Wilkins mentions our refusal on the convention floor to adopt a certain civil rights amendment to the platform. Significantly, the amendment rejected by Republicans called for immediate enactment of more civil rights laws affecting housing and other areas. No pledges along those lines were even proposed, to say nothing of being included, in the Democratic platform, yet we hear no protest at all on that score.

Mr. Wilkins criticizes the Republican Party's commitment, in a section of our platform far removed from civil rights, that the federal government should act "only in areas where there is constitutional authority and then only in respect to proven needs." This phrase applies to all federal activities, including economic regulations under the interstate commerce power, unconstitutional searches and seizures, coerced self-incrimination, and countless other violations of sections of the Constitution protecting cherished individual rights from government intrusion. Even when we apply those words to civil rights, however, does Mr. Wilkins imply that he believes we should violate the Constitution in promoting civil rights? As one of the strongest advocates of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, I believe the Supreme Court will rule this law to be constitutional. If it rules otherwise as to certain sections, however, I am sure Congress will respect the decision of the court.

Mr. Wilkins quotes a portion of the Republican Platform of 1960 on civil rights and implies that we have receded to a lesser commitment in 1964. Republican pledges of 1964 are *in addition* to the 1960 platform. This is made unmistakably clear by these words in the 1964 document: "In the interest of brevity, we do not repeat the commitments of the 1960 Republican platform, 'Building a Better America,' and the 1962 'Declaration of Republican Principle and Policy.' We incorporate into this platform as pledges renewed those commitments which are relevant to the problems of 1964."

There are many of us in the Congress who have been enthusiastic supporters of civil rights legislation throughout our public careers. We have had our frustrations and our defeats in the past, but we have also at times achieved significant successes. We believe that significant victories were won in the preparation and writing of the Republican civil rights plank this year. The Republican Platform of 1964 is a good civil rights platform. It is undeserving of the calumny being heaped upon it in the present partisan atmosphere.

CHARLES E. GOODELL,
U.S. House of Representatives.
Washington, D.C.

Those Italian Movies

IN HIS NOT UNFRIENDLY REVIEW of *The Satyr and the Saint* [*SR*, Sept. 12] Arthur Knight writes that my book "throws little light on movie production in Italy, but a great deal on the mentality of the personalities involved in it."

I'm sure Mr. Knight appreciates that in writing my novel I did not intend to present a "handbook" of Italian film-making, but rather to show the force and influence of the Italian character on that field of endeavor. The contradiction implicit in the subject is that Italian film production is almost solely dependent on the "personalities involved," that, in short, the only "handbook" that could be accurate would be a combined psychologist's casebook and Roman Celebrity Register.

The freshness, the impudence, the humor, the moral courage that give distinction to the best of the Italian films arise precisely from the "personalities involved" in them, with all the shadings and differences of their individual talents, characters, and mentalities. The very real distinction of Italian films does not lie in any particular, magical cinematic style. It lies—in the present period—in the close and ironic observation of Italian behavior or misbehavior. Except for what is overblown and pretentious in some of Fellini's work, the fine Italian films of recent years are distinguished for their directness and their simplicity. They *do* use the camera as if it were prose—as does any first-class modern film-maker—describing in detail and with relish the human animal at play, at work, exalted, delinquent, noble, despicable, in bed and out. Their films are born out of great character variety (where isn't it great?)—charming and sometimes magnificent film-novellas about the cheats, braggarts, lechers, heroes, non-heroes, the young, the old, the country folk, the city folk, in all the exhilarating variations of contemporary Italian life. The material to be discovered and explored by this socio-psychological-ironic approach is clearly endless.

A ferociously outraged Germi sees it one way. The delicately ironical Monicelli sees it another; Antonioni, that Columbus of interior time, another; De Sica, from whom all things derive, another; the committed Francesco Rosi, another; the self-deceiving mystic-clown Fellini, another; the poetic Zurlini . . . and so on, at surprising length. In the aggregate, storytellers, anecdotists, character-readers, satirists—but all of them *revelers*, celebrants of Italian life as a great, sad, lyrical joke with meaning.

Well, in *The Satyr and the Saint*, I thought I had shown how several Italian films by a supposedly gifted Italian director had come into being—by that *personal*, often greedy, use and enjoyment of life readily and enticingly at hand. That *is* Italian film-making, and there is no other mystique or technique to explain it.

How delightful and fruitful it might be if American writers and directors would begin, or have the opportunity, to observe *their* life with the same originality, freedom, and affection—with the same, though different, insistence on the creator's personal vision.

The "miracle" of Italian pictures lies in the self-respect that comes from trying to tell the whole though relative truth—despairing, touching, often magnificently and hilariously absurd.

LEONARDO BERCOVICI.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Final Anniversary Notes

CONGRATULATIONS ON the fortieth anniversary of *Saturday Review* and on your fine anniversary issue. *SR* has fulfilled Henry Canby's dream of bringing "the great audience" to the American literary scene that any great literature requires.

More recently, under N.C.'s editorship, the diversification of subject matter has responded to the needs of the nuclear age and has helped inform American citizens about the challenges of today's complex world.

My best wishes to everyone at *SR* for another successful forty years.

KENNETH B. KEATING,
United States Senate.
Washington, D. C.

I HAVE BEEN MEANING for some time to express my appreciation to you for the continuing excellence of *Saturday Review*. Your fortieth-anniversary issue on the "Prospects of American Civilization" has supplied the needed prod. It has also supplied—handsomely—a great collection of information and insight.

My congratulations and best wishes.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS,
United States Senate.
Washington, D. C.

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The Wife Who Wasn't There

QUAKER OATS and Chevrolet sponsor *Bewitched*, the new comedy series Thursday nights on ABC Television. In the cereal manufacturer's closing commercial on the season's premiere program, Dick York, one of the leads (he plays an advertising executive), sat down to breakfast in his kitchen and enjoyed a bowlful of Puffed Wheat, the sponsor's product. His bowl and spoon came floating to him gently through the air. Presumably his wife, Samantha (Elizabeth Montgomery), was responsible for this domestic sorcery, for she is a witch. But the young bride did not eat with him; she did not sit at the table; in fact, she was not visibly in the kitchen.

Samantha's absence troubled me. It is commonly believed that a star confers a high honor on a sponsor when he consents to sell a product on camera in person. The reverse is also true. In the sponsor's scale of values, he can bestow no greater privilege on an entertainer than to permit him to share the sensitive machinery of grace that surrounds his Puffed Wheat. Samantha is no medieval hag muttering over a cauldron on some Scottish moor; she is an attractive young woman whose charms are contemporary suburbia. My misgivings were probably transient. She would appear, I thought, in future commercials. Then again, she might not—and if not, why? Could it be that Quaker Oats has reservations about the sophistication of television viewers? Does the cereal manufacturer fear that we are superstitious and that we may excommunicate his product if even the faintest hint of witchery touches it?

Remains of pagan religions survive in most people—dreams and imaginings of a time when mankind was closer to nature and saw in animals the godheads that would bring fertility, comfort, power. Doesn't Chevrolet, for sound reasons, call one of its models Impala? The fantasy of dominion over environment is indeed the chief comic appeal of *Bewitched*. Samantha, the pretty housewife who looks and acts like an all-American girl, has the dominion we all secretly envy. She makes objects appear, disappear, move through the air at a crook of her finger; but she is not malevolent. Samantha is the good witch who shares fully the value system of humans. She is, in truth, a defector from the witch world and she actually wants to be human. She fell in love with a man (an old habit of witches); she married her advertising executive; and on her wedding night, very morally, she confessed her true identity.

The bridegroom accepted his destiny philosophically (advertising men are generally comfortable in an atmosphere of sorcery). He relished the prospect of wifely witchery in sundry departments of married life. He insisted, however, that it be restricted to the family, and Samantha agreed; but this, of course, was impossible. Her inner struggle to contain her powers, her defeats and the amusing consequences that will flow from them constitute the essence of the new television series. In the first test she was invited by her husband's old flame to an informal evening but discovered that she had been trapped into a formal dinner party. Her elegant hostess subtly ridiculed her plainness. The witch endured the ridicule until the breaking point; and then, with the telltale twitch, she made things happen, while she continued demurely to sip her soup. The hostess's hair fell over her face, food particles disfigured her smile, she wet an elbow in a plate, a tray turned over in her lap, a gust of wind blew off her wig, and she fled the scene in screaming humiliation.

Samantha has a mother (Agnes Moorehead) who manifested herself briefly in the first program to announce her displeasure at her daughter's defection to the man world. The mother's superior powers give promise of some mischief, but even Mama is attractively groomed and gowned and her spell-casting is droll.

Samantha is a delightful, perfectly acceptable witch. She will win her sponsor's high shares of audience. Quaker Oats ought not to withhold from her its ultimate benediction. The television viewers are enlightened; they can take it. If they are not to conclude that it is Quaker Oaks that is superstitious, Samantha must be allowed to eat in the sponsor's kitchen.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

SHAKESPEARE HITS THE DECK

No cliché-ridden, "came the dawn" poet was the Bard. To illustrate his infinite variety, Clyde W. Park of Cincinnati, Ohio, has assembled the quotations below and asks that you supply the play or other source of each and, when possible, the speaker. Shakespeare buffs may wish to add act and scene. Day breaks fully on page 36.

1. But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
   Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
2. The early village-cock
   Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
3. See how the morning opes her golden gates,
   And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
4. Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
   And Phoebus 'gins arise.
5. And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
   From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
6. Full many a glorious morning have I seen
   Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
   Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
   Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
7. But when from under this terrestrial ball
   He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines . . .
8. Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
   From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
   And wakes the morning.
9. And look, the gentle day,
   Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
   Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
10. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
    Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

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The New Look in American Films

OF THE twenty-six entries at the recently concluded New York Film Festival, two were major American studio releases. The percentage may be insignificant, but not the precedent. The industry has always been notoriously shy about having its products exposed in direct competition, or even juxtaposition, with films from around the world, particularly when such exposure takes place in its own backyard. Comparisons are not so much odious as costly. Critics tend to favor the new and exotic, and to resent the flaring commercialism of most native efforts. Bad reviews, appearing in the special light of a festival setting, might scare away potential customers; good reviews, they figure, they would get anyway. Besides, the studios have always been quick to point out, they don't make films for festivals in the first place. They make them for people.

What persuasion the Lincoln Center officials used this year to win the cooperation not only of Columbia Pictures, which offered up two of its lambs for slaughter, but of the Motion Picture Association as well, one can merely surmise; but within a few weeks of their theatrical release, *Fail Safe* and *Lilith* were premiered in stately Philharmonic Hall. The astonishing thing is that, commercial or no, they fitted smoothly into the festival pattern, for an interesting change is coming over the American film. Where once independent production merely meant that independent producers were turning out the same kind of picture that the studios had long since standardized, there are now (at least on occasion) the individuality and daring that one has come to associate with the better films from abroad. There is an honest striving for freshness, originality, and quality that makes even a relative failure, like *Lilith*, worthy of attention if not unqualified admiration.

Clearly, the failure of *Lilith* is less in intent than in execution. Based on J. R. Salamanca's sensitive novel, it attempts to probe the grey area between sanity and madness, the area already explored, with greater simplicity and directness, in *David and Lisa*. Warren Beatty, an assistant therapist in an expensive private mental institution, quickly succumbs to the charms and graces of nymphomaniac Jean Seberg, one of his charges. Helplessly, he falls in love with her, persuading himself that it is for her own good as well as his. But as he becomes more protective of the girl, more jealous of her undisguised interest in others, it grows obvious—even to him—that he needs help at least as much as she does. Unquestionably, here is a basis for a fascinating, perhaps even meaningful film; and Miss Seberg helps enormously as the brilliant, sensual inmate. But Robert Rossen, as adapter, seems deliberately to have obscured his theme with elliptical scenes and fragmentary dialogue; as director, he has obscured his actors behind foliage, fences, and fancy photography. Also, it rains a lot. Because of this acute self-consciousness of style, one never really gets very close to the characters; and because the writing and the direction (not to mention Mr. Beatty's performance) seem designed specifically to thwart all identification or empathy, one can only conclude that Mr. Rossen succeeded all too well in a misguided attempt at objectivity.

THE producers of *Fail Safe*, on the other hand, knew very well what they were about and have succeeded admirably within the relatively modest frame of their aspirations. Using the Eugene Burdick-Harvey Wheeler best-seller as a base of operations, they have constructed a conventional thriller out of their unconventional material. It is not a madman who sends a SAC crew off on a strike at the vitals of the Soviet Union, but a mechanical malfunction—that one chance in a thousand that, considering the consequences, is still far too great a risk. Walter Bernstein's astringent script concentrates on the efforts of a small group of intelligent, strategically placed individuals to avert disaster, while Sidney Lumet's clean, incisive direction keeps one hoping up to the final moment that they will succeed. At times, the writing lapses into sentimentality and the characters have a tendency toward one-dimensionality. But the total effect is constantly absorbing.

As little as two years ago, it is safe to say, Columbia would not have considered releasing either of these films. As little as a year ago, it is just as sure a bet, *The Outrage*, based on Akira Kurosawa's *Rashomon*, could not have been made at M-G-M, the home of *Andy Hardy* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*. But the change in Hollywood is accelerating these days, pushed by producers like Rossen, Max Youngstein, and Ronald Lubin who are determined that the films they make will have significance and stature. Both Lubin and his director, Martin Ritt, were well aware of the risks they were taking in attempting to translate the Japanese classic into an American Western—not the least of which was the inevitable critical comparison. Michael Kanin's script, however, setting the action in the Southwest just after the Civil War, supplies neat and appropriate equivalents for Kurosawa's eighth-century prototypes. The murdered noble is now a Southern aristocrat, traveling West with his wife to start a new life. The bandit is a Mexican outlaw; the woodcutter, a grizzled prospector; the medium, an ancient Indian. The trial itself takes place in the sun-drenched square of a tiny Western town; its incidents are recalled in a railway shack.

As is inevitably the case with remakes, some of the force of the original has been dissipated. Not only are the characters less monumental; their specifity reduces the entire film. It becomes less an examination of the nature of truth than a search for *the* truth about a certain crime as described in the conflicting testimony of four witnesses. And it must be admitted that, while the flashbacks are handled vividly and are stunningly photographed, the framing device grows a bit tedious and glaringly artificial. Nevertheless, the original premise of the film—that every man's version of the truth is colored instinctively by his own need for self-preservation and self-justification—continues to intrigue; and Ritt has brought together an exceptionally skilful cast, headed by Paul Newman, Claire Bloom, and Laurence Harvey, to project the chameleon changes of character from one version of the killing to the next with the utmost clarity and precision. It is a high-minded effort and very nearly a successful one.

Far more successful, to be sure, than the recent effort of a firm called Electronovision to present on the screens of the nation, for two days only, Richard Burton's *Hamlet*. There is no need, at this late date, to rehearse the faults and merits of his interpretation, apart from noting that the film was pieced together from two performances, which may account for a certain variability. As a means of transmitting some measure of esthetic pleasure, however, this "new electronic miracle process" is a total loss. Prints are grainy and lacking in definition, the lighting is either erratic or inadequate, and figures have that curious foreshortening that comes when the vertical adjustment on the set is out of whack. The sponsors of Electronovision may maintain that they are making a distinguished production of Shakespeare available to audiences throughout the United States; but unfortunately what came through most forcibly was not a towering work of art but an agglomeration of technical inadequacies that offended both eye and ear.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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A Muse of Fire

THERE is a new kind of free-swinging and unpretentious expression of theatrical artistry in *Oh What a Lovely War* that demonstrates why it was voted London's best new musical of last season, and why it carried off top honors at the Paris Festival des Nations. Its materials are marvelously simple: a collection of World War I songs and music-hall turns performed by clown-suited entertainers amid John Bury's dynamic and colorful setting. The latter consists of a couple of portals studded with colored lights, a miniature Times Square electric sign across which can move short news headlines, and a square screen that is lowered frequently to present us with projected images of old recruiting posters, newspaper advertisements, and grotesque photographs of wartime horror.

The entertainment begins amiably as the Pierrots and Pierrettes greet their audience with the sad jollity of people whose job it is to lift us temporarily out of our daily routines and worries. Their ringmaster, Victor Spinetti, is brilliantly sardonic. First he woos us with the patter of a music-hall comedian, then introduces "Row, Row, Row," in which the entire cast uses balloons and miscellaneous props to recreate the carefree prewar atmosphere of 1914 England.

But soon ominous war bulletins begin to appear on the moving sign, and we watch the company making light of it all with jokes and amusing war songs. A saucy soubrette, the long-limbed Valerie Walsh, sings optimistically about Belgium putting the kibosh on the Kaiser, while reluctantly the sign and screen contradict her with news of the fall of Brussels and the horrible casualties that resulted from antiquated and unprepared armies meeting the efficient German war machine. Indeed, the sad sight of a group of civilians being quickly trained for such uneven combat is turned into utter hilarity as Mr. Spinetti impersonates the abusive and sarcastic tone of a British army sergeant, using only doubletalk phrases and bullying gestures to make preposterously comic the situation of his awkward, cowed recruits. Another number, "I'll Make a Man of You," sung brazenly by Barbara Windsor and implemented by four semi-nude World War I Bunnies, amusingly suggests that girls enjoy wartime because it turns sex into a patriotic gesture.

Switching from the home front to France, a droll spoof of an important strategy meeting between the British and French High Commands merrily unrolls. The British spokesman, Sir John French, played with uproarious pomposity by Brian Murphy, is represented as being so ridiculously self-confident that he refuses to have an interpreter, and his stumbling mistranslations are as funny to us as they are exasperating to the French General. Yet in these scenes and songs, as throughout the evening, there seems to be no personal malice. While no one could do anything more vile than the show's Sir Douglas Haig (who bullheadedly insists upon squandering the lives of British soldiers in a wasteful attempt to exploit the Allies' numerical superiority) or the grouse-shooting gathering of international munitions-makers (who sell to enemy countries because if they don't somebody else will), even these are drawn as victims of self-delusion and ignorance acting only as the world's apathy and economics have encouraged them to act.

But if Joan Littlewood, who has so imaginatively staged *Oh What a Lovely War,* resents this apathy, she also seems to admire the impulse of ordinary people to be friendly, sensible, and accommodating. Thus we are touched rather than angered by their acceptance of the monstrous conditions of war and class distinction. Who would not be moved by the Christmas Eve scene in the trenches when the Tommies and the Jerries exchange presents and meet in no-man's land for a drink of schnaps? For their situation gives them more in common with each other than either group has with its own officers.

There is also something romantic in the songs the soldiers wrote in which to express their troubles humorously. First they will describe how one staff officer passed over another staff officer's back, and then they gaily chorus, "But they were only playing leap frog, they were. . . ." And in a sacrilegious parody of "Onward Christian Soldiers" they blithely change the words to "marching without fear, with our brave commander safely in the rear." But best of all is the play's finale, "And When They Ask Us," in which the soldiers agree to keep alive the myth that war is a noble and picaresque adventure.

With a deeply felt sorrow that shines through the gay nostalgia of the melody, they sing that they will never tell how dangerous it was, but instead will pretend "We spent our pay in some café and fought wild women night and day. It was the cushiest job we ever had." It sums up beautifully the richness of an evening that doesn't try to present any new intellectual insights into the subject of war. After all, Shaw and Brecht have already done this, and to Miss Littlewood the irony is that while the evidence is so overwhelming, not very much is changing in our willingness to accommodate ourselves to the probability of war despite our unquestioned recognition of its absurdity and its futility.

Instead of a thesis, *Oh What a Lovely War* presents us with a glowing experience of total theater, which eloquently conjures up the tears and laughter that accompany the human race's courageous yet foolish acceptance of tradition-bound, selfishly expedient, and arrogantly stupid leadership. Even though it uses Great Britain's participation in World War I for its detail, it is neither dated nor remote. For the conditions it portrays are basically unchanged in today's England, and although America has less tradition by which to be bound, we have our share of profit-driven ruthlessness, and there is a shocking lack of humanity and wisdom in the utterances of some of our leading political and military figures. But most important is the production's friendly vitality and imaginative artistry, which surmount most of the difficulties of British dialect and customs. Anyone who enjoyed *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off* will not want to miss this unique and luminous new use of musical theater.

ONE kept telling oneself that *The Last Analysis* was written by one of America's top novelists, Saul Bellow, and that the marathon dance of futile farcical fiasco and depressingly domestic discord would suddenly come into focus. As Bummidge, the harassed, successful comedian who has turned to self-psychoanalysis in search of a workable sanity in an insane and predatory world, Sam Levene took on the longest and most trying role of his career. Despite dogged determination and energy, Mr. Levene appeared as baffled as we were with what he was doing, and one suspects that he may have been miscast in the role. However, it is hard to see how anyone could make entertaining his sticky journey from placenta to a renovated old theater which he will transform back into an academy for comedians. Was Mr. Bellow trying to satirize the futility of psychoanalysis by showing us how the world has used this new science to justify degenerate autistic behavior? Possibly. But even if his intention had been clearer, the gloomy literal details of *The Last Analysis* would depress all but the hardiest theatergoing optimists.

—HENRY HEWES.

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"Fifty-four Forty or Compromise"

I AM at a loss to determine just what the catch phrase is that is sparking this Presidential election campaign, unless it be the Republican candidate shouting "Mayday" into his ham radio. No such searching was necessary during the campaign of 1844 when James Polk shouted "Fifty-four Forty or Fight!" and rode into the White House on the wind of its jingoistic rhythm.

As it turned out, I spent several days in the Fifty-four-Forty-or-Fight country this summer, a mess of islands now called the San Juans that lie scattered between the coast of Washington and the east end of Canada's Vancouver Island. There is little that bristles about the islands these days, but there are some memories of those hostile times more than 100 years ago, and these are pointed out to tourists with consummate glee. After all, there is precious little else of historical import about, and the locals have to make the most of what they have.

In my case I was driven from Seattle, where I was pleasantly installed in a tower nest of the Olympic Hotel, a perfectly marvelous situation from which to listen to the groan of the ferry boats, to the harbor settlements known, for reasons that escape me, by the ungainly title of Anacortes. There is an arts-and-crafts festival in Anacortes every August, but it wasn't in evidence when I was there, and so, if the local pushers are to be believed, I sailed from the harbor without having had a chance to gaze upon the paintings, sculptures, photography, woven goods, and jewelry that had been fashioned by more than 200 artists who inhabit the area.

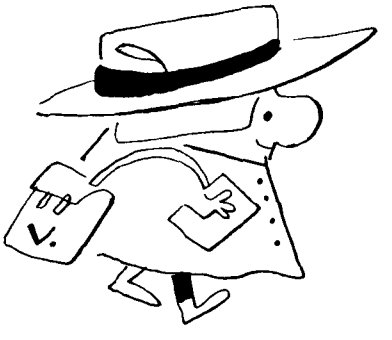
While missing the festival I did not miss the boat, and soon I was aboard one of the fine ferries that belong to Washington State and it was busily threading its way among the 172 San Juan Islands on what it likes to call "a miniature ocean voyage." Islands came and went on starboard and port, and from the wheelhouse, whither I was transported, a gleaming tableland of sunlit sea and fuzzy green islands stretched as far as one could look.

The ferry stood a steady course while the passengers munched hot dogs and swilled coffee from paper cups. In due course we fetched up on the island of San Juan itself, which from my map's-eye estimate looked to be the largest of the archipelago. We rumbled off the ramp past the Moore Motel, the San Juan Hotel, and the Sea Breeze Trailer Corral, and drove for Roche Harbor at the opposite end of the isle. It turned out to be a small sample of Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard or some village on Cape Cod that had somehow been misplaced on the opposite side of where it ought to have been. There was the long wooden walk and the maze of masts and the agglomeration of yachting gear and all those people in their expensive white sneakers, ready at the drop of a cloud to break into bright yellow oilskins all bought at the same yachting supply house.

At the end of the walk stood the Hotel de Haro, festooned in blossoms and dripping with ivy, like a dowager swathed in beads that were modish in some other century. After all, the Hotel de Haro is *d'un* certain age, dating back to the 1840s, nearly thirty-two years before these lands had ever come under the shelter of the U.S. flag. It had become a hotel in 1890, had been an overnight home for Teddy Roosevelt in 1906, who had come visiting his old friend, John McMillin, a patriarchal industrialist who had mined lead in the area.

There are places in the Hotel de Haro where the logs show or, if one believes the management, are displayed purposely to show the methods of construction. There are twenty rooms for let, and despite the antiquity they still rent readily in summer. Rather than disguising its years, the hotel makes a point of them. There are old sleigh beds, fresh flowers in old gilded vases, and flowery paper on the walls. At least four of the rooms have their own bath, and these are at a premium. A room without such hifalutin necessities rents for $7.50 a night.

All about the property were old wagons full of petunias, kids drinking soda pop in front of the general store, and other bits reminiscent of the Atlantic seaboard's summer look. At sundown a squad from the hotel done up in white



shirts shuffles down the boardway in a sort of tattoo, playing taps and "God Save the Queen" on their bugles while the flag is run down. Looking on are the sun-washed yacht people and the weather-bitten old cottages on the hill where $105 will carry the week, maid service included. Most of them have two bedrooms and fully equipped kitchens.

Roche Harbor is a day's yacht sail out of Seattle, but it is a short spin in a small plane. Oddly enough, considering all the agedness of the place, there is a 4,000-foot runway and a tie-down area. Besides yachting and swimming in the huge Olympic pool and fishing in the channels, there are night hunts for rabbits, a considerable sport ever since someone dropped a covey of Belgian hares here some years back. Jim Capron, at the metropolis called Friday Harbor, runs a rabbit netting service providing cars, drivers, spotlights, nets, and cages for this nocturnal sport. By day the inquisitive can rummage in the underbrush to gawk at the tombs and monuments left by John McMillin, the lime king who built a big industry here, even importing a whole town of Japanese coopers to make his barrels. McMillin left a mausoleum ringed by six whole columns and one broken one. In the center is a table with chairs for all the members of the family. Their ashes repose in the seats of the stone chairs. The broken column represents the broken column of life, but the family is gathered around the table as McMillin was hopeful they would be in the hereafter.

San Juan Island was once the claimed property of the Hudson's Bay Company, that ubiquitous group of merchants and colonialists who roamed through the northern lands. They not only erected a tablet on the island, but they landed sheep there to graze. None of this sounded right to the U.S. Collector of Customs for Puget Sound, who was busy collecting taxes in the area. As it turned out, the Hudson's Bay arrival was a year after Polk had been elected on the fiery slogan, a campaign promise that was never filled. We had not settled for Fifty-four-Forty, but for a forty-ninth parallel, and moreover we hadn't fought.

Even though Polk had found a solution, and a peaceful one, incidents such as the Hudson's Bay landing and the collectors who were trying to collect tithes from citizens of other countries occurred with increasing frequency. One fabled incident involved an American who owned a pig, and a Canadian who had a farm. The American pig was forever foraging in the Canadian farm. The situation was fearfully escalated, as the State Department likes to say nowadays, and soon Captain George Pickett landed with sixty men, nearly running into a British magistrate inbound from

(*Continued on page 48*)

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What makes a newspaper great?

Four hours by car from this country's 14th largest metropolitan area (1,500,000 pop.), lives a 47-year-old self-styled Robinson Crusoe in a snug little cabin of hand-hewn logs. He makes his own knives and candles, and tends a trap line for cash.

Yet behind the briar-like beard and weather-lined face is a man who is concerned about people and their attitude toward the wilderness he loves:

"Kids are going to be born in a few years who will want to know what America looked like before it was completely under a layer of chemical gases, concrete and steel. There isn't going to be a thing you can point to and say, 'This is approximately it.' "

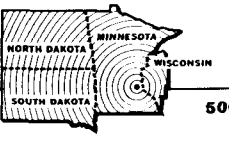
Jim Kimball's intriguing story on the philosophical hermit of northern Minnesota received an enthusiastic response from Minneapolis Tribune readers.

But Jim Kimball, special wildlife and conservation writer for the Tribune, does more than entertain. He examines the plight of lead-poisoned ducks. He comments on a housewife who has banded 10,000 songbirds. He stumps day in and day out for scientific conservation practices.

And he writes about these subjects with unparalleled journalistic authority. Jim was once a wildlife administrator for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife service and Director of Minnesota's Division of Game and Fish.

Take a man like Jim Kimball—equal parts of integrity, knowledge, writing talent—and you have one more reason the Minneapolis Tribune and the Minneapolis Star are the most influential medium in the Upper Midwest.

Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY



MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING

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650,000 SUNDAY • 500,000 COMBINED DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Keilholz's Philharmonic—Treigle's Boris

THREE HUNDRED and fifty thousand dollars plus the ingenuity of the German acoustician Heinrich Keilholz have combined to improve the appearance and transform the stage of Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center for its primary function: the performance of orchestral music. The sequence is not in the order of musical importance but, rather, in terms of the successive impressions, since what is promised to the eye by the new, encompassing stage design is substantially fulfilled for the ear.

What is seen, now, is a solid wall of a handsome, dark brown wood (acacia) in place of the former gold mesh screen with random blue trim. To complete the function of a shell, the overhead panels have been filled in to form a solid ceiling. A reflecting surface to project the sound of the strings into the hall has been constructed over the orchestra pit in front of the stage, and the nearby walls have been resurfaced.

What is heard, now, is a Heinrich Keilholz rather than a Leo Beranek sound. The overprominent, wiry highs and the underevident, thin bass have been rolled off, smoothed out, and otherwise amended to produce something more like a natural response through the primary range. There is some suggestion, too, that overtones have been strengthened to give the additional resonance usually characterized as "warmth." Some refinements remain to be added to make the bass rich as well as tubby, and to flatten out persistent peaks in the mid-range. But the audible evidence from a pair of programs by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Josef Krips is that the worst of the hall's acoustical troubles are behind it. The problem that remains is to make what is now a good hall into a great one.

To Keilholz's credit, the improvements in the sound-projecting functions of the stage area have not been at the cost of clarity and definition, which were valuable attributes of the room from the start. Instrumental details in Krips's efficiently balanced performance of the suite from Strauss's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* music could be heard clearly, and there was more cohesion among the choirs than before. Also, the audience area has been brought into the sound-producing function so that, in such a work as the Second Symphony of Brahms, there was something approaching the satisfying condition in which the listener feels the music is all around him rather than emanating only from the stage.

In one respect, and a rather important one, the alterations fall short of fulfilling optimum expectations. In the massive climaxes of Strauss's *Don Juan* and Schuman's *Credendum* there was still the sensation of the vibrations being boxed in, having no room—despite the 850,000 cubic feet of air in the hall—in which to dissipate. What is needed, perhaps, is a sign at the stage entrance reading "Dangerous When Full," to remind a conductor to measure his decibels carefully until such time as all the "clouds" are rolled back and a more conventional kind of ceiling, providing a more predictable kind of response, is installed.

UNLIKE such repertory operas as *Bohème* and *Rigoletto*, Moussorgsky's *Boris* is not a work whose pieces can be fitted together from performers experienced in random endeavors elsewhere and made to hold together for an evening. In the production of the work that opened the New York City Opera's fall season, it was all too evident that with the exception of Norman Kelley as Schuisky and Jon Crain as Dimitri, most of the performers were feeling their way —and not necessarily toward each other.

Why, then, *Boris*? Most likely to provide an opportunity for the company's most resolutely loyal and presently outstandingly artistic member, Norman Treigle, to realize every bass-baritone's ambition. This could conceivably be defended had Treigle dominated the scenes in which Boris appears and left a sufficiently strong impression to sustain interest until he reappears. Unfortunately, however, he has not much more to offer now than the rudiments of a proper Boris: a substantial voice and a flexible carriage. Neither yield all they could, for he is inclined to use his voice more in the interests of *bel canto* than *belle parole* and he lacks the resources of attitude and gesture to make the most of his figure. At this point, he should be breaking in his concept of the part behind a more experienced Boris, which, alas, the City Center does not possess.

Save for Kelley, who has sung Schuisky at the Metropolitan, and Crain, with experience there in other works, it does not possess adequately experienced performers for other key roles. Thomas Paul as Pimen, Spiro Malas as Varlaam, and Tatiana Troyanos as Marina have plausible vocal material to dispose, but too little sense of purpose, character, or verbal projection. Carol Bergey (Xenia), Marlena Kleinman (Feodor), and Muriel Greenspon (Innkeeper) were all too evidently in the apprentice class. Not too much could be heard of Joseph Machlis's English translation, nor did Walter Susskind's uncompelling conducting give cause to regret the use of the Rimsky-Korsakov orchestration. Something more faithful to the original would probably have sounded even less assertive.

Visually, the scenic production (for which Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., provided the underwriting) was splashy and without particular artistic credit to Will Steven Armstrong, who created it. The costumes of Freddy Wittop were less adventurous, but also more acceptable. Allen Fletcher's stage direction seemed at the D-Day-minus-two stage. It was, in short, a task too much, too soon for City Center resources.

STRING playing of rare refinement was the essence of evening-long pleasure provided by the Borodin Quartet of the USSR in its first Carnegie Hall appearance. No ultimate tests of ensemble excellence were engaged (Beethoven was represented by the C minor of Opus 18) but the quartet did with prime sound, unfailing intonation, and a beautifully balanced ensemble what was required for justice to the Prokofiev F major, the Opus 11 of Samuel Barber, and the three Stravinsky pieces of 1914.

Prokofiev's work is a product of a wartime interlude in Soviet Georgia, where he was sufficiently taken by the folk idiom of the locale to embellish it with all manner of chordal, pizzicato, harmonic, flageolet, and other string subtleties. These the group headed by Rostislav Doubinsky disposed of with the kind of certainty that results when each player knows precisely how his pattern fits into those of his fellow performers. The players paid Barber the compliment of model fidelity to his youthful lyricism, especially in the eloquent Adagio, which is justly celebrated in its later form for string orchestra. One was especially taken here by the formidable viola sound of Dimitri Shebalin (not to be confused with the older composer V. Y. Shebalin). Another appearance should bring a much larger attendance than the sparse audience for this one.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Slices of Life in an Age of Anxiety

JOHN CHEEVER began writing stories for *The New Yorker* some twenty years ago, and, in spite of the success of his two novels, *The Wapshot Chronicle* and *The Wapshot Scandal*, he has remained primarily a short-story writer. Even the novels are made up of episodes that could be regarded as short stories, and, indeed, some of them were so regarded by the editors of *The New Yorker*. He has been one of the most productive and most consistently excellent short-story writers in that magazine's stable, and his new collection, *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow* (Harper & Row, $4.95), demonstrates that he is good as ever and maybe a little better.

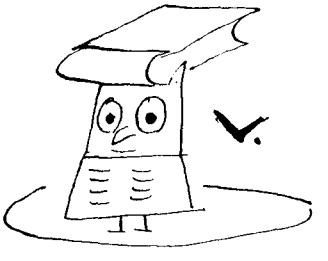
Cheever is the chronicler of life in upper-middle-class suburbia in the Age of Anxiety. One of the institutions with which he is necessarily concerned is marriage, which, as an institution, he does not view with unqualified enthusiasm. Happy marriages are described here and there in his stories, but there are more unhappy ones. He is painfully skillful in portraying the impossible wife, and, in "An Educated American Woman" and "The Music Teacher," we have two notable additions to the gallery. In all fairness, however, it must be said that he has drawn some dreadful husbands—*e.g.*, the hero of the title story and the father in "Reunion."

Adultery is not uncommon in the society about which Cheever writes, and he makes a good deal of its more comic aspects, as in "The Chaste Clarissa." (Baxter, the seducer, has better luck with his Clarissa than Richardson's Lovelace had with his.) Neuroses, needless to say, flourish in this segment of the population, and Cheever, especially in "The Angel on the Bridge," records their manifestations with vividness and precision. The dangers of technological progress, which he described so forcefully and amusingly in *The Wapshot Scandal*, lie in the background of several stories.

There is a Cheever style, and I can usually spot one of his stories in *The New Yorker* without having to thumb my way through the magazine to the end, where the editors have hidden his name. But whenever I read a collection such as this, I am struck by the variety of his stories. There are short and sharply pointed stories, such as "Reunion," but more often Cheever likes to show the complex implications of his theme. Often, as in "The Angel of the Bridge," which seems to me one of his very best, the reader does not know where Cheever is going until he reveals his destination, and then one sees that he was on the right track all the while.

He can be very funny and very serious, and he is quite likely to be both at the same time. Although he is usually a realist, he turns to fantasy when it serves his purpose. "The Swimmer," for instance, begins with an amusing idea, carries out the idea ingeniously, grows more serious along the way, and ends in mystery. "Metamorphoses," modern adaptations of ancient legends, is not quite successful, although it is an amusing idea to have the contemporary Orpheus a sweet singer of TV commercials. Cheever has many gifts and makes good use of them.

Jean Stafford has also written for *The New Yorker*, and seven of the ten stories in *Bad Characters* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95) appeared in that magazine. In addition to many



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short stories, Miss Stafford has written three novels, all of them interesting and one of them, *The Catherine Wheel*, an impressive achievement.

The stories in *Bad Characters* are not about the upper middle class or any other particular stratum of society. They are personal stories in a rather special sense. Four of them are stories of childhood, in some instances quite clearly Miss Stafford's childhood. Most of the others are concerned with private lives, and it is only in the last and longest, "A Winter's Tale," that private lives are affected by public lives.

In the stories of childhood Miss Stafford knows how to embroider and even exaggerate to get exactly the effect she wants. "In the Zoo," for instance, tells what happened to the narrator,

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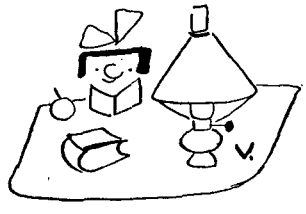
aged eight, and her sister, aged ten, when they were orphaned. They were placed in the care of a Mrs. Placer, who asked them to call her Gran. She had a gift for disparaging everyone with whom she came in touch. When a friend, a Mr. Murphy, gave the girls a dog, Gran of course assumed that it was not housebroken and, indeed, was thoroughly disreputable:

> The fantasy spun on, richly and rapidly, with all the skilled helping hands at work at once. The dog was tangibly in the room with us, shedding his hair, biting his fleas, shaking rain off himself to splatter the walls, dragging some dreadful carcass across the floor, chewing up slippers, knocking over chairs with his tail, gobbling the chops from the platter, barking, biting, fathering, fighting, smelling to high heaven of carrion, staining the rug with his muddy feet, scratching the floor with his claws. He developed rabies; he bit a child, two children! Three! Everyone in town! And Gran and her poor darlings went to jail for harboring this murderous, odoriferous, drunk, Roman Catholic dog.

Miss Stafford does this sort of thing very well, but she can also strike the more somber note that we hear in "A Winter's Tale." Here private life is smothered, for the romance that is



the story's principal concern takes place in Nazi Germany before the war. There is a striking portrait of an appalling Bostonian, turned Catholic and married to a German.

Although he is still in his thirties, George Steiner is well known as a scholar and critic, author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* and *The Death of Tragedy* (*SR*, April 18, 1961). *Anno Domini* (Atheneum, $3.95), his first work of fiction, shows that he has many talents. The book is made up of three long short stories, all concerned with the aftermath of World War II. The first and most powerful describes the strange and disastrous pilgrimage of a German in France after the war. The second tells about an American who was drawn into the resistance movement and who later revisits the home for the mentally ill that for a time had served as his sanctuary. Finally, there is a complicated story, which perhaps should have been a full-length novel, about Englishmen who miss the war. Steiner hasn't the craftsmanship of either Cheever or Miss Stafford, but he has a lot to say.

—Granville Hicks.

Copyrights: Chapter II

"MR. X, a teacher in the 'blank' school system, said the photocopy machine salesman told him this week that they could use the machine to reproduce all workbooks and tests. When asked about the copyright law, he said, 'No jail is large enough to hold all the teachers.' "

This statement, dropped in the laps of textbook publishers by President Craig Senft of the Silver Burdett Co. at a convention last spring, sums up the fear that has been haunting this $500 million a year industry ever since photocopy equipment began invading the libraries and schools some few years ago. In the old days, as they say, when a teacher had to cut stencils for mimeographing and then crank out the work page by page, there wasn't much likelihood that she would duplicate a whole book. (In the *good* old days, before the mimeograph machine existed, life was simpler all around; but we won't go into that here.) Today, copies of almost anything in print can be run off at the press of a button. For about 15¢, sixty-four pages of a book can be placed on microfilm, and for about 3¢ a page this filmed material can be enlarged and printed. Many libraries now have self-operating photocopying machines for their patrons, and, on a limited scale, "do-it-yourself" publishing has become common in the schools. The question is, who pays the original publisher and what happens to the copyright?

Last month in this column we described a futuristic kind of electronic publishing that threatens to make conventional publishing, if not obsolete, at least no more than a primary source of information to be exploited by a new technology. If you can order the "print out" of a book, or section thereof, from a photocopier, why buy the book? If a properly programmed computer will supply your reference material—an increasingly common practice with corporation and industrial libraries—why stock up with reference books and encyclopedias? If educational TV dramatizes what used to be a reading assignment, what happens to all those extra textbooks and anthologies? "Educational hardware" is both supplementing and supplanting the book itself, a development which the drafters of the Copyright Act could hardly foresee when they spelled out the law in 1909.

The big hassle in publishing and education today is over how to make copyright protection fit the new technology. And on this issue it can be said that the position of an educators' Ad Hoc Committee on Copyright Revision vis-à-vis the American Book Publishers Council is roughly twenty paces apart, with pistols at the ready. The biggest beef the educators have with the proposed law is the substitution of new definitions of what constitutes "educational use." The present law is quite specific. It assumes that the use of literary material not "for profit" is no infringement of copyright. Publishers see this provision as a loophole that is rapidly becoming an escape hatch for the photocopiers, the computer people, and educational TV, and largely at their behest new provisions governing the use of literary material through these channels have been introduced in the draft bill.

As educators see it, the bill would bar them from making a single copy of an entire work, or multiple copies of an excerpt or quotation, for purely instructional purposes. "Educational broadcasting" is so defined as to exclude open circuit broadcasting, and producers of programs in which extended passages of books are quoted would be required to pay a permission fee, much as a textbook writer does when he includes a poem or short story in his book. Moreover, educational TV would be prohibited from recording a program for delayed broadcast, even on a closed circuit. In short, the old distinction between what is copied, or broadcast, "for profit" and what is done in the name of education is largely eliminated. "In their present form, [the copyright revisions] represent a major catastrophe for public and private education in the U.S.," the Ad Hoc Committee has declared.

Publishers, however, don't agree. "Almost everyone believes that an author should be able to control the nature of the uses of his work," the American Book Publishers Council declares. Literary material that is televised to schools should be no more exempt from copyright protection than the books in which the material originally appeared. Moreover, "education" and "public interest" these days is no simple thing; the growth of ETV has extended the boundaries of education—hypothetically, at least—to infinity. "On a scale never

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envisioned by our predecessors, the government plans to involve every member of society in the educational process," says Austin McCaffrey, executive director of the American Textbook Publishers Institute. If the logistics of supplying this huge market for "culture" is shifting from the printed page to the spoken word, publishers would like to get cut in on the bounty.

I have the feeling, however, that publishers don't entirely believe their own arguments. The history of subsidiary rights has been one of tending to increase rather than diminish the market for the original product. A movie made from a book will often revive the sale of the book itself. Quality TV programs create readers as well as viewers. And since I have the unpopular notion that 10,000 words still tell us more than one picture, I'm convinced that viewers will eventually want to investigate the words. An expanded program of educational broadcasting is bound, in the long run, to stimulate reading.

The issue is a good deal more clear-cut in the field of xerographic reproduction. "The basic question is whether the owners of these mechanical devices should be given free use of the printed works which they utilize," the Publishers Council contends. "If such free use were allowed, obviously the number of purchasers of printed works would be so reduced that the incentive to create the published work would be virtually destroyed." An example: A school reproduces all the charts, maps, and reference data needed for a given course from a single source. The original market for thirty-five copies of the book, in this case, has shrunk to one. The effect on total sales is obvious. Publishers would like to see both computerized and xerographic material considered "a new use of literary property" and, as such, subject to copyright.

Under a plan put forth by a committee of librarians and publishers, photocopiers would be required to pay into a central office a monthly or annual fee based on the number of pages photographed, the fund thereupon to be distributed among the copyright holders. This is essentially what ASCAP does for musicians whose records play the disk-jockey and jukebox circuit, and it has proved a practical, not to say profitable, system.

The copyright revisions, which have not yet been voted out of committee, are attempts to resolve the conflict between the printing press and its electronic competitors. It is a difficult problem at best, but the public would do well to remember that authors aren't about to donate their talents to a machine, and that publishers are funny people when it comes to money. They like it.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

Man and His Strange Imaginings

—*Camera Press (Pix).*

Arthur Koestler—the "two cultures" question and reflect each other.

The Act of Creation, *by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan. 751 pp. $7.95), argues that all creativity arises from a process of "bisociation." Elizabeth Janeway's latest novel is "Accident."*

By ELIZABETH JANEWAY

HERE is Arthur Koestler's magnum opus. No politics here from the author of *Darkness at Noon,* but instead the human mind and how it works, or, as the dustjacket puts it, "A study of the conscious and unconscious processes of humor, scientific discovery and art." It's a large order, certainly. How well is Koestler equipped to handle it? Some scientists (notably Britain's Nobel Prize-winner P. B. Medawar) answer, "Not very well." English reviewers on the humanistic side, however, were impressed, while philosopher-scientist Stephen Toulmin sums up his impressions in a recent issue of *Encounter* by saying that "a substantial amount of novel and illuminating material [is] flawed by the . . . aspiration to be all-embracing."

This seems to me to strike near home, and yet to give Koestler not quite enough credit for what he has accomplished. Leaving out Koestler's theory (I'll come to it in a minute), his book is a valuable compendium of psychological and scientific information for the layman. Koestler has really undertaken to tie together C. P. Snow's "two cultures" and let them question and reflect each other. He's done it, moreover, without Snow's own pomposity, with a good deal of humor, and with an attractive common sense that will take the average reader a considerable distance with him. This is a readable popularization of a great deal of reasonably up-to-date material on man at work in studying and conquering his environment, and on the physiological bases for patterns of thought and action. It is a popularization, moreover, that is not a vulgarization. Koestler has digested a mass of material and he has no doubt oversimplified here and there, but he does not write down to his readers, and his own interest keeps the reader's curiosity alive.

As for Koestler's theory—well. Without the theory I suppose he wouldn't have written the book, nor, in fact, been able to write it, for such a compendium demands some thesis to organize it and give it a structure. In brief, Koestler is arguing that all creativity, whether physiological or psychological, whether that of the jester or the poet, the mathematician or the physicist or the salamander growing a new tail, arises from a process of "bisociation"—that is, of leaping outside the orthodox rules of functioning or thinking, and marrying together two hitherto separate techniques. A chimpanzee sees that a pole he has used in his play can become a tool to pull food within his reach. Gutenberg, watching the winepress, imagines a press that brings type down on paper instead of squeezing juice from grapes. Newton's apple turns into the earth forever tumbling around the sun. And finally (or perhaps originally), it is only by sexual union that new individuals, the product of a combination of genes contributed by mother and father, can be formed.

AT this point, one can hardly blame the scientists for feeling that Koestler has extended his theory so far that it has become meaningless, that truism has taken over from truth. And though I am too ignorant either to dispute or to agree to the application of Koestler's theory on the scientific side, I find his treatment of the processes of art unsatisfactory in rather the same way.

Koestler, that is, doesn't say anything untrue about the way the artist or writer or composer works; his generalizations are valid. But he seems to miss the point.

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Why, for instance, is art important? What is the writer doing when he drops his plot and his intentions into the subconscious, trusting and knowing that his conscious ideals will "bisociate" there with memories and draw together past emotions, until new characters are born and valid and meaningful action weaves itself about his half-understood theme? What is the actor doing when, before our eyes, he is possessed by another personality? Why can the shape of a song or a symphony seem to illuminate the world? Koestler does not inquire.

And this lapse seems to me to reduce his discussion of art to a superficial level. If he wants to maintain that he is only talking about "how" the artist works and not "why," I must reply that one cannot judge nor even understand the "how" without considering the "why." (For readers who might like to listen to the artist on "why" he works as he does, I recommend Andrew Lytle's contribution to the symposium on "Myths and Mythmaking," published first in *Daedalus* and then in 1960 as a book [Braziller], and Eugene Ionesco's article on "A Writer's Problems" in the September *Encounter*.) Koestler, that is, writes about the act of creation without committing any such act himself. He tells us that creative thinking often begins with analogy (which is true); and then his own analogies limp, don't fit, are unilluminating or even misleading.

AND yet, though the scientists fault Koestler on science, though I can't help but point out his shortcomings in the field that I know most about, there is something here. "Jack of all trades and master of none" is an easy condemnation to make, but I think a wrong one. Koestler is master of the very difficult trade of synthesizing a mass of material, of pulling it into an interesting shape, of serving up to the general reader facts that he would otherwise never know, and—most important—of explaining why they matter and how they relate to each other. Experts may disagree, but no expert could have done this; at any rate, none has. Let the general reader go on to the experts if he will. Koestler has given him a fine place to begin.

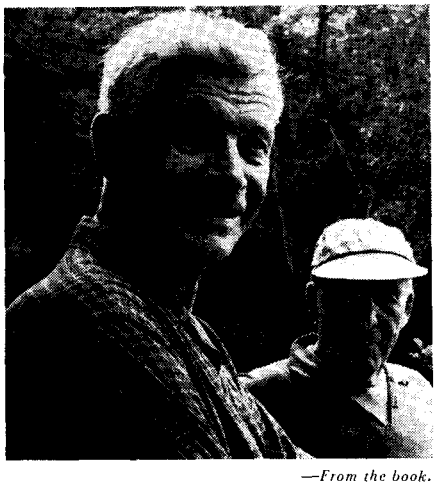
An Exercise in Free Converse

The Dialogues of Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren, *edited by Warren V. Bush (Dutton. 285 pp. $5.95), constitute a civilized conversation on poetry, nature, politics, and other matters. Emile Capouya's column "The Real Thing" is a regular Feature of* Saturday Review.

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THIS book is a selection of the conversations that were a feature of some unusual broadcasts in a program conceived by Mr. Warren Bush, a producer for one of the great networks. Mr. Bush proposed to Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren that they permit television technicians to follow them about during their stay at Mr. MacLeish's country place, and have their words and actions recorded and filmed. Mr. Bush promised that the technicians and their equipment would be unobtrusive. The two poets thought the matter over, then consented. The program was a success. Mr. Bush edited the conversations for publication in book form, and here they are.

It sounds dreadful, doesn't it? By all that's fair and foul, it should be dreadful, and sometimes it trembles on the brink—to be quite frank, in Mr. Bush's introduction it goes over the brink—but



—*From the book.*

Van Doren and MacLeish—civilized talk and an electronic eavesdropper.

the surprising fact is that on the whole the book is charming. Mr. MacLeish and Mr. Van Doren must be exceptionally nice people. They should never have done it, but they did, and by the time we have eavesdropped on their parting remarks, we have forgotten what principle it was that made us deprecate the enterprise at the beginning. The two men talk of poetry, nature, politics, and say many sensible and interesting things. They do not orate, they converse. The result is civilized talk, often stimulating, always pleasant.

Now I remember what I have against the whole business. These men are poets, that is to say, people who are willing to take great pains in order to make a beautiful thing—going as far as self-abnegation or self-exposure after the fanatic manner of their craft. This book, made of their casual conversations, expresses, morally speaking, the antithesis of their artists' ethic of mining their deepest selves and waiting prayerfully for the word and endlessly re-examining, correcting, perfecting their utterance. Technically, the book that is called *The Dialogues of Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren* is very close to the popular non-art form that is called a "happening," an event that occurs because it occurs. It is not even an improvisation – for that demands a theme and a talent. It is rather as if Macbeth's hypocritical resolution were adopted as a working method: "If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, without my stir." That is not the way in which Mr. Van Doren set to work when he wrote his many fine lyrics or his splendid essays on Shakespeare. Nor Mr. MacLeish when he made the lines:

> And strange at Ecbatan the trees
> Take leaf by leaf the evening, strange,
> The flooding dark about their knees,
> The mountains over Persia change. . . .

in that poem worthy of its title. "You, Andrew Marvell."

AS Mark Harris put it for all time, so that we must say it again and again, "Easy does it not." Of course, Mr. Bush expended both art and artifice upon the project. But chiefly he watched it happen, and a part of my troglodyte soul refuses its assent. The book is handsomely produced; there are photographs of the two poets and they are fine-looking men. But either of them could *write* a better series of dialogues with his left hand, and would be unknown to us if he could not. So while I must report that the result is fair enough, I wish it were not so. For that way vulgarity lies, and I think we can attain to it all by ourselves, without any help from our poets.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. *Hamlet*, I, i (Horatio). 2. *Richard III*, V, iii (Ratcliff). 3. *Henry VI, Part III*, II, i (Richard). 4. *Cymbeline*, II, iii (Song). 5. *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iii (Friar Laurence). 6. Sonnet XXXIII. 7. *Richard II*, III, ii (King Richard). 8. *Venus and Adonis*, 1. 853. 9. *Much Ado about Nothing*, V, iii (Don Pedro). 10. *Romeo and Juliet*, III, v (Romeo).

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Living in a Nice Place to Visit

The Italians, *by Luigi Barzini (Atheneum. 352 pp. $6.95), and* ***Those Cursed Tuscans,*** *by Curzio Malaparte, translated from the Italian by Rex Benedict (Ohio University Press. 236 pp. $4.95), probe beneath the surface of the tourist's favorite country to reveal the changeless temperament of its inhabitants. Gabriel Gersh has devoted many years to the study of the history and politics of the Mediterranean countries.*

By GABRIEL GERSH

WESTERN Europe's and America's long love affair with Italy is one of the facts of tourist life. What causes it? Is it just the sun, the sky, and the grandeur that was Rome which draw a flood of tourists to Italy every year? Or do they come because they are seeking release from the inhibitions and perplexities to which they are subjected at home?

Fascinated by the foreign invasion of his country, now reaching proportions where there is almost one tourist for every two Italians, Luigi Barzini, the distinguished journalist, attempts to discover what it is about Italy that attracts so many visitors. The result is a book that observes and dissects the Italians with amazing objectivity, mitigated only by the author's deep but not blind love for his countrymen.

Superficially, the author believes that foreigners are fascinated by Italy because they never see the grim realities behind the pleasant façade. More subtly, he suggests that the ingrained anarchy of the Italians, their lack of civic and patriotic virtue, the "disreputable art of living" they have developed to defeat regimentation, may be precisely what Nordic man knows he needs for his salvation. "Could it be that our vices have turned out to be desirable advantages in the modern world, qualities essential for survival?" Italy is thus again perhaps emerging as the teacher of nations.

The central problem is one that every thoughtful person has considered. Having attained to the highest degree of vitality and sophistication in the arts and humanities, why have the Italians been throughout their history so unsatisfactory as a nation?

The unity of Italy desired by its great men from Dante onwards continually eluded them. Political unity, though achieved in the nineteenth century, was never the goal toward which the people really strived. In truth, says the author, the cultural unity that they always had was sufficient for them. Their shifting favors, amounting at times almost to fickleness, balanced and nullified the two forces—the Church and the Empire—that might have imposed unity upon them.

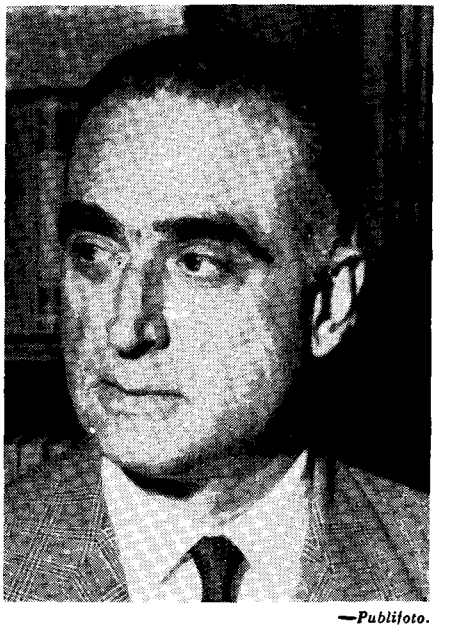
Like most Italians, the author is scornful of Italian politicians, even though he himself is a member of Parliament. They behave, he says, more or less as they have always done, managing Italy as their own preserve and using the levers of government to reinforce their own power.

Little wonder that the Italians distrust law and state, and conceive of freedom in personal and family terms. As the author shows, family loyalty is the only patriotic virtue that evokes the solidarity and sacrifice which sustain the state in other lands. Coupled with Italy's major evils, notably poverty, ignorance, and fear, this cynical attitude toward the state often breeds a longing for a strong dictator, such as Mussolini was.

Whether the author is talking about this problem or the Mafia, about success or the significance of gesticulation, he is always illuminating and entertaining. He shows the important part that spectacle and color play in the people's lives. Yet beneath it all the Italian way of life "cannot be considered a success except by temporary visitors." Many non-Italians who flock to Italy in search of their lost souls will find little comfort in this thought.

Curzio Malaparte, the well-known Italian journalist and novelist who died in 1957, was also a student of the Italian character, and his little book makes an admirable companion to the other, illustrating several of Dr. Barzini's conclusions and supplementing many of his observations. Originally published before his death, Mr. Malaparte's book has not suffered by the passage of years, despite the changes brought about by the postwar economic miracle in Tuscany and elsewhere. The volume reveals many flashes of insight into the changeless Tuscan character.

Those Cursed Tuscans is an amazing and sometimes exasperating series of observations and vignettes of the author's native region. Indulging in the fantasy, paradox, and irony that were his literary trademarks, the author offers some sweeping generalizations. One of these is that Tuscans are tougher, shrewder, and more intelligent than other Italians, the only exception being their neighbors the Umbrians, who are blessed with many Tuscan qualities.



—Publifoto.

Luigi Barzini—"deep but not blind love for his countrymen."

Saints and sinners, priests and conquerors, heaven and hell, all are subjected to Mr. Malaparte's barbed wit and sardonic thrusts. The Tuscans, he tells us with certainty, are not concerned by the threat of spending eternity in hell because "no one has yet been born who can send a Tuscan to hell, unless he wants to go." Nor have the Tuscans ever submitted to foreign invaders, toward whom they display pity instead of hatred. The author is at his best in describing his native town of Prato, whose citizens personify the Tuscan shrewdness. Here all the rags of Europe—including Garibaldi's flag and the uniforms of those who fell at Waterloo and El Alamein—are gathered and rewoven into the "best" cloth for export.

Although Mr. Malaparte's book is caricature rather than characterization, it is a glowing tribute to the region he loved. Those who lament the excesses of Italy's frantic entry into the modern world will be grateful to the author for drawing attention to the unchanging character of a people who have contributed so much to Western civilization.

Coming November 7th
Children's Book Week
Supplement

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The Sonneteer Was Not All Talk

***Nothing Like the Sun,** by Anthony Burgess (Norton. 234 pp. $3.95), is another attempt to breathe life into the enigmatic figure of William Shakespeare. Aileen Pippett frequently comments on current fiction.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

THIS is Shakespeare's year, and a number of fascinating and erudite books on him have appeared in recent months. The present novel, frankly about his love affairs, comes nearest to breathing life into the marble bust that is supposed to be a likeness of the poet. Here is no pensive, balding country gentleman in his best clothes, but a giant whose voice reverberates through the centuries. He is still enigmatic, still refuses to "abide our question," but he is a man and an Elizabethan.

The facts are few, the theories abundant about Shakespeare. Anthony Burgess knows them all, for he has books on literature and philology to his credit as well as novels that have established his reputation as a robust, irreverent critic of our times. He is, in both senses, familiar with his subject. Shakespeare is first shown as a versifying boy anxious to get away from Stratford, already in search of a Dark Lady, the answer to his dreams. But he is trapped in his dull home town by his forced marriage to a blonde, Anne Hathaway, who gives him children and, more importantly, serves as the source of *Venus and Adonis*.

This is the kind of cross-reference between the man and his work that is a constant delight. Models turn up for Falstaff and other drunken swaggerers, for the conniving rogues, the sententious talkers, the troop of characters who will people his plays. The host will swell when he gets to London, becomes an actor, mixes with the great courtiers—especially young Lord Southampton—and begins to write the Sonnets.

THE story these poems reveal is the nub of this novel. There is no attempt to portray the relationship between the lordling and the scribbler as entirely platonic, and Anthony Burgess is sure that the Dark Lady who betrayed them both is Lucy Negro, a girl brought back from the South Seas by Drake. This incidental mention of a famous voyage around the world points up another virtue of the book, showing Shakespeare in his own stirring times, affected by historic events, suffering or triumphant with the day's news, meeting his fellow poets, and always living the secret life of imagination. Nothing is dragged in for cheap effect; everything is relevant. The more you know about the plays and the period the more you will appreciate the subtle touches that give verisimilitude to the tale.

But it is not necessary to be learned to enjoy a brilliant book, for it all comes "trippingly off the tongue," including the atrocious puns and indecent allusions. It seems to have been written at top speed, yet the author never breaks down into blank verse, his style being taut and forceful. He is almost Joycean in the epilogue, which shows Shakespeare rich and respected in Stratford, having left the despair of Hamlet and the madness of Lear behind him, his magic books, like Prospero's, cast away, recalling in his dying delirium his beloved young Lord.

If this is not truth it is as close to it as we are likely to get. Come all the pedants in the world against us, the novelist is still the best witness to the reality behind the facts.

—*Mark Gerson.*

Anthony Burgess—"taut and forceful."

The Sad and Lonely Have Their Say

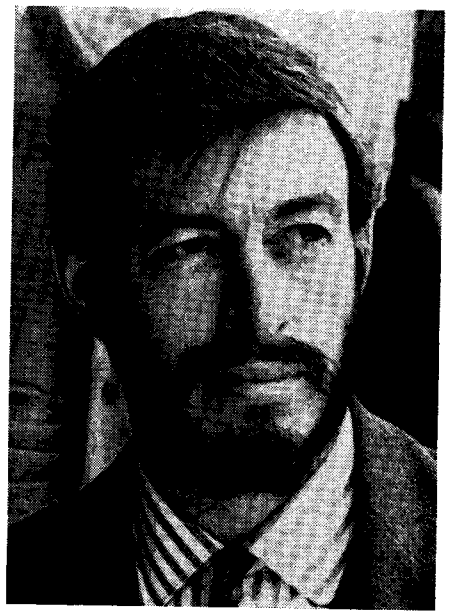
***Meet My Maker the Mad Molecule,** by J. P. Donleavy (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 178 pp. $4.75), contains short stories and sketches of the lost and the lonely. Charles Shapiro teaches English at Briarcliff College.*

By CHARLES SHAPIRO

THE WILD talent so well exploited in *The Ginger Man* doesn't seem to work for the short distances, at least in the twenty-seven assorted bits and pieces of fiction in J. P. Donleavy's book. There are scattered moments in *Meet My Maker the Mad Molecule* when the author's rage against the conformity and loneliness of contemporary life breaks through his sophomoric philosophizing and lush prose, but for the most part we are left with sorry sketches of the sad and the lonely told without energy.

Consider "The Romantic Life of Alphonse A," the lengthiest story in the collection, a dreary recital by a young man, veteran and campus hero, of his self-conscious rebellion against his father and the world. "Dad I know you've swapped your ideals to make a fast buck. But do I hold it against you." And, surprisingly enough, his parent gets angry.

Alphonse A swings with the ladies,



—*Jerry Bauer.*

J. P. Donleavy—"wild talent."

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loving and leaving them with a vengeance. At times he is worried about his potentialities:

> You're real rotten. A little reflected stardom as a hasbeen and you ride roughshod over ethics, devoid of one vestige of moral momentum. Alphonse, a guiding hand pausing on the bannister, taking up his defense. Hush now. This world is a jungle. My moral momentum may be minimum but it is more than most.

A number of the items in Donleavy's mixture are extremely short, tricky exercises, supposedly symbolic but too often merely foolish, such as "The Mad Molecule" and "Call Me Cheetah." Fortunately, there are passages in some of the longer stories that recall the power of Donleavy's two novels. This is especially true of "Whither Wigwams," a fairly effective piece of special pleading for the life of the expatriate:

> Then I think of my own culture and America. Of the open wild greenery. The trees. Of the sad lives of my childhood friends as they grew up in that land of opportunity. And found you grow as your parents. That Dad was not God or even a good salesman, but a trembling, terrified man in a nightmare. The neighbors fighting their own little wars out of sight in the kitchen over the crumb cake and container of milk. As the sons said, I'm going to make a million, mom. Goodness, the beer quaffed on these occasions. For myself I never guaranteed making more than fifty thousand. But over the kitchen table and dining room I grew up. But lived in a musical world alone in my bedroom. The boyhood plots laid in sweltering summer attics, digging through cheap heirlooms. Never hunger, rarely sorrow or any death. Just lawns, lakes and tennis. I liked it. I loved it. An exquisite dream. Spruce trees growing their blue tips to touch windows and little hills and mountains for miles around and lakes clear and magic. But maybe I knew I would leave this little community and perhaps not inherit the cars, highways, tinkling ice and tastes of beer. And on a whim one summer day I left to go to a university in Europe. Into a moral shock. Where sin was a test of natural aristocracy. Naturally I passed.

Donleavy considers the problems of leaving America, what is gained and what is lost: "So I think it is a strange thing to be American. To have no tiger teeth for ripping enemies. Mine are intact. To have sympathy and understanding instead. And survive by bland, sheepish maneuvering . . . But for me, the crystal loneliness of America is its greatest beauty. The wide Middle West."

Isolated sections, scattered portions of dialogue recall Donleavy's more exciting fiction and make us hope that he will once again return to the novel, the genre for which he is so well suited.

Coming of Age in Darjeeling: On its jacket, *Old Mali and the Boy* (Little, Brown, $3.95), a first novel by a young Rhodesian writer, D. R. Sherman, is given very high praise indeed by several prominent literary figures, and the publisher tells us that it has created real excitement in England. That leaves me odd man out, unable to find in it anything but a beginner's exercise, deserving of encouragement but not necessarily of publication.

It aims to be a renewal of the timeless theme of a boy's tragic initiation into manhood. An English boy lives with his widowed mother near Darjeeling, in the shadow of the Himalayas. The humble but wise old family gardener, rich in the lore of nature, brings him face to face with Life: When Old Mali gives the boy his own great bow and takes him into the high forests, ordeal transforms a wilful child into a man.

But Sherman confuses the trappings of a technique that is well-worn and imitative with the establishment of a universal aura, and further confuses assorted truisms with the probing of timeless human verities. Flat declarative sentences are strung along, as are the events of the story. The result resembles those textbook translations of mythology that turn schoolchildren against the classics. Sherman's characters are not archetypes but cardboard clichés. We are told that all sorts of emotions are being deeply felt, but we must take the author's word for it. The setting in northeastern India is awkwardly established by scattered foreign words and passages transparently designed to Inform the Reader. And just in case we might not notice, the obvious is more than once explained.

Dom Moraes compares this novel to Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, and I for one suspect that part of the trouble may be that the author had exactly that comparison in mind all along.

I wonder if it is not really an unkindness to a beginning writer to so over-praise his work. *Old Mali and the Boy* is a journeyman novel. That makes it a respectable beginning. But a cause for excitement? No, not this.

—Rosanne Klass.

"All right, Arthur—attack me!"

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Polity in a Castle by the Sea

Poet in the Fortress: The Story of Luis Muñoz Marín, *by Thomas Aitken, Jr. (NAL-World. 241 pp. $6.50), recounts the creation of the Associated Free State of Puerto Rico by a statesman who was also an artist. Adolf A. Berle served as chairman of President Kennedy's Task Force on Latin America.*

By ADOLF A. BERLE

THOMAS AITKEN's biography of Puerto Rico's famous governor could not arrive at a more opportune moment. For, on a broiling evening last August, the annual convention of Puerto Rico's Popular Party heard Luiz Muñoz Marín decline renomination, and certain re-election, for a fifth four-year term as Governor of the Commonwealth, a post he had held since 1948. A mass of delegates and supporters, literally in tears, besought him to continue. But the creator of the Associated Free State of Puerto Rico, now at the height of undisputed power, chose to turn over the reins to Roberto Sánchez Vilella, his second-in-command, who had been trained for years for the task of governing the most successful Caribbean republic. Had the writing of this book been delayed a few months, this would have been the final chapter in Mr. Aitken's sensitive and sympathetic appreciation of one of the greatest Americans (and Latin Americans; Muñoz Marín is both) of our time.

Rightly, Mr. Aitken, a friend of Don Luis in the formative days of the Puerto Rican Commonwealth, treats him as a poet. This, of course, he is, and the approach gives the book reality. Regrettably, though perhaps necessarily, Aitken omits a good deal of the history and political background that might have brought the volume into the category of biographical history. In fact, Muñoz Marín's poetry expressed itself no less in statesmanship than in literature. What might be called his greatest poetic achievement—the creation of the Associated Free State as an alternative to either independence or colonial status, at the precise moment when other emerging colonies were following nationalist will-o'-the-wisps—is inadequately recognized. Perhaps the greatness of the conception is more apparent to international lawyers and diplomats.

Aitken links Governor Muñoz Marín's amazing career with that of his father, Muñoz Rivera, whose life was spent seeking to secure autonomy for Puerto Rico within the Spanish colonial system. The younger Muñoz, escaping from the family atmosphere, spent years in New York as student, free-lance writer, and poet, knocking around Greenwich Village in the Twenties, meeting fellow Puerto Ricans, writing articles for *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. In the course of this he clashed with a violent movement seeking Puerto Rican independence and headed by a Harvard graduate, Albizu Campos, whose Peruvian wife is now an anti-American propagandist for Fidel Castro.

Muñoz's preoccupations were not limited to politics and literature. Social conditions in Puerto Rico were horrible beyond description. Agitation for independence did not seem to be the answer. Muñoz dreamed of social progress, but also of preserving the historical and cultural identity of Puerto Rico, which he did not and does not want to see swamped by the North American cultural pattern.

IN depression-ridden New York in 1932 Muñoz came in contact with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., than (by appointment of the President) Governor of Puerto Rico. He returned to the island and got a job at $23 a week on a San Juan newspaper. He took up Fabian Socialism, moved into the Puerto Rican Liberal Party, tried to capture it, and decisively failed. This phase of Muñoz Marín's life is extremely well described; so also is his organization of his own party, the "Popular Democrats" of today. That group literally began at the crossroads and the grassroots, gradually establishing itself in the cities. With a working-class and peasant base for his party, Muñoz Marín made his first decision: he refused the "class angle" stereotype, wanting to appeal to all Puerto Ricans. In the legislative elections of 1940 his party (whose strength had been hopelessly underestimated by Washington) barely missed being the largest, and Muñoz Marín became President of the Puerto Rican Senate.

Rexford Guy Tugwell had meanwhile become Governor of Puerto Rico. He was impressed by Muñoz, and also somewhat repelled. Patiently Tugwell was bringing into existence the essential services of an autonomous Puerto Rican democracy whose people clamored for an end to colonial status and rule by U.S.-appointed governors. But would that democracy demand complete independence from the United States, or would it maintain association? Muñoz Marín, by then the recognized popular leader, devised the solution that now exists. It was unique. He proposed to create a republic that would be autonomous but would remain within the economic and defense system of the United States. He chose this in preference to "sovereign independence"—a glittering but sterile ideal for a small, overpopulated island without natural resources. Puerto Rico could exist only within some larger economic system. The maintenance of a separate military defense would divert funds from the cruelly pressing job of social construction.

Muñoz Marín's solution, so far as I

—*From the book.*

Muñoz Marîn kibitzes a pin-ball game in small town: "Hope and pride are the motives to which you appeal."

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know, is new in international law: a nation culturally and socially autonomous but by free vote remaining within the U.S. system through a "compact." In 1948 the first free election in Puerto Rico, held under Public Law 600, adopted this compact, and Muñoz Marín was elected the first governor of the Commonwealth, known as "The Associated Free State of Puerto Rico," and held that office for sixteen years.

The governor's official home is a sixteenth-century castle by the sea, erected by the Spanish Empire in its greatest days and known as "The Fortress." As Aitken points out, Muñoz Marín there recruited, trained, and developed as brilliant a group of administrators as can be found anywhere. This reviewer would swap the governments of at least a dozen American states for the staff built up in San Juan. Out of an island noted for its poverty and misery he built the most prosperous economy in Latin America. Slowly but steadily the squalor, illiteracy, and hopelessness disappeared. The national income more than trebled, and a large part of it was steered toward the least-favored groups. Puerto Rico has become one of the garden spots of the earth. "Release the creative energy of a people and you can do anything," is Muñoz Marín's watchword. "Hope and pride are the motives to which you appeal."

During this time the Caribbean was in turmoil, as, indeed, it still is. That it is not a hopeless mess is due in my judgment largely to three men: Luis Muñoz Marín; José María Figuéres, later president of Costa Rica, and Romulo Betancourt, until recently president of Venezuela. These men were friends through good times and bad. On the turret of Muñoz Marín's friendly fortress they speculated on practical government, political reality, statecraft, the meaning of life, and the hope for individual and national fulfillment.

Aitken has captured a great deal of this—less than I could wish, yet more than anyone else has done. Perhaps the time to write a great history of this drama has not yet come: Muñoz Marín is only just leaving office; no one believes he will vanish because of that; the story is not complete, and all the evidence is not in.

But as contemporary history goes, *Poet in the Fortress* is the best single appreciation of the man and of the Puerto Rican experiment I have seen. While its material is sometimes confusingly organized and some of the personal estimates involved are matters of opinion, these cavils are outweighed by the book's insight and essential understanding. Its publication will help to dispel North America's dense ignorance of the most brilliant achievement in modern Latin American statesmanship.

Private Record of a Public Servant

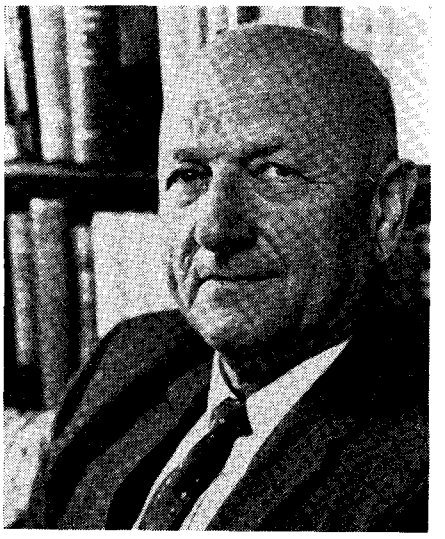
The Journals of David E. Lilienthal, Vols. I and II *(Harper & Row. 734 pp. and 666 pp. respectively. $10 each), recreates the verve and drama as well as the significance of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. Frank Freidel is currently working on the fourth volume of a biography of FDR.*

By FRANK FREIDEL

THE ELDERLY Southern Senator, peering over a sheaf of papers, asked the witness to recall some specific price per ton, then pressed him to name the exact birthplaces of his parents—obscure villages somewhere in Hungary. The witness wrote in his journal: "I trembled inside with disgust at the meanness that he wasn't quite able to expose fully—only by this snide pretense of interest in knowing where my parents were born." The Senator shifted his questioning to the witness's attitude toward Communism. "This I do carry in my head, Senator," the witness declared, and with spontaneous, unrehearsed eloquence set forth his credo. He went beyond a negative statement denouncing Communism to reaffirm the tenets of American democracy. At the heart of his remarks were these words:

> One of the tenets of democracy that grow out of this central core of a belief that the individual comes first, that all men are the children of God and their personalities are therefore sacred, is a deep belief in civil liberties and their protection; and a repugnance to anyone who would steal from a human being that which is most precious to him, his good name, by imputing things to him, by innuendo, or by insinuation.

No Washington novel has been able quite to achieve the dramatic height of this real confrontation in February 1947 between Senator Kenneth McKellar and David E. Lilienthal at the hearing on the latter's confirmation as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Nor can any novel surpass the vividness and thoughtfulness of these first two volumes of Lilienthal's journals, delineating his years in the TVA and the AEC. Lilienthal, a gifted writer as well as a dedicated public servant, has brought to them the verve and drama together with a sense of the significance and moral purpose of the Roosevelt and Truman



—*Ulli Seltzer.*

David E. Lilienthal—candid commentary.

administrations. His observations are inward and personal as well as public, exploring his own philosophy and emotional reactions, his family life and his recreations, as well as affairs of state. The volumes are an indispensable mine for the historian, yet fascinating for the general reader as well. While they are rather thin on the formative years of the TVA, they are full of new detail on the war years, and contain the most revealing account yet to appear on some phases of atomic energy control and the debate over whether or not to develop a hydrogen bomb. Scores of concise pen-portraits lie scattered through the pages:

> I called on Senator Norris. He has a most curious mask-like face, due in part to the color of his skin, and partly to the way his eyelids lower over his eyes. . . . he is desperately in earnest that no politics should creep into the administration of the Authority. Usually people who say that mean that nobody *else's* politics should creep in, but he seemed to be absolutely in earnest.

Lilienthal was one of the most doughty fighters of the era, carrying on monumental struggles not only with McKellar, but also with Wendell Willkie and the power companies, and within TVA against the chairman, Arthur E. Morgan. These differences occupy space in the journal, but in contrast to the diary of that gamecock of the New Deal, Harold L. Ickes, nothing curmudgeonly fills these pages.

When Lilienthal was not quite thirty-

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four years of age, President Roosevelt appointed him to the three-man board of the newly created Tennessee Valley Authority. Already he was a notable labor lawyer who had reorganized the Wisconsin Public Service Commission to strengthen regulation of the utilities. Within TVA he stood firmly for the development of cheap power to enable the people of the Tennessee Valley to help themselves; Arthur Morgan was more sympathetic toward private utilities and more interested in directing the lives of poverty-stricken people in the valley. For several years Roosevelt, with Lilienthal's cooperation, tried to reconcile the differences. "If I don't reappoint you," he told Lilienthal in 1936, "it will be heralded all over the country as a power company victory, and if he resigns, the *Survey Graphic* group [those interested in social work] . . . will feel that they have been let down." In the end, the President dismissed Morgan.

During the war years Lilienthal, as chairman of the TVA board, struggled vigorously against Senator McKellar's campaigns to annex TVA to his patronage empire, and worked to enlarge TVA's already enormous power production. A sizable amount of this power went into a mysterious plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, which produced fissionable material for the atomic bomb.

After Hiroshima, control of atomic energy became Lilienthal's commanding interest. As chairman of a board of consultants for the State Department he helped fabricate a plan for international control, and was involved in Bernard Baruch's presentation of plans to the United Nations. Lilienthal's candid observations on Baruch are detailed but not altogether flattering.

As the first Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Lilienthal was privy to some of the most critical defense secrets and helped shape some of the most weighty decisions. From the outset it was his aspiration to avoid an atomic arms race and to devote nuclear fission to peaceful purposes. Thus, in February 1949 he reported to President Truman on the number of weapons and the total destructive capacity that the stockpile would represent by 1951. "Boy," Truman said, "we could blow a hole clean through the earth!" The President continued, writes Lilienthal:

> "Wouldn't it be wonderful when Jan. 1, 1951, comes around, if we could take the whole business and dump it into the sea?" This gave me my chance to correct what I had felt sure was a misapprehension. . . . "No," I said, "Mr. President, that's the beautiful thing about it. All of this energy fabricated into weapons can be used without deterioration or loss for producing electricity and energy for many, many useful purposes, if only we can avoid war and getting into a situation where we are forced to use it for destructive purposes." This obviously pleased him a great deal. He grabbed the arms of his chair. "These are the things we want to do, to make the world better through atomic energy instead of wiping up the world with it."

Only a few months later, the Russians exploded their first nuclear device and the United States had to reappraise its policies. Lilienthal participated in conferences to decide whether or not the United States should try to develop a hydrogen bomb, and in his journal wrote detailed accounts of the discussions. Most of the members of the General Advisory Committee of the AEC were opposed: "Conant flatly against it. Hartley Rowe, with him: 'We built one Frankenstein.' Obviously Oppenheimer inclined that way. . . . Rabi completely on the other side." Lilienthal himself felt strongly that too precipitate a decision to develop the hydrogen bomb might cover weakness rather than lead to strength. At the time that the President decided to go ahead with development of the hydrogen bomb, Lilienthal warned him "that it magnified some of the weaknesses that were growing greater every month, namely our chief reliance upon atomic weapons in the defense of this country and Europe."

Already Lilienthal, for other and personal reasons, had arranged to resign from the AEC. In the years that have followed he has devoted his brilliant energies to the Development and Resources Corporation, a private enterprise that has helped create TVA-like improvements in numerous other countries.

"Stop worrying. They'll have the national debt paid long before we grow up."

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1106

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1106 will be found in the next issue.

G HGF TAN WB FNK G PNNR

MGF EWV AWHBSRP NP SXSEC

PNRRC OQK XGFWKC.

ENQBBSGQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1105

The world gets better every day—then worse again in the evening.

—HUBBARD.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

BULFINCH'S BOSTON, 1787-1817. By James Kirker and Harold Kirker. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

COW PEOPLE. By J. Frank Dobie. Little, Brown. $6.

FRONTIER IRON: The Maramec Iron Works, 1826-1876. By James D. Norris. State Historical Society of Wisconsin. $4.25.

SOUTHERN HISTORY IN THE MAKING: Pioneer Historians of the South. By Wendell Holmes Stephenson. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $7.50.

Art, Architecture

THE BEST IN TWENTIETH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE. By Georges and Rosamond Bernier. Reynal. $15.

THE CHATEAU OF CHAMBORD. Text by Pierre Gascar. Photographs by Andre Martin. Macmillan. $9.95.

GREAT AGES OF ARCHITECTURE. By Bodo Cichy. Putnam. $20 to Jan. 1; $25 thereafter.

INDIAN ART IN MIDDLE AMERICA. By Frederick J. Dockstader. New York Graphic Society. $25.

JAPAN: A History in Art. By Bradley Smith. Simon & Schuster. $24.95 to Dec. 25; $30 thereafter.

ROMAN ART. By George M.A. Hanfmann. New York Graphic Society. $15.

Crime, Suspense

THE CAVE OF THE CHINESE SKELETONS. By Jack Seward. Tuttle. $3.50.

Current Affairs

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE. By Kenneth B. Keating. NAL-World. $4.50.

LABOR AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST. By W. Willard Wirtz. Harper & Row. $3.50.

POVERTY IN PLENTY. Edited by George H. Dunne. Kenedy. $3.95.

THE WOUNDED LAND. By Hans Habe. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

Fiction

THE BURNT ONES. By Patrick White. Viking. $4.95.

THE CORRIDA AT SAN FELIN. By Paul Scott. Morrow. $4.95.

A COVENANT WITH DEATH. By Stephen Becker. Atheneum. $4.50.

FIRST PAPERS. By Laura Hobson. Random House. $6.95.

IMAGE OF TALLIE. By Elick Moll. Simon & Schuster. $4.75.

THE JOYOUS SEASON. By Patrick Dennis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE LADY ROYAL. By Molly Costain Haycraft. Lippincott. $4.95.

THE LIQUIDATOR. By John Gardner. Viking. $3.95.

THE MONKEY WATCHER. By Robert Towers. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THE RAKER. By Andrew Sinclair. Atheneum. $3.95.

REACH FOR THE GROUND. By R. F. de la Reguera. Abelard-Schuman. $3.95.

SCARLET PLUME. By Feikema Manfred. Trident. $4.95.

THE SHUDDERING FALL. By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard. $4.95.

SPEAK NOT EVIL. By Edwin Lanham. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

US HE DEVOURS. By James B. Hall. New Directions-San Francisco Review. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $2.25.

History

AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR I. Simon & Schuster. $12.95 to Dec. 25; $16.50 thereafter. De luxe edition, $15.45 to Dec. 25; $19 thereafter.

THE GATHERING OF ZION. By Wallace Stegner. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By John Bach McMaster. Edited by Louis Filler. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $2.45.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By André Maurois. Viking. $20.

SLAVERY IN THE CITIES: The South, 1820-1860. By Richard C. Wade. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.75.

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH. Edited by Harvey Wish. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

TWENTY DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD. By Joseph P. Mitchell and Sir Edward Creasy. Macmillan. $7.95.

Miscellany

THE ABECEDARIAN BOOK. By Charles W. Ferguson. Little, Brown. $3.95.

FAMOUS FOOD FROM FAMOUS PLACES. By the editors of *Better Homes and Gardens*. Meredith. $6.95.

THE GREAT IDEAS TODAY: 1964. Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler, editors-in-chief. Encyclopedia Britannica-Atheneum. $10.

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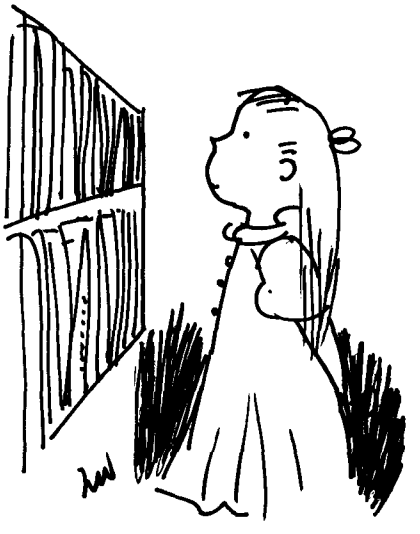

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MUSIC OBSERVED. By B. H. Haggin. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50.

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A CIRCLE OF STONE. By Miller Williams. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $3.50.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF PATRICK KAVANAGH. Devin-Adair. $7.50. (Limited edition.)

THE WORLD, THE WORLDLESS. By William Bronk. New Directions-San Francisco Review. Hardbound, $3. Paperback, $1.25.

Personal History

ALONE THROUGH THE DARK SEA. By Thomas Whiteside. Braziller. $5.

DRAMATIC PERSONAGES. By Denis de Rougemont. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

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Psychology, Sociology

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NEW CHURCHES OF EUROPE. By G.E. Kidder Smith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $17.50.

A POPE LAUGHS. By Kurt Klinger. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

SALVATION HISTORY: An Introduction to Biblical Theology. By Neal M. Flanagan, O.S.M. Sheed & Ward. $5.

THE SPIRIT OF THOMISM. By Etienne Gilson. Kenedy. $3.50.

VARIETIES OF UNBELIEF. By Martin E. Marty. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Birthdays and Celebrations

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THIS has been a year of birthday and anniversary celebrations. *SR*, of course, was forty years old, and, just for the fun of it, I consulted the librarian as to when the first children's book reviews appeared in the magazine. It was on November 8, 1924 that Marion C. Dodd and Marion Canby did the first ones. The first separate department, however, was "The Children's Bookshop," in charge of Marion Canby and initiated on October 1, 1927.

Another magazine is celebrating forty honorable years of publication. Greetings to the *Horn Book*, whose birthday number appears this month. For those who may not know (though it seems unlikely there are any), this valiant little magazine is devoted entirely to articles about children's books and reviews of them. It was first edited by Bertha Mahoney (now Miller) and Elinor Whitney; then by Jenny Lindquist and its present editor, Ruth Hill Viguers. The Horn Book, Inc., has also published most useful books, among them a translation of Paul Hazard's *Books, Children and Men*. Librarians and teachers feel that the *Horn Book* is an old and valued friend, and many parents also subscribe to it.

We saluted Shakespeare when the Horizon *Shakespeare's England* appeared. Now that the year is almost over there are several new books on the poet; but these are not just for a birthday year. Young people's books, if well written, are remarkably durable.

It is cause for celebration that writers of children's books (also durable) may continue to enjoy their royalties as they grow older, instead of losing the rights to books that are still selling. Congress may pass a new copyright law that is as sensible as the present English one (the author's lifetime plus fifty years). No one outside the publishing business can imagine how painful it has been for publishers and authors to see profitable and much-loved books go out of copyright much too early and become available for any one to publish in any form. If a book lives long enough the author's heirs should also share the royalties.

Books have begun celebrating birthdays. This is good publicity, perhaps, though I hope every book that survives a fifth birthday doesn't have a party.

Little Toot, Hardie Gramatky's long-lasting favorite, is twenty-five years old, and had a cocktail party (on a tugboat, of course) in September. This was also to salute Little Toot's new adventure, *Little Toot on the Thames* (Putnam, $3.50). While it is not quite as amusing as the first book, and the setting is less familiar, children will enjoy having both as a pair.

S-s-sh! Don't mention it, but some other children's authors have books with many more years to their credit. When was H. A. Rey's *Curious George* twenty-five years old? *Mary Poppins* is thirty; and as for *Peter Rabbit*—for how many years has he been nibbling that carrot? These all date from the days when books were not so numerous and more of them were written with care and with pleasure—and had a chance for a longer life. Now almost everyone, including a four-year-old and a cocker spaniel that lives at the Waldorf, is supposed to be able to write for children. I am glad that Mary Stolz, whose books are such favorites, has written an article for *SR* (it will appear next month) in which she speaks of "my much-loved profession." It's about time someone spoke up for those who consider writing for children an honorable profession and not merely a means of collecting a few royalties here and there or getting something in print.

—*From "Cathy's First School."*

The Sugar Mouse Cake. *By Gene Zion. Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. In a book that has humorous, fairy-tale feeling and pictures full of attractive color, fun, and action, this husband-wife team tells of an event at the palace in which all the pastry cooks compete in cake-making, the winner to become chief pastry cook.

There is, of course, an underdog—Tom, the ninth assistant pastry cook. His only real friend was Tina, a small white mouse. Only Tina knew how good Tom's cakes could be. For the contest Tom made a marvelous concoction, and in a strange manner Tina became involved in the whole affair. Tom's cake is naturally the best, but there are many moments of real suspense before all ends happily.

One of the features of Margaret Bloy Graham's books is the careful workmanship throughout. Some picture books can be described as having "some good pages," but this one is well planned and sustained all the way. Ages 6-9.

Where's Wallace? *Story and Panoramas by Hilary Knight. Harper & Row.* 38 *pp.* $3.50. This is one of the most entertaining books of the season. Children will love it, and will probably be much more efficient than adults at finding Wallace.

The hero is an orangutan at the zoo who is always going off on his own. The "panoramas" are double-page spreads crowded with interesting action and carefully planned for increasing difficulty. (The clue to where Wallace is and where he is going next provides an interesting and plausible use of the alternating two-color pages.) The secret of the last picture is a sly joke, and a child will look for Wallace indefinitely without finding him. But any child will like to pore over the details of these pictures. Ages 5-9.

Cathy's First School. *By Betty Katzoff. Photographs by Sy Katzoff. Knopf.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. Cathy's first school (kindergarten?) is a pleasant place where children do interesting things. The most interesting of all for Cathy is her birthday, and the book ends with a wonderful surprise party. Ages 4-7 (6?)

A Pocketful of Cricket. *By Rebecca Caudhill. Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 42 *pp.* $3.50. While fairy tales are usually given lavish picture-book production, it is seldom that an everyday story receives a setting with real style. The pictures are often below the level of the narrative. In this book the artist provides a charming, out-of-the-ordinary background for a well told story of a boy and his "pet" cricket. Joey takes his cricket to school to share it with the other children in the "show and tell" period. (Here the pictures could have fallen flat, but they don't.) The author also tells her tale well, perhaps it moseys along a little too much at the beginning, but Joey and the listening children are learning to look at their world. Ages 5-8.

Pims: Adventures of a Dala Horse. *By Skulda V. Baner. Illustrated by Vera Bock. McKay.* 148 *pp.* $3.75. When children are ready for stories longer than those in picture books, and when they have come to like adventures told in chapters, they

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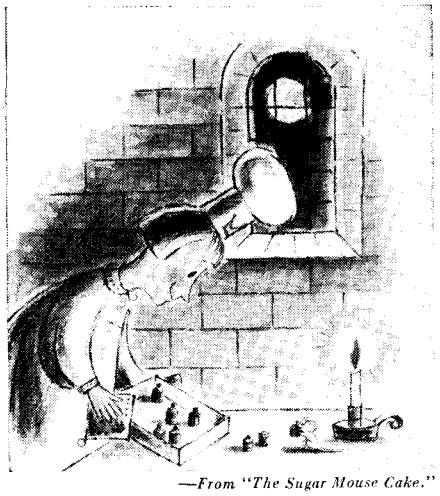


—From "The Sugar Mouse Cake."

should gravitate naturally to this one with its charming jacket. These little wooden horses made in one part of Sweden are popular in that country. Pims is a kind of Swedish Pinocchio, and it all began when Mama Kulla, who painted him, thought he should have a tail:

"A tail for Pims
A tail for Pims
To swish and whish and sway."

And Pims has all sorts of adventures in search of one, sometimes a little sentimental but otherwise quite charming. Children should be read the author's story on the back of the jacket: she was blind but "an insatiable reader in both Swedish and English." Ages 6-8.

Dorrie and the Blue Witch. *Written and illustrated by Patricia Cooms. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. This being the time of year when children are celebrating Hallowe'en, we cannot do without one witch, and of this year's small crop of witches Dorrie is my favorite, and is likely to be the children's. This is the second book about her, and she is an endearing little witch, though her ways often cause discomfort to others—which is true to the tradition. This time Dorrie gets the better of a bad blue witch who comes to the house while the Big Witch (Dorrie's mother) is away. The story goes well until the very end, when Dorrie is awarded a medal for bravery at the Witches Convention. This brings adults all too sharply down to reality, but it will not worry the children. Ages 6-10.

Magic Island. *By Madye Lee Chastain. Illustrated by the author. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 189 *pp.* $3.25. The story opens on a stagecoach in which Angel Thorne is traveling alone. The time is the early 1850s. Angel is an orphan on her way to live with friends of her grandfather, and it is a fortunate coincidence that her new "grandfather" happens to own a shipyard. Her cousin and his bride take her with them to the island of Barbados for the sake of her health (she has a constant cough). The fact that Lawrence and George Washington had gone there because of Lawrence's health is brought out in the book, as well as the beauties of the island and the magnificence of sailing vessels as seen through Angel's eyes. There is a slight mystery involving wreckers, and at the end Angel has to decide whether she will stay with the Jolly family in Barbados or go home to America. Plans for future visits are made and Angel goes home, though not without regrets. A book girls will enjoy if they do not demand romance as well as travel. Ages 9-12 (8 to 11?).

Alicia in Terra Mirabili. *By Ludovici Carroll. Latine reddidit Clive Harcourt Caruthers. Librum picturis ornavit Sir John Tenniel. St. Martin's.* 116 *pp.* $3.95. "'Adsum' Alicia clamavit," but indeed I do not know how much of Alice is really here. Those adults whose Latin has not become rusty may enjoy this as much as *Winnie Ille Pu*, but somehow it doesn't seem quite as funny as Pooh did. Whether today's children, who have some difficulty with Alice in English, will struggle through it in Latin remains to be seen. It has an ingenious *glossarium* including words and phrases Julius Caesar never knew: *Feles Cestriana,* Cheshire Cat; *Hastivibrax,* Shakespeare; *aureum decoctio malorum,* orange marmalade. No age level given.

Shakespeare's Theatre. *By C. Walter Hodges. With 64 full color paintings by the author. Coward-McCann.* 103 *pp.* $5. One of England's best-known illustrators here presents a remarkable pageant of the growth of the theater from primitive times through the miracle and morality plays to Shakespeare and the Globe. An interesting color diagram of a medieval cathedral shows the guilds grouped in districts, and on the opposite page the parts they took in the Corpus Christi play—the bakers portraying the Last Supper, the shoemakers, the flight into Egypt, and so forth.

Walter Hodges, being an artist and not dependent on photographs, gives us more of the Globe Theater than other books have done, for he takes us into the dressing area, and also shows how some of the scenic effects were managed. He occasionally overexercises his imagination, as in the picture of Shakespeare in his backstage room; but doesn't almost everyone have to depend mostly on imagination for any reconstruction of Shakespeare? (See *William Shakespeare,* by M. M. Reese, St. Martin's, 1963, for interesting reconstructions in words.) Ages 10 up.

Shakespeare and His World. *By Ivor Brown. Illustrated with over 60 photographs. Henry Z. Walck.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. This valuable little book covers not only the Globe Theater but the whole Shakespearean setting—"a world with a great deal of laughter to relieve its uglier aspects." The photographs of scenes, costumes, and portraits are interesting even though they lack the dazzle of color found in some of the other books. It is quite an achievement to say so much in so little space and keep it readable. Mr. Brown is an English dramatic critic who has made Shakespeare his special study, and his articles have appeared in *SR* and other magazines. (No age level given.)

Five Plays from Shakespeare. *Edited by Katherine Miller. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Musical arrangements by Norman Cazden. Houghton Mifflin.* 236 *pp.* $5. These plays are adapted for one-hour performances by an author who has actually produced them with children, and she has done judicious shortening. Occasionally this means telescoping lines and supplying words to fill out a line. Technically the latter should have been indicated by brackets, though the page is much easier to read without them.

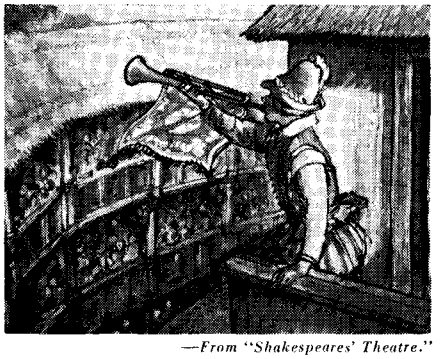
The plays selected are *The Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Comedy of Errors, Macbeth,* and *Julius Caesar.* A good feature is that although these presentations are copyright they are available for nonprofit performances. (Note, however, that the publisher must be notified, so that the actor's copies will carry the copyright notice and the programs the proper credit.) Simple settings and costumes are suggested, and there is a six-page glossary. Ages 10 up.

Lark. *By Sally Watson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 224 *pp.* $3.50. The wry humor of this story set in Cromwell's time delighted me, and reminded me of Marchette Chute's *The Innocent Wayfaring,* which was set in Chaucer's day. Too often historical stories, excellent though they may be, are completely without a touch of humor.

Lark is the daughter of a Royalist family exiled to France, and lives in England with her uncle's stodgy Puritan family. When she is to be married willy-nilly to her cousin Will-of-God, Lark runs away. Fortunately she meets James Trelawny, a Royalist spy. They travel together, part of the time with gypsies, and of course fall in love. The climax is the rescue of young King Charles II, but the story belongs to Lark and James. Ages 10-14.

Riding with Coronado. *From Pedro de Casteneda's Eyewitness Account of the Exploration of the Southwest. Adapted and Edited by Robert Meredith and E. Brooks Smith. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little, Brown.* 108 *pp.* $3.75. Young people of the South and Middle West will probably find more pleasure in this collection of original narratives than those in other parts of the country. It does, however, contain the story of the supposed Seven Cities of Cibola, the first sighting by the Spaniards of the "humped back cattle" (bison), and the observation that the Plains Indians were (originally) friendly and peaceful. We see the marked change in feeling among the Indians from their first encounters with the Spaniards to their later ones.

The narrative moves slowly at the beginning and may be a little difficult for readers to get into, but it picks up speed and interest. Ages 12-16.



—From "Shakespeares' Theatre."

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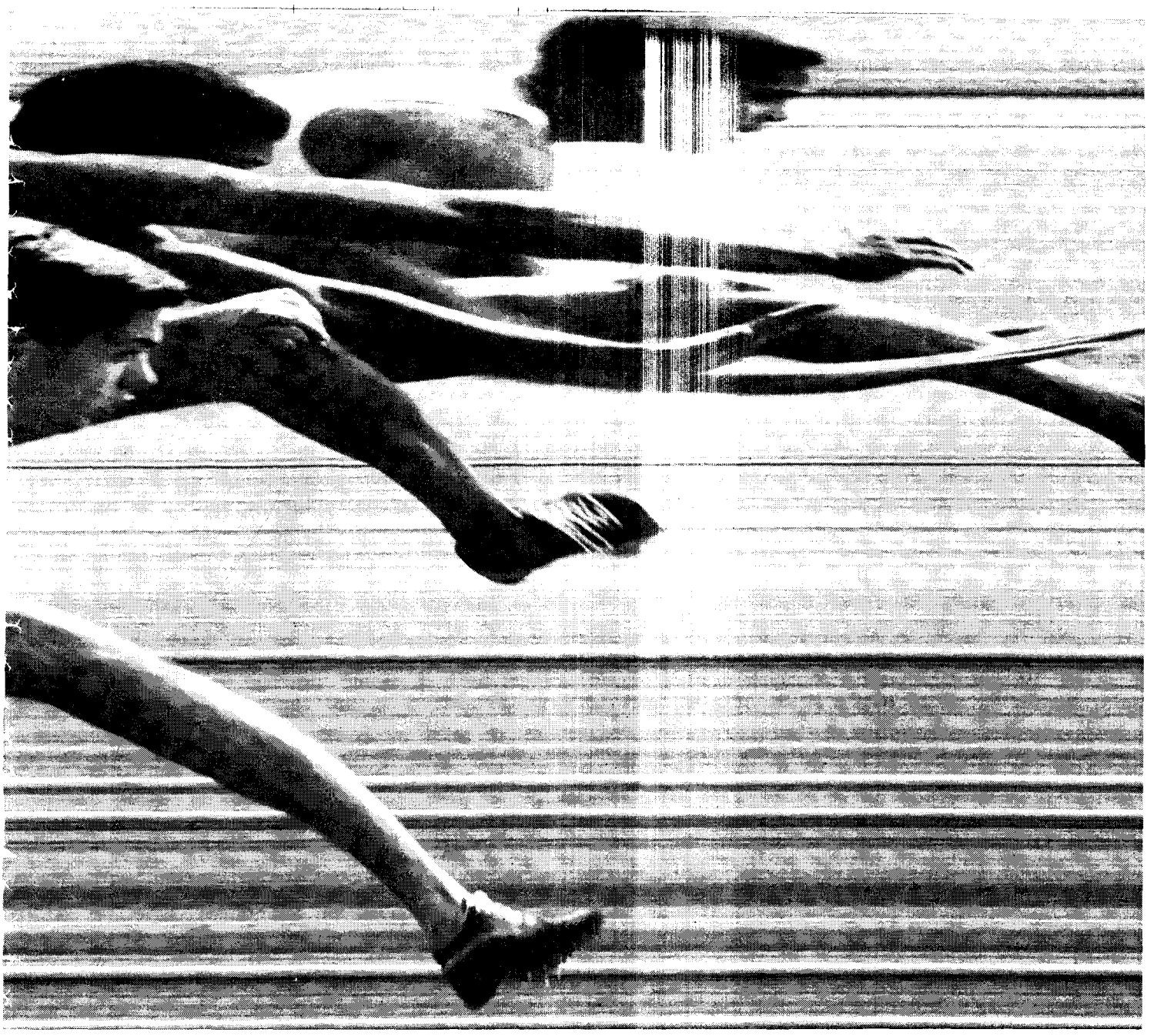

TOKYO—1964. It's the biggest, busiest, most complicated Olympic competition in history. There are nearly 7000 athletes from 98 different nations. They are competing in 4000 *different* contests, supervised by some 5000 judges and officials.

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Travel

Continued from page 30

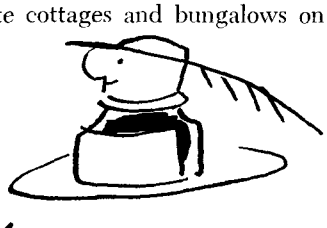
Victoria with an arrest warrant for the owner of the poaching pig. The British sent a company of Royal Marines and fairly soon there were two garrisons on the island, one British, the other American. Both garrisons got along famously with one another, with whiskey being passed back and forth between the military, and citizens on both sides escaping with all sorts of larceny by claiming whatever citizenship seemed expedient at the time of apprehension.

The Pig War was argued and negotiated by the King of the Netherlands, the chief of state of Switzerland, and the monarchs of Sweden and Norway, but it fell finally to the German Kaiser to mediate properly, and it was he who helped to establish the boundary line between the two nations that only a few years later, as history is measured, would join forces to repel his own country in a deathly war.

With all that history swirling around in my cerebellum, it was cooling, and indeed a bit peaceful, to drive down to Friday Harbor again and reboard one of the vessels of Washington State Ferries for another try at the island-dotted waters. This time we went around Shaw Island and put in at Orcas Island, where, I was assured, the action lay.

For one thing, Orcas has Moran State Park and Moran State Park has a lookout that one can mount and, holding on to keep from being blown clear across the border, and at a frightful altitude at that, look across the water to the Canadian island beyond. At Cascade Lake one can come to roost in a loggy-looking picnic encampment, but the pickings are a good deal more plush up at Rosario's, a weekend retreat that has been fashioned from the former summer home of a ship builder named Robert Moran.

Mr. Moran's idea of a good time was to sit in his paneled foyer on the second deck of his elaborate manor house and press a button to send the movie screen running out of the ceiling, or to listen to an elaborate organ which he had built into this million-dollar house on the lake. The 1,300 acres, which had been bought by the Rheems boiler family in the late 1930s, have now become a resort of sorts. There are rooms available in the main house, in a number of private cottages and bungalows on the grounds, and in an old machine shop that has been converted into a "Boatel" for yacht people who desperately seek a night on dry land.



Moran's library is opened twice a day, and his living room, now the dining room, is unlocked three times a day for those who are in residence. There is good fishing for salmon, and in case anyone hasn't read *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates*, nor seen a Stromberg Carlson, both are on view during library hours upstairs. The resort is operated by a former hardware dealer who decided to go straight. It probably is not managed with all the gentility being provided at, say, the Greenbrier, but the Northwestern yacht people swear by it and who am I to argue?

—Horace Sutton.

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Position Paper

Continued from page 23

1964 is committed to overturn by constitutional amendment. I am referring to the so-called school prayer cases and the so-called reapportionment cases.

I suppose, since I am not a lawyer, I should leave the analysis of the merits of the court's decisions in these cases to the constitutional lawyers. Yet, just as it has been observed that war is too important a business to be left to the generals, so I feel that constitutional law is too important a business to be left to the constitutional lawyers.

At any rate, as I understand it, there has been only the most halfhearted effort, either within or outside the court, to justify these decisions on the basis that they were within the intent of the framers of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution. Instead, the decisions are defended, implicitly or explicitly, on the grounds that the results are desirable—that it isn't really good for children to say prayers in school, and that it really is desirable to have state legislatures *in their entirety* apportioned on a one-man, one-vote basis.

Now, there is raw and naked power. The question, under our system of government, is not simply what decision is right but *who has the right to decide.* Only when the latter question is answered should the former be considered.

Yet we hear it said that the Supreme Court had to act because the states would not reapportion themselves, or because the school boards just weren't being fair to the atheists. If this is true, then it must be that all legislative power in the country is held at the pleasure of the Supreme Court. The court just steps in and exercises it when the legislative body, to whom the power was originally delegated by the Constitution, fails to act in accordance with the court's wishes.

I do not doubt for one minute that law must keep up with the changing times. But the job of keeping the law up to date should be in the hands of the legislatures, the Congress, and the common law courts, not just in the hands of the nine appointed justices of the Supreme Court.

Perhaps the constitutional restrictions on the popular branches of government are not enough to protect the right of minorities and individuals. If this is the case, the remedy is to change the restrictions by the normal process of amendment, rather than by the process of judicial revision of the Constitution.

It is easy to slide into the belief that just because we are a great nation today, we will always be great. Anyone who thinks that our greatness stems from the power wielded by government officials has misread the history of our institutions and the history of freedom.

If we exalt a "strong Executive" or a "strong judiciary"—or, indeed, a "strong legislature"—at the expense of the checks and balances of federalism and the principle of legitimacy in government, we travel away from greatness as a nation. We will no longer be a true constitutional republic, or even a truly representative government.

We will move toward the manipulative state, where the forms of federalism remain but are ineffective, where governmental power is concentrated in a few officials who are only nominally responsible to the public will, and where freedom is nothing but a campaign slogan.

Now, reasonable men can differ, in particular cases, as to whether a particular law is or is not an unjustifiable extension of federal power. For example, I felt that the Public Accommodations and the Fair Employment sections of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which were supposedly based upon the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce, were in fact an attempt to regulate, on moral grounds, local and individual behavior.

No member of Congress felt more strongly than I that the discrimination against which the bill was directed was wrong. But I did not feel that I had an unrestricted right to employ the federal government to legislate my moral convictions.

The Constitution is capable of almost unlimited flexibility. We can say of it what Winston Churchill once said of the true statesman, that the only way it can remain consistent amidst changing circumstances is to change with them, while preserving the same dominating purpose. But the trend of constitutional interpretation under the influence of the prevailing Democratic Party doctrine has been such that the Constitution is now widely held to mean only what those who hold power for the moment choose to say that it means. They ask us to believe that all we have to consider when examining a proposed piece of legislation is whether it is desirable. According to this doctrine, anything that is desirable is, by that very fact, constitutional.

What the proponents of this doctrine seem never to ask themselves is: what of liberty? What will this legislation do to that balance of power between states and nation which is the genius of the entire system? They do not consider that legislation, otherwise desirable, becomes undesirable when it violates the principle upon which our whole federal form of government depends.

To understand the greatness of America is, in important part, to understand the greatness of our federal system and of representative, balanced government. To misunderstand it is to forsake it.

The key question, then, is: How can this imbalance be redressed? There are many ways, and I shall attempt to suggest only a few of them here.

One is for Congressmen and legislators to insist on a more positive role in policy-making. They can debate and

"How many more inches before I'm boss around here?"

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decide fundamental questions of direction, as well as details of program. They can, and should, submit legislative budgets on behalf of the nation or their state, as the case may be, and not rely solely upon the massive, often unarguable budget of the Executive branch. They can take care that all efforts to reform legislative procedures be calculated to strengthen, and not weaken, the ability and responsibility of legislative branches to represent the people directly.

A SECOND way is contained in the program that the Republican Party is offering to the people of America this year. The spirit, the underlying theme, of our program is the private man, the whole man—the man who stands in danger of becoming the forgotten man of our collectivized times. Our Republican purpose is to end the erosion of his worth by a growing federal bureaucracy —and to end, as well, the erosion of the powers of those parts of our governmental system that are closest to the people; that is, the legislative branches and local governments. Thus, our domestic proposals are designed to provide an economic climate that nourishes private growth, that resists—and finally retards —the growth of federal power at the expense of the states and the individual.

These twin goals, of private growth and resistance to federal power, are at the root of our tax program. We have committed ourselves to propose legislation providing for an across-the-board regular reduction of 5 per cent per year in all income taxes—both individual and corporate—for a period of five years. Each year each taxpayer would take off the 5 per cent, so that by the fifth year the total reduction would be 25 per cent. With restraint in spending and accelerated growth in our national income base, total receipts and outlays should be in balance over this total period.

Let me make it clear that this is no hastily conceived proposal. It is the product of careful study and deliberation, and it is fully consistent with the considered opinion of Dr. Arthur F. Burns, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under President Eisenhower. This is what he had to say in a recent speech delivered to an academic audience: "When our economy grows at something like the normal rate, it is reasonable to expect that the existing structure of tax rates will add about five or six billion dollars a year to federal revenues. This means that we could reduce tax rates every year and still have sufficient revenues to meet any modest increases in federal spending that may be needed. I can think of no policy that is better designed to stimulate the growth of our economy than a continuing policy of modest, year-by-year reductions in tax rates. This, in effect, is what Japan has done in the postwar period, and the policy has worked remarkably well in that country. The policy that I speak of implies, of course, that the growth of federal expenditures will be curbed effectively."

OUR proposal is not the impulsive, massive, politically motivated tax-cut gimmickry that we have seen employed by the present Administration. I opposed that reckless tax cut because it was not coupled with guarantees of fiscal responsibility and restraint in spending. Quite the contrary. It was designed to create deficit spending when the economy was already in the midst of good times, and thus to drug the economy into an artificial boom that would carry at least past election day.

Rather, our proposal means a return to sound Republican principles of fiscal responsibility. It is designed to brake the endless growth of spending by the central bureaucracy, and thus the growth in central power. It will not create false prosperities that breed inflation. It will, instead, create the base for a stable, flourishing, and expanding economy—an economy in which each citizen and each family can retain more of the rewards of hard work and will have more resources to meet necessary needs *as they see them.*

We have alsc committed ourselves to propose legislation that would give the states a share of federal tax revenues and tax sources, so that they, too, will have the resources to meet their needs and provide necessary services as they see fit. Moreover, we favor reform in the present complex system of programatic grants-in-aid which now keeps local officials under federal domination. There are today over a hundred such programs totaling more than $10 billion in federal spending and covering every major activity of state and local government. This country has, in effect, replaced its traditional three-layer horizontal government of federal, state, and local governments with a vertical organization composed of a centralized Executive in Washington issuing orders down the line to a series of administrative divisions and sections. Because of existing commitments we cannot of course re-do this undesirable and complex system overnight. But, with thought and care, we can gradually replace it with a much simpler and more sensible one. In addition, low-income states and cities could be helped further by a system of purely fiscal grants for general purposes.

Another excellent idea, one that Republicans have tried hard but unsuccessfully to sell to Congress for several sessions, involves the use of income tax credits to help individuals and families pay for such things as education and health insurance. Legislation to authorize such tax credits is favored by the Republican Platform and the idea is an integral part of our program this year.

In short, the purpose of our Republican tax program is to provide states, localities, and individuals with the resources they need to meet their problems—and to do this in a way that enhances their independence and lessens their dependence on a federal bureaucracy. In contrast, the present Administration uses the claim that individuals and localities lack the financial ability to solve their own problems as an excuse for ever-larger federal intervention.

In the above paragraphs, I have devoted particular attention to the elemental problem of freedom in modern American society because this problem is too often ignored. To put it another way, many of us assume too quickly that America has solved the problem of freedom for all time. We forget that, more often than not, in the rush to cure all the ills to which humans are heir, freedom becomes an innocent bystander—and an accidental casualty.

The essence of the domestic policy of Republicanism in this campaign of 1964, then, is the conviction that we can, and must, find ways to reap the material fulfilment promised by advancing technology *without* sacrificing the fulfilment of mind and spirit characteristic of a free people. We must and can have progress *and freedom.* We must move forward *through* freedom.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Education in the Party Platforms

THE prospects for federal aid to education hinge on the results of next month's election. Although there is no assurance that either party will provide large-scale federal support for general or liberal education at the elementary or secondary level (both have always shown more interest in vocational training and special projects), the probability of any kind of federal aid for the public schools will be substantially reduced if the Republicans take office. Once elected, a party often achieves less than was promised in its platform but it rarely achieves more—the platform puts a ceiling on probable achievement. And, of the two platforms, the Democratic provides a higher ceiling for education.

The Republican Party has modified its position substantially since 1960. In its platform of four years ago it pledged federal aid to primary and secondary school construction, aid to basic research with special attention to handicapped and gifted children, and the establishment of a permanent top-level commission to advise the President on the continuing education of all from primary through post graduate levels.

This year the Republican plank on education is much less specific: "We pledge to continue the advancement of education at all levels, through such programs as selective aid to higher education, strengthened state and local tax resources, including tax credits for college education, while resisting the Democratic efforts which endanger local control of schools."

Although the platform does not identify these "Democratic efforts" it seems clear that the reference is to programs of federal aid to elementary and secondary schools. Tax credits for higher education would provide relief for parents who are putting their children through school but would not help poor boys and girls who must pay their own way. A strengthening of state and local tax resources would be of great help to the schools, but it is not clear how this strengthening is to be achieved.

The Republican Platform mentions education in one other paragraph: "We pledge to establish realistic priorities for the concentration of Federal spending on the most productive and creative areas, such as education, job training, vocational rehabilitation, educational research, oceanography, and the wise use of natural resources. . . ." The platform does not indicate what these priorities should be.

The statement in the Democratic platform is longer and somewhat more detailed:

"Our task is to make the national purpose serve the human purpose: that every person shall have the opportunity to become all that he or she is capable of becoming.

"We believe that knowledge is essential to individual freedom and to the conduct of a free society. We believe that education is the surest and most profitable investment a nation can make.

"Regardless of family financial status, therefore, education should be

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open to every boy or girl in America up to the highest level which he or she is able to master.

"In an economy which will offer fewer and fewer places for the unskilled, there must be a wide variety of educational opportunities so that every young American, on leaving school, will have acquired the training to take a useful and rewarding place in our society.

"It is increasingly clear that more of our educational resources must be directed to pre-school training as well as to junior college, college and post-graduate study.

"The demands on the already inadequate sources of state and local revenues place a serious limitation on education. New methods of financial aid must be explored, including the channeling of federally collected revenues to all levels of education, and, to the extent permitted by the Constitution, to all schools. Only in this way can our educational programs achieve excellence throughout the nation, a goal that must be achieved without interfering with local control and direction of education.

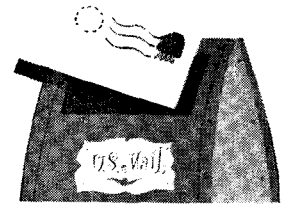
"In order to insure that all students who can meet the requirements for college entrance can continue their education, we propose an expanded program of public scholarships, guaranteed loans, and work-study grants."

It seems clear that the Democratic Party accepts responsibility for equalizing educational opportunity throughout the nation, considers federal aid essential in achieving that end, and believes that such aid can be provided without federal control of the schools.

The Republican Party, in sharp contrast, holds that state and local communities are able to provide all the support necessary for elementary and secondary education, and that federal support should be limited to "selected aid to higher education" including tax benefits for parents of college students. It is convinced that federal aid to elementary and secondary schools would lead to federal control and that such control would be disastrous.

On this issue, as on many others, the coming election offers American voters a clear choice. —P. W.

Letters to the Editor



School Days

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE cover of *SR*, Sept. 19. The little red school house, bell ringing, American flag waving, and the happy faces of the children present a picture seldom seen. Why do newspapers, books, cartoons, TV programs and commentators, and comic strips portray school days as a burden, hated by children, instead of one of the most wonderful opportunities America has to offer—free education to all?

MRS. WILLIAM O. FORMAN.
Uniontown, Pa.

Views on Conant

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE teacher education issue [*SR*, Sept. 19]. It is excellent—well balanced and penetrating.

SR brings this "look at Dr. Conant" to us at a time when the establishment is shoveling hard to bury the controversy in the grave of the status quo. Your issue does much to further the debate that Dr. Conant so fervently desires and that all of teacher education so desperately needs.

LINDLEY J. STILES
Dean, School of Education,
University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

I AGREE WHOLEHEARTEDLY with Dr. Conant's recommendations. There should never be any question about a teacher's striving toward excellence in his area of specialization, and in the case of the public school teacher his field would not be education *per se*, but would be one of the languages, arts, sciences, or vocational skills.

Whether the educationists like it or not, mediocre students, many of whom become education majors in college, are going to find it increasingly difficult to land jobs in our public schools. Dr. Conant is simply trying to raise the standards, to rush things along a bit.

MARK L. HUGHES.
Chester, Va.

I SHARE DR. GIDEONSE'S concern [*SR*, Sept. 19] regarding the reception given James Conant's work by some educators, having heard my share of *ad hominem* arguments. While I view Conant's proposals with reservations, their publication certainly has offered educators an opportunity to come up with better proposals, an opportunity that has been weakened by the defensive posture ably described by Dr. Gideonse.

I must caution, however, against overgeneralizations based on Dr. Gideonse's observations. First, his report is rather impressionistic, yet it has the effect of categorizing an entire profession's attitude toward Conant. The dynamics involved are far more complex than those partially exhibited at the Chicago conventions. Dr. Gideonse does not mention, I'm sorry to say, that these conventions include many other meetings devoted to serious efforts to improve teacher education. Second, Dr. Gideonse has, unfortunately, unintentionally added to the conspiratorial view of educational leadership. *If* there is an educational establishment, we will be far better able to understand its operation when it has been studied far more fully than is the present case. Third, Dr. Gideonse fails to note that *any* professional group, when attacked from without, is likely to coalesce and attempt to discredit its critics. This reaction is as true of any of the other divisions of academe from which Dr. Gideonse appears to suggest educators are a separate breed.

In essence, Dr. Gideonse has done a service in exposing those educators who reacted and are continuing to react in too parochial a fashion to Conant's report and, even without the reservations noted above, he is to be congratulated.

RICHARD WISNIEWSKI
Wayne State University,
College of Education,
Detroit, Mich.

On Pulliam on Conant

IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE THAT Dr. Pulliam, in his critique of the Conant proposals on teacher education [*SR*, Sept. 19], should be partial toward his own field, the behavioral sciences. But his misinterpretations of Dr. Conant are inexcusable.

Dr. Pulliam says that the scale of values expressed by Dr. Conant's proposed curriculum for teacher education "clearly puts natural science and mathematics at the top of the scale as the knowledge of greatest worth." There is simply no foundation for this statement. No matter how one tots up the courses suggested by Dr. Conant as constituting a good general education, the time allotted to mathematics and natural science combined is less than that allotted to English and history combined, not to mention the time allotted to the fine arts and to the behavioral sciences.

It is also simply not true that Dr. Conant has "downgraded" the fine arts in the high school curriculum by recommending them as "electives for average students; the academically talented may indulge in them *after* they have done their work in the 'solids.'" On the contrary, Dr. Conant's suggested high school program specifically includes two years of high school art and

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music, with no suggestion that any other subject take precedence.

Mrs. Elinor C. Blodgett.

Peterborough, N.H.

Only Dr. Pulliam seems to approach the basic question as to whether our present competitive knowledge-centered education is meeting our present needs or even whether it may not be actually contributing to our difficulties. Milton Mayer [*SR*, Feb. 15] clearly indicated great concern that knowledge is not enough. I fear that most of what we teach and do in secondary and higher education is largely irrelevant to our fearful needs for better families, for personal integrity, and for a sense of meaning and relatedness to the many problems facing us all. This lack of relevance is just as great in liberal arts as anywhere else.

May I suggest that *SR* lead off with a series of articles on the following topic: "How can all secondary and higher education be made more relevant to 'people's most crucial human problems?'" I am sure that there will be no difficulty getting dialogue on this topic.

D. L. Arnold.

Kent, O.

Dr. Pulliam leads me on to cheer Dr. Conant's views on music training in the high schools. Many a serious student has been much irritated because he was pulled out of a geometry class to practice that bit on the tuba so dear old high can win at the local music festival. In far too many high schools the music department is the tail that wags the dog.

Mrs. E. A. Hine.

Sea Cliff, N.Y.

Ban the Hall of Education?

Re: Frederick L. Redefer's candid and caustic description of the Hall of Education, at the World's Fair [*SR*, Sept. 19]: I was there in late August and wish to second the motion! I join Professor Redefer in protest against calling a combination bargain basement-carnival midway atmosphere the Hall of Education.

M. Dale Baughman,
Associate Professor of Educational Administration and Supervision,
University of Illinois.

Urbana, Ill.

It is ironical that educators cannot achieve in their own field what many other exhibitors (who would probably be forgiven for accomplishing less) have succeeded in doing—namely, skillfully employing modern educational techniques to sell their products. It would seem that the Hall of Education is indeed "a sell-out to commercial interests," and a sell-out to companies that have little awareness of effective display techniques, at that. The only semblance of an educational exhibit, so aptly termed "tired" by Mr. Redefer could be found in any uninviting corner of any museum in any town of reasonable size throughout our country. Far from contributing to "Peace through Understanding" the Hall of Education is much more likely to arouse feelings of anger and shame in those who know how woefully inadequate and misleading the displays are. Nor would it dispel any doubts foreign visitors may have concerning the efficacy of the U.S. educational system.

Helen N. Coleman.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Frederick L. Redefer's allusion to the Hall of Education at the New York World's Fair as a "chamber of educational horrors" prompts me to take typewriter in hand and proclaim myself as Member No. 1 of his ban-the-building club.

I, too, was appalled after entering the building and wandering among the claptrap attractions and had feelings of anguish wondering how foreign visitors would judge this great nation's vaunted educational leadership in the light of what they saw masquerading as a Hall of Education.

Rather than close it, burn it down, bomb it, or anything so drastic, why not invite leading universities to set up booths inside along the lines of a trade show? An information booth for prospective students, a staff of volunteer instructors and students, and an atmosphere of academe could be achieved at modest cost with a minimum of imagination. Can't a liability be turned into an asset? This is the time for educators to come to the aid of their common cause—the good name of American education.

Harvey G. Laudin,
Center for Human Relations,
New York University.

New York, N.Y.

I was interested in the letter to the editor in which Professor Redefer takes off on the Hall of Education at the New York World's Fair. He couldn't be more right. Presently I am trying to rally some of the education associations with headquarters here in Washington to put pressure on the Fair people to clean this up as an educational exhibit or take the name off of it.

Forrest E. Conner,
Executive Secretary,
American Association of School Administrators.

Washington, D.C.

More on Vocational Education

Why do we not have any studies of what preparation youth needs in order to secure desirable employment? [*SR*, Aug. 15].

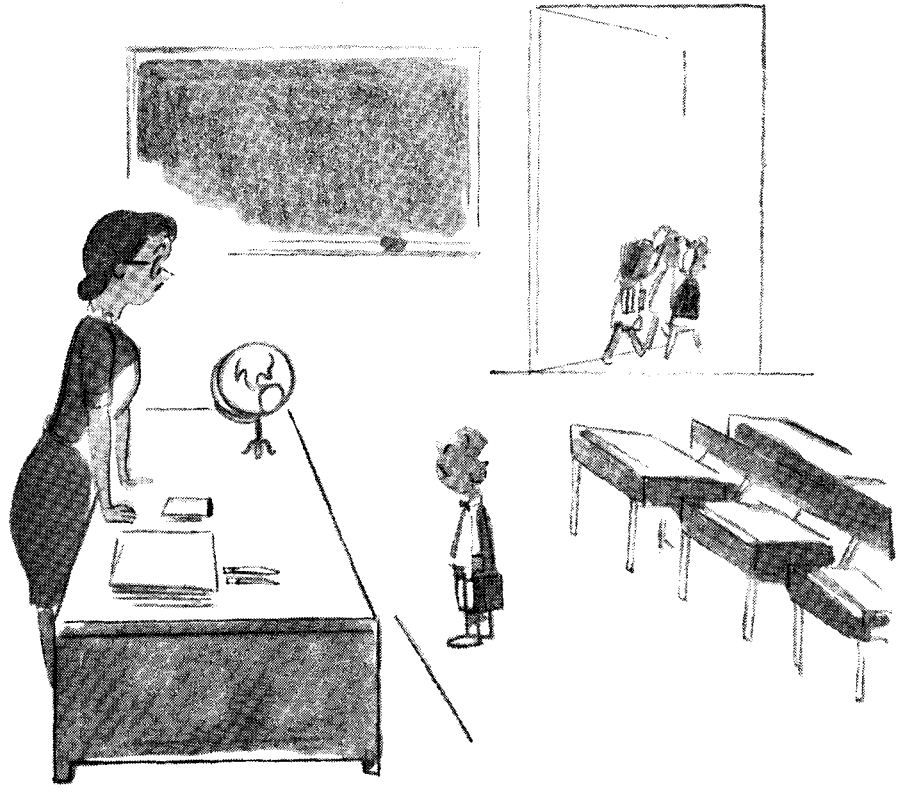
Some say that a high school diploma is required to secure an entrance into skilled occupations. But is it? After years of hiring youth in a shop employing only skilled men and boys to learn the skilled tasks, I learned to prefer dropouts to graduates. Is a high school diploma of any value in preparing for craftsmanship? We have no information.

Some say that the schools should provide each youth with a "marketable skill". But is that what employers want in beginners? I became rather prejudiced against boys who applied with a school-acquired skill, and this feeling was the result of experience with them. It seemed to interfere with learning on the job. But how many employers feel as I do? We have no information.

We have seen some youth secure employment easily in times when jobs were hardest to get, and some of these youth had neither a high school diploma nor a school-acquired skill. And these jobs were not mere unskilled labor. How did they do it? That is a question for study, but why does not some educator or sociologist study it?

Alan W. Forbes.

Worcester, Mass.



"Could you please tell me what I learned today, Miss Tepper? Mother's sure to ask."

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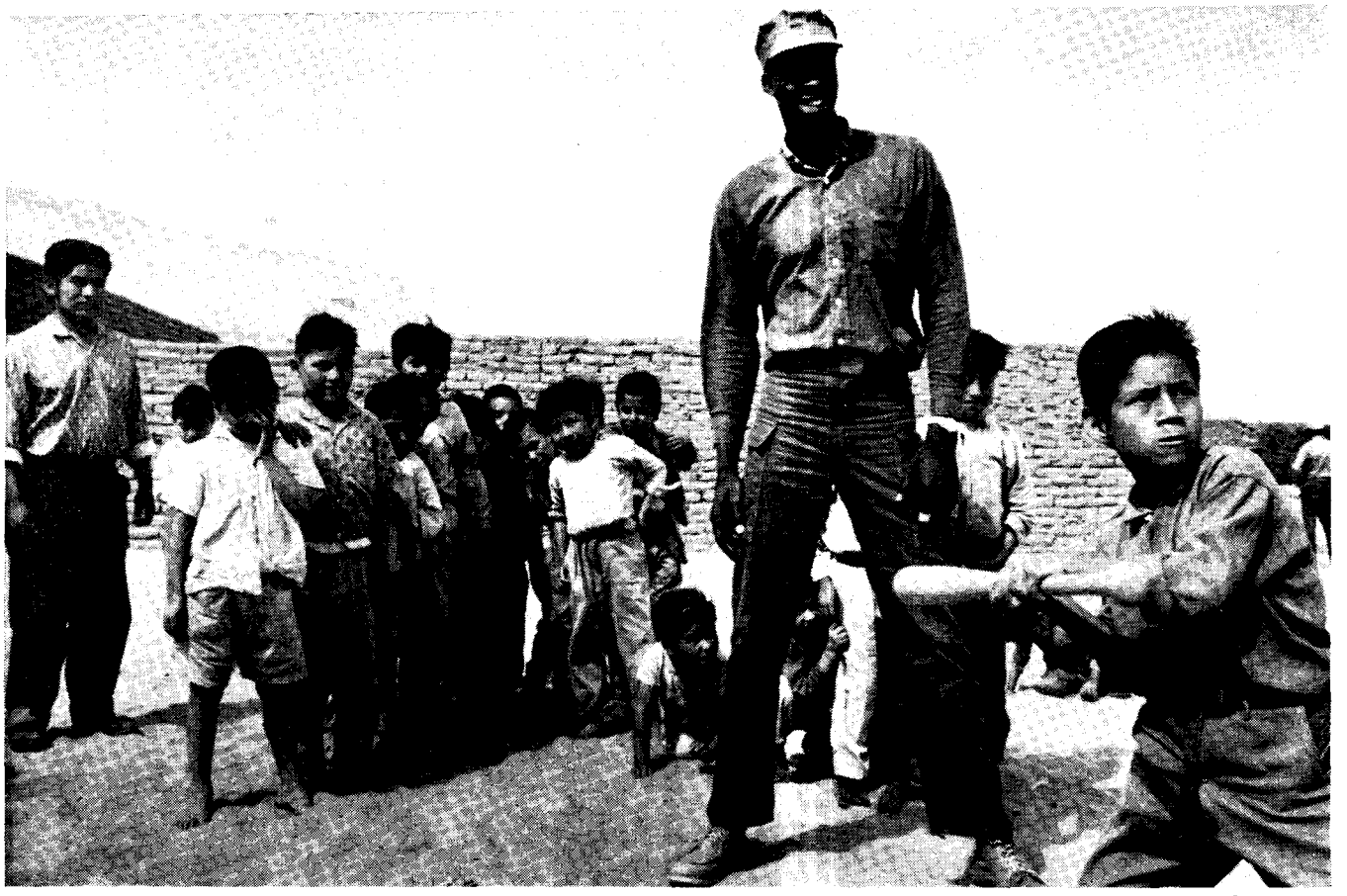

—Paul Conklin.

Volunteer Joe Grant, of the Bronx, umpires a ball game in Chimbote on the Peruvian coast.

The Peace Corps Volunteer Returns

The problems of adjustment faced by Peace Corps Volunteers overseas—and the new problems they will face upon their return to the United States—have been examined through a series of Completion of Service Conferences held with Volunteers in thirty-nine countries. These conferences were developed by Dr. Joseph T. English, Chief Psychiatrist, and Dr. Joseph G. Coleman, Director of Research for the Peace Corps. Some of the early results of these conferences are reported here by David Pearson, Deputy Information Director of the Peace Corps.

By DAVID PEARSON

NOW that the initial haze of publicity is clearing, the Peace Corps is face to face with one large, pertinent question: After his two years overseas, will the volunteer "readjust" by disappearing into old haunts and familiar pursuits back home? Or will he translate his energy and drive, his skills and experience, into tackling some of the problems of our own back yard?

This is not just a rhetorical question. In the third point of the Peace Corps Act, Congress directs it to "[help promote] a better understanding of other peoples on the part of the American people." Clearly, Congress intended that the role of the volunteer continue after his foreign service is over; that he bring back to the U.S. some of his knowledge and some of the zeal that moved him to join the Peace Corps in the first place.

The initial wave of volunteers has now returned, with some 1,000 back teaching, doing graduate study, working for the government and private industry. At first glance, those seem average enough occupations for Americans to be engaged in. But a closer look shows another, deeper dimension; a dimension they might not have dug into had they not served for two years in a developing country.

Al and Judy Guskin just returned from two and a half years in Thailand. They spent the summer—without pay—helping select people to serve in the new Volunteers for America part of the War on Poverty. Another volunteer, forty-four-year-old Willie Mae Watson, was Director of Elementary Education at the Prince Edward County Free School—set up to teach the Negro children that were disenfranchised after the public schools were closed several years ago to avoid desegregation. Anne Peabody, who served as a nurse in Bolivia, is now the Director of Migrant Work for the Council of Churches of Santa Clara County, California.

Young Tom Wilson, who was a Peace Corps teacher in the Philippines, since his return has been working in a pilot teaching project at Washington's Cardozo High School, in a slum area where dropouts have been alarmingly high for several years. "I was going to teach

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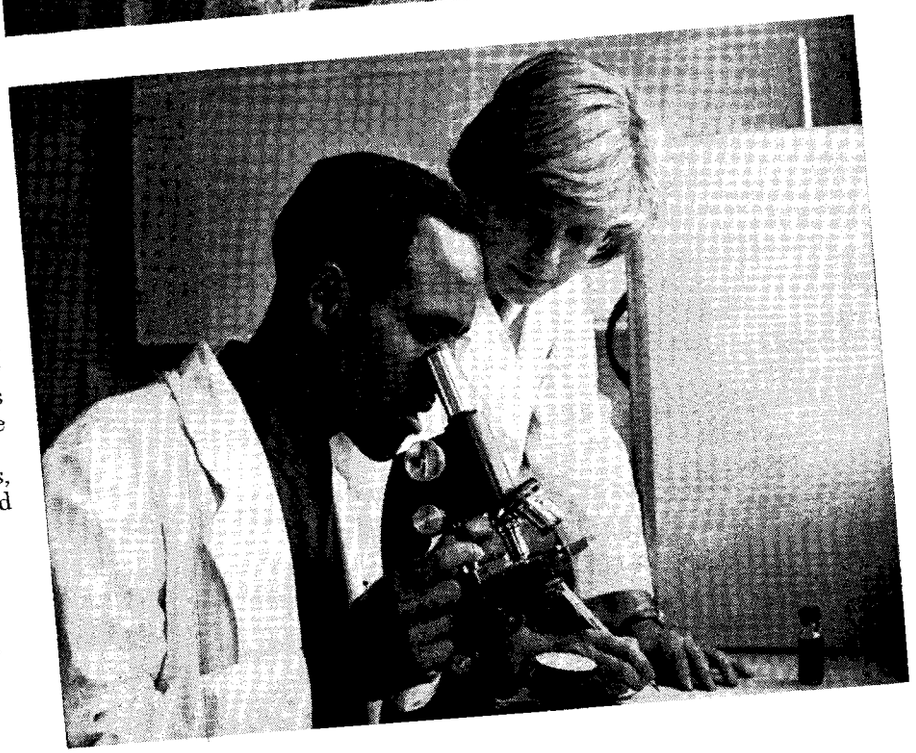
anyway," Tom says, "before I went into the Peace Corps. But I wouldn't have chosen the Cardozo project before. Before joining the Peace Corps I probably would have taught in a calm suburban school."

Not all the volunteers, of course, are returning to jobs that challenge them in a way they were challenged overseas. But the figures showing what the early returnees are doing bear looking at: 38 per cent are continuing their higher education (two-thirds of these going after graduate degrees); 43 per cent are employed (of these, a third work for the Peace Corps and a third are teaching; the balance is spread among other government agencies, business and industry, non-profit organizations). The 19 per cent remaining are extending their Peace Corps service, married women not working, travelling, and awaiting military service.

When the Peace Corps was started early in 1961, a hue and cry was raised by several prominent educators who worried that this new organization would rob America of its teachers. Not only did their fears prove unfounded, but they got a big bonus. Of the first 1,000 volunteers who went overseas, roughly 13 per cent had some prior teaching experience. Today 26 per cent of the first 1,000 returning PCVs have indicated they will follow a teaching career after service.

Almost half the Peace Corps Volunteers overseas are engaged in formal teaching. Their problems chiefly arise from the different educational systems they encounter, and the necessity for conforming to them. From Africa: "Teachers here simply cane unruly students. I couldn't keep discipline in the class. Now I cane them too, and I have discipline . . . but I had to go through a dark night of the soul to bring myself to it." That volunteer had never, he said, been faced with any such crisis. His record shows his performance the first year in the host country was only adequate; after his "dark night" he became one of the best volunteers in the country. Another complained, "These students are taught to memorize; to learn by rote for the examination. It's awfully frustrating when the school officials won't agree we ought to be teaching them how to reason, how to think for themselves. But we've been doing it in spite of them, and every now and then you can see some glimmerings among your students that they get the point!"

In the early days of the Peace Corps, Sargent Shriver and his staff worried



—Photos by Phil Hardberger.

Volunteers Alfred Hartwell of Honolulu, Judy Smith of Albuquerque, N. M., and Mary Leonard of Spokane, Wash., at work in Africa.

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—Phil Hardberger

Class discussion in Mwanza, Taniganyika, is led by Georgiana Rhattan of Columbus, O.

—Paul Conklin

Stephen Sterk of Tallahassee, Fla., teaches physics in La Paz, Bolivia.

that the volunteers would find problems overseas in the different food ("Everyone told me our kids had to have hamburgers and milkshakes," Shriver says), the tough living conditions, the language barriers. None of these have turned out to be significant. Only one per cent of the returning volunteers found physical hardships a serious problem, 13 per cent a minor problem. Housing, food, health, and isolation in living and working assignments were serious problems to less than six per cent, minor problems to less than 20 per cent.

As a matter of fact, report Dr. Joseph T. English, Chief Psychiatrist, and Dr. Joseph G. Colmen, Director of Research for the Peace Corps, the volunteers with the greatest morale problems were those who were not presented with the physical challenge they expected. Fulfilling some of the requests the Peace Corps received could sometimes mean living in a modern African city, teaching in a large university, quartered in a fairly comfortable faculty compound. This was quite in contrast to the spartan life of other volunteers teaching in a little village school just a few miles outside that city. But teachers were sorely needed in both places. The volunteers in the more comfortable surroundings often had the tougher adjustment. It sometimes took a long while for them to realize that their job was "Peace Corps," too.

But the psychological frustrations have proved the greatest challenge overseas, not the physical hardships. And out of the volunteer's mastery of these frustrations has come his increased maturity.

The basis for this maturation lies in the principle of "crisis theory" developed by Eric Lindemann, Gerald Caplan, and others. Simply put, a psychological crisis is not necessarily harmful. The ability of a person to cope with a crisis can lead to psychological growth and a level of maturity that perhaps would not have been achieved had the crisis not occurred. The mental health program of the Peace Corps has been conceived with this in mind. There has been ample opportunity to observe how two years of service in the Peace Corps can catalyze this kind of maturity.

English and Colmen describe at least three periods of psychological crisis that most volunteers encounter. First, there is the *crisis of engagement*. For the community development worker, this begins when he arrives at his worksite. With the first groups to go overseas, there was a good chance that nobody really knew the volunteer was coming. He learns how poor communication can be between the Ministry and the village. People wonder why he's really there, what the Peace Corps is all about. Can he manage to get them a tractor or a new school building or some capital? Doesn't he really have a big bank account back in the States with many influential friends who can send help?

When he explains that he is none of these things, that he is really there "just to help them help themselves," most don't believe him. They just smile and expect that aid will soon be arriving. After all, this is usually what happened when Americans had been there before.

Meanwhile, he sees plenty of things they could do to help themselves. A good sewer system would improve health conditions considerably. An aqueduct could bring them a fresh water supply. Their agricultural methods are unbelievably primitive. His enthusiasm grows but is soon shaken by the quizzical smiles of the townspeople as they watch this young American so

(*Continued on page 74*)

Lois Fenzl of Schenectady, N. Y., takes class on a walk along the Peruvian coast.

—Paul Conklin

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How Business and Industry Are Helping the Schools

The growing spirit of cooperation between American business organizations and the nation's educational institutions is a complex story that has never been told in full. To be sure, the contributions of many companies to colleges and universities have been widely publicized, and it is common knowledge that rapid technological change has made it necessary for industry to spend vast sums on employee education programs. But it is less well known that business and industry are also spending many millions of dollars each year in an effort to strengthen the nation's elementary and secondary schools. Here Albert L. Ayars tells where this money is going and the kinds of programs it supports. His data are drawn from a recent survey he conducted of 248 companies, which accounted for about one quarter of all U.S. business and industry sales and profits in 1963. Dr. Ayars, a former teacher, principal and superintendent of schools in the state of Washington, is Director of the Education Department of Hill and Knowlton, a public relations firm with headquarters in New York, which handles many industrial accounts.

By ALBERT L. AYARS

EDUCATION and industry have long shared a common interest in fostering the development of the nation's youth, but for many years they maintained an uneasy alliance in their cooperative efforts to improve the schools. Communication between the partners was often poor and relationships were sometimes abrasive. Too many businessmen appeared to believe that the schools' primary function was to provide a captive audience for the promotion of their products. And schoolmen tended to look upon industry's offers of help, no matter how selfless the motives, as if they all came from the most benighted of nineteenth century robber barons.

The attitudes of educators toward business and industry, however, have changed markedly since World War II. The war itself dramatized the crucial role that industrial production played in providing the means for defending the free world, and since the war there has been a growing awareness of the vital function performed by industry in sustaining the nation's peace time economy.

During this same period businessmen have come to have a better understanding of the essential nature of the educational enterprise and are no longer so likely to believe that teachers and the schools are waiting eagerly for their pronouncements. Their respect for the professional teacher and schoolman has grown, and with it has come an awareness that effective aid to schools must be shaped by education's need, not by industry's desire. Too, industry has become more aware of the long-term benefits to be derived from more effective schools and strengthened ties with the community and feels less need to demand an immediate return on its investment in education. As a result, teachers and schoolmen who once looked on industrial organizations as suppliers of "vast and varied misin-

Instructional Services Provided for Schools

In addition to other kinds of help, many companies make available to schools the special knowledge, talents, and skills of their employees, equipment, and facilities for a variety of activities, and sometimes direct support for special student programs. The percentage of companies offering different kinds of help is shown below.

	Elementary	*Secondary*	*College*
Student field trips to offices, mills, and factories	24%	66%	55%
Classroom and assembly speakers	18%	62%	59%
Student club programs	4%	60%	8%
Student work experience programs	7%	26%	39%
Help in vocational training, counseling, and guidance programs	4%	42%	38%
Student award and recognition programs	3%	29%	18%
Curriculum advisors	4%	22%	19%
Facilities and equipment for meetings	4%	17%	14%
Teachers and professors on loan	1%	5%	16%
Substitute teachers and adult or night school teachers	1%	14%	22%
Student travel programs	(less than) 1%	3%	5%
Other programs (seminars, tours, research projects, work-study programs for drop-outs, etc.)	2%	6%	6%

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formation" have now accepted them as helpful partners, pursuing their own enlightened self-interest through promotion of the general good.

One important factor in the rapprochement of industry and education has been the role of professional organizations in setting standards for acceptable materials and services. The Business-Industry Section of the National Science Teachers Association, the American Association of School Administrators, and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development have all been active in establishing criteria for evaluating industry's proffered aid. In addition, business organizations and counseling firms have sought more often, in recent years, to staff their education departments with professional educators who brought with them a sure knowledge of the needs of the schools. As a result, the resources of industry and business have become a potent force in American education.

This does not mean that the industrialist has become wholly self-denying in his commitment to education. Rather it means that he takes a long view of the return he receives: more accurate public knowledge of his industry and its contribution to the national economy, a better trained work force, and improved relations with the community. The educator, on his part, is far more receptive to the many kinds of materials and services offered by industry and business. But, by the same token, this does not mean that he accepts all aid uncritically. He always should, and usually does, evaluate carefully all forms of help for their factual content, objectivity, and educational import. As a result, the range as well as the effectiveness of materials and services made available to the schools by business and industry is constantly growing.

By far the most popular form of business-industry aid to the schools is instructional materials for classroom use—and the diversity of materials offered is astounding. Sixty-seven per cent of the companies surveyed have prepared and distributed informational booklets; 60 per cent have provided filmstrips, slides, transparencies, films, recordings, and tapes. Thirty-nine per cent have supplied books, such as company histories and textbooks, while 34 per cent furnish samples of raw materials or finished products or both, and nearly a third offer a variety of displays and exhibits. Others make available maps, charts, and graphs in a variety of fields, bulletin board materials, newsletters and magazines, research and experiment guides, model construction kits, and programed learning materials.

MORE companies (47 per cent) provide materials on science than any other subject. A third (33 per cent) supply subject matter on economics, and a surprising 17 per cent chose to contribute in the field of history. Other subject areas that attract substantial numbers of offerings are industrial arts, arts and crafts, and music. But the total spectrum of fields in which materials are available ranges from banking to child care.

There is, however, an interesting contradiction between what industry believes to be important for the schools and the materials it actually supplies. While 47 per cent of the companies surveyed provide science materials, only 31 per cent believe that the schools need them above all else. In contrast, an equal number (47 per cent) believe that the schools need materials on economics from business and industry more than any other subject, while only 33 per cent make such materials available. The explanation for this situation doubtless lies in the longstanding popularity of industry's science materials with the nation's teachers for their sound and accurate content, and the sharp controversy that has developed, on occasion, over industry-sponsored materials in the value-laden subject of economics.

A variety of other publications and materials are also made available to schools, usually on request. These include annual reports, employee publications, advertisements, product catalogues, displays, and magazines produced for external distribution. Many companies also distribute to the schools a wide range of institutional brochures, booklets, charts, and recruiting materials that are used in various ways in the classroom.

Although it is less common for business and industry to offer equipment and supplies to the schools, substantial numbers of companies do so. Laboratory equipment, both new and used, is the most popular item in this category, with shop equipment (power tools, kilns, milling machines, lathes, welding equipment) and office machines (typewriters, duplicators, and computers) next most popular. In addition, a wide variety of new and used equipment ranging from musical instruments to cafeteria equipment, is supplied to the schools.

THESE programs for providing instructional materials and equipment, as well as the varied programs and services made available to the schools (see accompanying boxes) are expensive. And it is not surprising that much of this proffered aid is warmly welcomed by schoolmen. But exact expenditures for educational programs by industry and business are hard to come by. Many large companies find it impossible to supply cost estimates because of the difficulty of compiling data from widely scattered divisions and branches. Therefore, it is possible only to estimate, from available figures, what the nationwide total expenditure may be. On the basis of figures from the companies supplying cost data, the following average per-company expenditures for the

(*Continued on page* 70)

Help in Up-Grading Teachers

In a day when knowledge is increasing at an alarming rate, many companies assume responsibility for helping teachers and college professors keep up-to-date professionally, expand their knowledge, and improve their skills. The kinds of programs offered and the percentage of companies providing them (see below) seem to indicate that business and industry view better prepared teachers and improved instruction as one important key to better schools.

	Elementary	Secondary	College or Adult School
Plant visits; Business-Industry-Education Day programs	24%	54%	34%
Workshops, conferences, and seminars for teachers	7%	54%	34%
Research and work experience opportunities for teachers	1%	10%	24%
Special classes	1%	3%	3%
Travel programs	1%	2%	1%
Other programs (consultant service, assistance in economic education and family finance education programs, special trips, and summer employment)	2%	5%	3%

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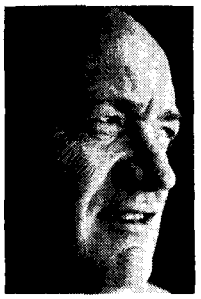


Neil Sullivan

Making History In Prince Edward County

In the fall of 1959, Prince Edward County, Virginia, closed its public schools rather than comply with a court order to desegregate them. During the following four years most white pupils in the county attended private, segregated classes maintained by the Prince Edward School Foundation; most Negro children attended no schools at all. In the fall of 1963 a private organization, the Prince Edward Free School Association, was set up through the cooperation of the federal, state, and local governments to provide schools for Negroes during the 1963-64 school year, in anticipation of the re-opening of the public schools in the fall of 1964. The author of this article served as superintendent of schools for the Free School Association during the one year of its existence. He is the former superintendent of schools in East Williston, Long Island, New York, and is now superintendent of schools in Berkeley, California.

By NEIL V. SULLIVAN

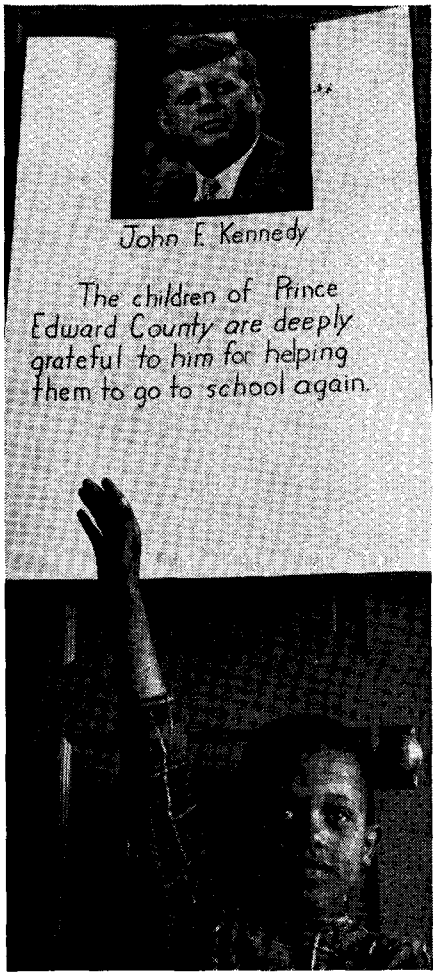
WHEN our late President, John F. Kennedy, said, "Something has to be done about Prince Edward County," I applauded vigorously. I was aware of the critical situation existing in the red clay country of southside Virginia, but never dreamed that I would be the educator selected to do that certain "something." As I look back at my twelve months in America's most stubborn county, I realize how lucky I was to be selected and even more fortunate to have survived. The ingredients for success were not present in August 1963, and to have succeeded when the odds for success were so heavily weighted against me makes the Prince Edward experience doubly rewarding.

Being a Northern educator who was called by a group of eminent Virginians to open the schools of Prince Edward County, I had the privilege of working and living with the Negroes of this rural, southside Virginia area, and understand some of their problems. My brief but close exposure to these 7,000 people suggests that Virginia's greatest untapped resource is her 818,258 Negroes. At present, many of them are a captured people, and serve as a cheap labor force. Their pay rarely exceeds the minimum wage, and their employment is spasmodic. Their annual family income in Prince Edward County is less than two thousand dollars a year; they are poorly clothed and improperly fed; their health problems are mostly ignored; their life span is sixty-four years, while their white brothers average seventy years. Their children attended schools (before they were closed in 1959) that were separate and far from equal; they had no library facilities, and the children remained in school only until they could find employment. It is obvious why they have been leaving the South, but it still came as a surprise to me when I discovered the extent of their deprivation.

The Negro children who returned to the Free Schools in September 1963, never fully realized the myriad of problems associated with their return. Having served as a superintendent of schools for sixteen years, I was aware of the difficulties associated with recruiting a single teacher in late August. I was being asked to find one hundred classroom teachers and had the first two weeks in September to get the job done. I was familiar with the problems associated with cleaning and repairing school buildings during the summer vacation. But I was asked to reopen schools that had been under padlock for four years with rubble piled a foot high in some areas. I was also familiar with the task of preparing a few buses for September opening, but now I was asked to recondition twenty dilapidated vehicles that had been exposed to the weather but not operated for fifty months and to have them ready to go in fourteen days.

Picayune problems such as operating schools without textbooks and supplies for a period of time, of finding housing for myself and my staff in a generally hostile community, of training twenty adults to operate buses, of providing food and clothing for a large proportion of our student body all required my attention, but the major problem was finding those one hundred teachers.

I used newspapers, radio and television, telegrams and telephones, personal appeals to fellow superintendents,



—*Photos for this article by Carl Purcell, NEA.*

After his assassination, black borders were added to pictures of the President in every Free School classroom.

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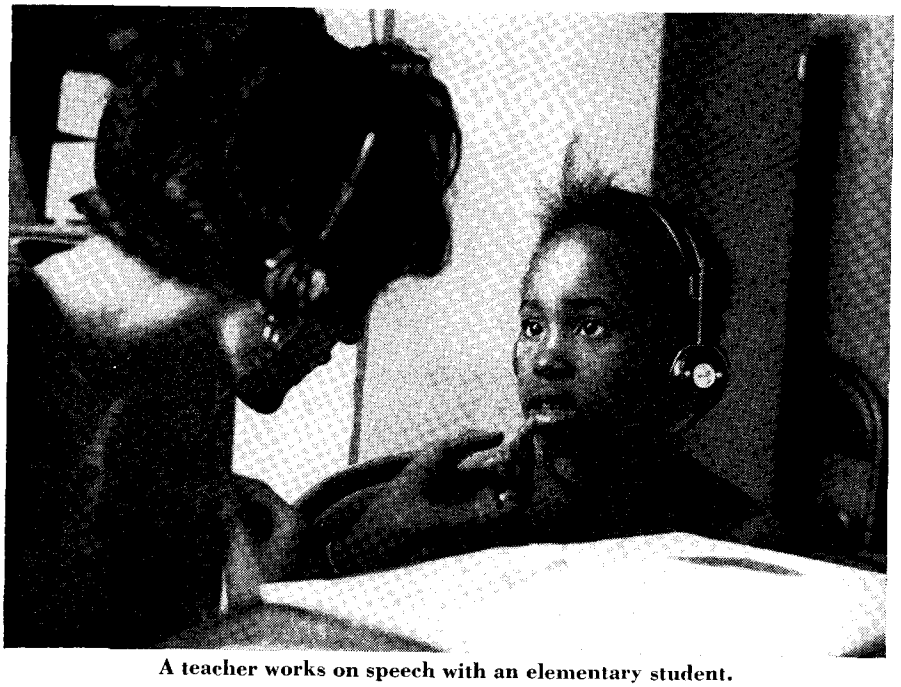

A teacher works on speech with an elementary student.

and every other "gimmick" in the trade to encourage qualified teachers to apply. I had little success, and if it had not been for Peace Corps and armed service officials, together with help received from the National Education Association and Virginia State College, I would have failed miserably. As it was, my success was limited, and it took me several months before I had a faculty that was completely dependable.

I had hoped that Virginia teachers would volunteer, but my fellow superintendents in Virginia, and in every other state, were not of a mind to release a teacher in September. After all, a national shortage of over 100,000 exists in the United States. The average teacher is a highly ethical individual, and once he signs a contract, he will abide by it. As a result, applicants who were both interested and available were few and far between.

Two other problems militated against a mad rush to Prince Edward County. First, the salary schedule. I was asked to recruit nationally, while offering average rural Virginia salaries ($4000 starting salary with steps of $100 for each year of teaching). Second, the Free Schools were to operate for twelve months and close in August, 1964. The average teacher is looking for a certain amount of tenure, and I had only a terminal date to offer a candidate.

I spent hour after hour interviewing drifters, men and women with deep personal problems who thought they could lose them in Prince Edward County, teachers who had been unsuccessful and dismissed in other school districts, individuals who had spent their life in other fields but wanted to give teaching a fling. But every once in a while a top-flight professional would walk in and say, "I want to help. Can you use me?"

Use them I did. This small band of master teachers fitted nicely into my plans for team teaching and a nongraded organization. I had to employ many people who were average or below, but through an intensified training program these people developed professionally, and the organization turned out to be more than adequate. I am proud of their record.

I not only had to mold a teaching staff out of raw material but had to do it with a student body that was mentally and emotionally whipped. The youngsters, living on isolated farms, had lost the few skills they had acquired while in school. My staff was faced with the Herculean task of teaching children ranging in age from six to twenty-two how to read and many of them how to communicate orally. Living apart from an organized society, without a newspaper, magazine, or library (some with illiterate parents), the children had learned to communicate by use of gestures and avoided using the spoken word.

Not only was the child asked to accept the routine of the classroom but to do so with many Caucasians as their teachers. They had been taught to avoid their white neighbors for prudential reasons—the friendly young Negro finds the typical Southern court a poor place to explain his rationale for smiling at the innocent twenty-five-year-old white maiden.

Sixteen hundred youngsters learned to live in an integrated school system and prospered academically in what was for Virginia and the South a most unusual classroom climate. They not only recaptured lost skills, but they acquired new ones faster than any group of school children with whom I had previously worked. Not only did they do well in class, but an important fringe benefit accrued to both children and adults in losing the color concept. It was first lost by the children and then by the professional staff. If no reward other than this

During an exciting game the teacher found it impossible to remain aloof.

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resulted from the Prince Edward project all participants would have felt richly rewarded for their involvement.

My tenure of office as superintendent of the Free School Association started on September 1, 1963. I found children extremely happy to be back in school, but most of the older men and women said they couldn't wait to leave Prince Edward County. They had been denied a public education for four years and fully realized that if our late President, John F. Kennedy, had not taken the initiative they would still have been living in ignorance and isolation, waiting for the courts to decide their future. A small number of the group indicated that they would stay in the area and fight for equal rights. They are the young adults who demonstrated around the clock during

A school band made up in gusto what it lacked in technical skill.

the summer of 1963, mainly in an effort to gain employment privileges on Main Street. Their efforts resulted in one Negro's being employed as a checkout girl in a supermarket and one put to work in a department store. Most of the group see little or no future for them in this area and will move North at the first opportunity. "Carry Me Away From Old Virginny" is their chant. I can understand why.

I have now left the South, but if these children travel North or West, I hope that many of them decide to live in my community. They will be good neighbors because they are kind, considerate, gentle, and thoughtful. They will be good neighbors because they are clean of body and mind, because they are deeply religious, humble before God, patient, and forgiving. They will be good neighbors because, despite the unpardonable treatment they have been forced to endure, they remain loyal to their country, far more loyal than many of their more sophisticated white neighbors.

The people I learned to respect and love in Prince Edward County were not looking for handouts, for special privileges, for an easy way. Rather they were searching desperately for a way to gain an education and to acquire skills that would provide them the means of becoming first-class citizens. The onus for all of this rests squarely on the shoulders of every citizen. If we desire to keep the status quo in America, we do nothing and say nothing. If we want to change the structure from that of being our brother's keeper to being our brother's brother, then we stand up, speak up, and join the forces demanding equality for all men.

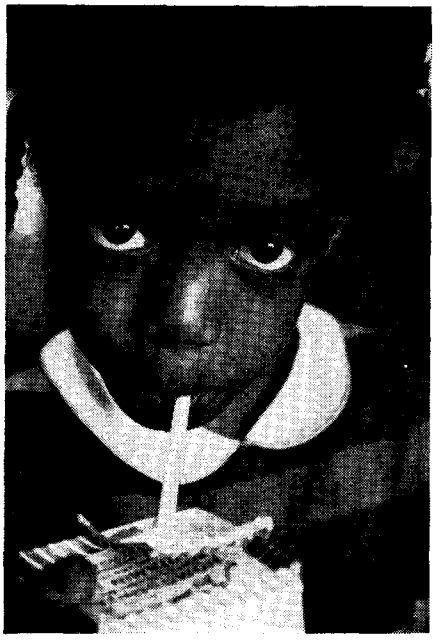
As I leave Prince Edward County, I would like to make the following recommendations to Southern educators in order that the quality of education being offered the children of this region may be improved:

1. Speed up integration of the student bodies—provide early childhood education opportunities for all children beginning at the age of three—keep schools open from early morning until late in the evening seven days a week—introduce adult education classes and emphasize courses in "inter-group relations"—require all children to stay in school until they are sixteen years of age.
2. Encourage staff integration.
3. Move from a strict formal graded structure to a nongraded organization.
4. Appoint bi-racial Boards of Education.

I will not dwell on number one. An integrated student body is the law of the land, and research clearly and definitely substantiates the advantages accruing to all races when they are permitted to work together.

Integration is legally and morally correct and its efficacy clearly demonstrated when we strike the fictitious concomitants from the discussion and concentrate on the germane aspects of the problem.

Citizens in Virginia were told that bloodshed would occur if any attempt was made to integrate the schools in Prince Edward County. The courts listened to this argument for thirteen long years, the last four with the Negro children denied the opportunity of free public education, before the Supreme Court finally ordered public schools opened in the county, effective September, 1964. Yet, when the Free Schools were opened, we found eight white children voluntarily entering the predominantly Negro schools. The children studied together, ate together, rode the same buses, without a single incident occurring. This is in direct contrast to life in the community where a strict color line is drawn and any mixing of the races is scorned by the white community.



School lunch was provided by the Free Schools at minimum cost.

The white community has built a wall around its social, educational, cultural, and economic life. The Negro is forced to live in isolation. The two races have grown miles apart, and the dichotomy is as clear as the early morning Virginia air. To rebuild the bridge we must begin in the classroom. The Civil Rights Bill will go a long way in narrowing the gap

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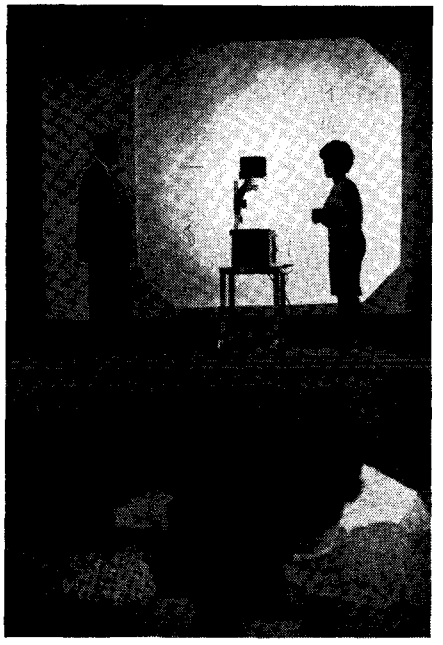

High school mathematics teachers used an overhead projector to present the history of numbers.

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"We must involve children with the essence of music."

—*Photos by Henry G. Bookstaber.*

ART IS A GROWING THING

By RICHARD L. BLOCH, *Supervisor of Music, Ridgewood Public Schools, Ridgewood, New Jersey*

SLOWLY and more quietly than elsewhere in American education today, new attention and understanding are coming to the teaching of the arts. There have been no bright labels, no "crash" programs, no mass scholarships. But gradually a greater number of people who have taken more time to look at, study, and listen to what the artist has to say have also become interested in children's educational programs. There are now more educators in the arts who have come to teach because of genuine interest rather than because they are frustrated professionals who did not succeed.

Just as it is difficult to explain what art is, so it is difficult to explain the exact nature of the change in the teaching of the subject. In essence, the change is away from talking about art, and toward involving children in experiences that are artistic. Form, line, design, rhythm, color, meter, timbre have become the materials that children must *use* to express themselves artistically. The creative people teaching the visual and musical arts have found that the only way to get at true understanding is by involving children with these artistic tools, thereby giving students artistic fulfillment.

Consider the kindergartner's past concept of the rectangular box for a tree trunk with wire branches and little circles for leaves, as compared to the class looking at sunlight pouring through yellow autumn leaves and putting this expression in color on paper. How do you draw the bark of the tree? How does it feel? What colors are there? How do you put this on paper? In such experiences we are dealing with the artistic materials in an artistic way and children are learning to see, feel, and express themselves in meaningful ways.

Musically we must involve children with the essence of music itself. Why does Beethoven step outside the key in the first phrase of "Eroica"? Does he do it for the same reason Richard Rodgers did it in "O, What a Beautiful Morning"? What chords does this song use? Could you play one of the notes of the chord on your instrument? Why not write an accompaniment for this song using a note from each chord as it comes?

This type of involvement with materials has taken a long time to come about in our educational evolvement. Perhaps the reason is that in such teach-

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ing evaluation is difficult and results are obscure. In such an artistic program, grades become useless because there is no way to understand what happens to the individual or how he has been affected.

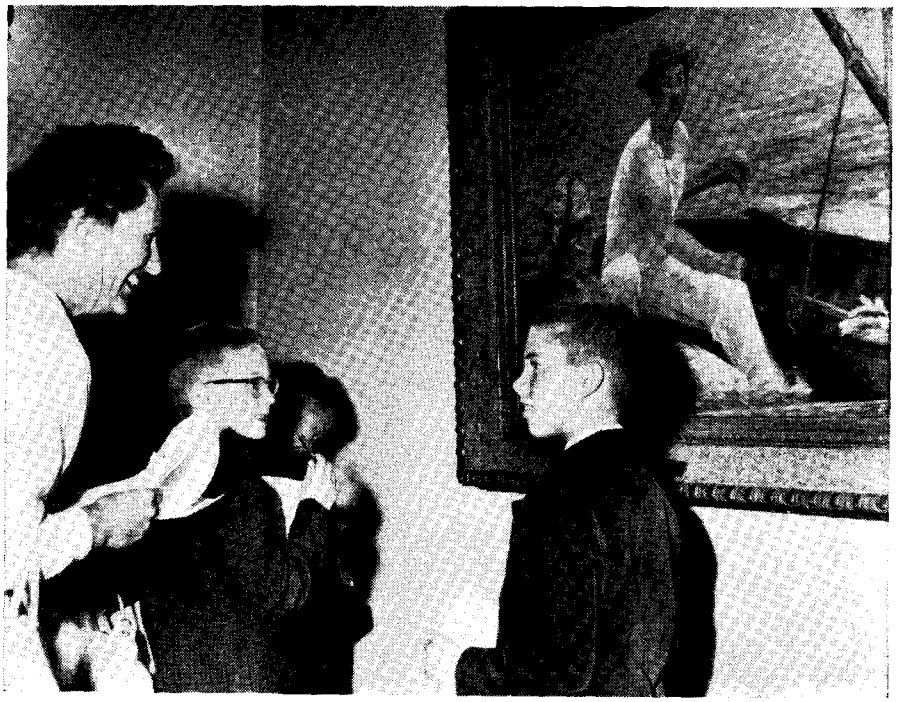
So far the program is understandable to the general public. It calls for creative, interested teachers involving children with artistic experiences through the use of tools in schoolrooms. But when you put creative individuals in touch with the right materials, you have an explosive force that goes far beyond the limits of the classroom. Just as fine science teachers need better laboratories, and good English teachers go beyond the text and send a host of fine paperbacks into children's homes, so teachers of the arts are moving out into the communities to bring their children a broader range of experiences.

For years the Ford Foundation has been sending composers-in-residence into public school systems to write materials for public school groups to perform. Under such a program music is not necessarily only a thing of the past, but it grows, measure by measure, before the children. There are several public school systems in our country that have artists-in-residence. It is not uncommon in such systems to commission works of visual or auditory art for special occasions.

Such programs create more sensitive students, who feel uncomfortable surrounded by walls of bare brick, glass, plaster, and paint. They need fine, well-framed works of art about them. They need sound that is not distorted by bad amplifying systems; they need to explore beyond the classroom and school building to find what is happening in concert halls and museums.

As teachers of the arts, we have been content just to plow, sow, and reap the same fields. We have often continued to teach as in the past with no idea that art by its very nature is creative. Each community must further its artistic development in its own way, reaching into the lives and very existence of its people to discover what they are, and find expression in new forms and shapes, sounds and colors.

School boards' hands are tied when it comes to such areas. Broad, visionary programs, such as resident musicians, artists, and composers, are still a long way from the general-public's thinking. Large foundations have begun to see the value of such programs and have been helpful, but as yet their influence has been limited. For the present, it appears that citizens who are interested in the arts, working with school teachers and administrators who understand new concepts of teaching, must work together broadening, enriching, and deepening understanding in children.



"New programs create more sensitive students who need to explore beyond the classroom and school building to find what is happening in concert halls and museums."

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THE USEFUL GENIUS

Intelligence, Creativity, and American Values

By KENT and GRETCHEN KREUTER, *who teach History and American Studies at Colgate University.*

WITHIN the past two or three years the American public has been informed, through a wide range of national magazines, of a new enthusiasm of educational psychologists – the measurement of creativity, both potential and actual. Parents, accustomed to seeing their children subjected to various forms of mental measurement from kindergarten on, are now being told that none of the tests presently in use presumes to measure one of the most important of human attributes–

—*Henry Grant.*

Creativity is a general human characteristic that can be found and measured even in the very young.

the capacity for creation. Young people seeking college scholarships are finding that evidence of their "creativity potential" is being weighed along with their examination grades and high school records. And of the several critiques of mental testing published recently, all have suggested that some of the major shortcomings of the I.Q. tests would be met if the testers could give credit for "imaginative" as well as conventional answers to their questions.

Creativity testing is not yet common in the public schools, nor has it been used even experimentally on vast numbers of people. Already, however, the psychologists of creativity have attracted the attention of some powerful national institutions, including the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, which now tests the creativity of prospective employees. For this reason, and because those engaged in research on creativity have been seeking a large audience for their findings, it is time that the public examined the values guiding this research and became aware of the intellectual climate in which it has flourished. Such an inquiry may suggest some reasons to be cautious in optimism about the benefits of the new tests and may raise some doubts as to whether the new tests are really avoiding the defects that marred the conception and execution of I.Q. tests in America.

The progenitor of present creativity research, the mental testing movement that began early in this century, did not arise out of a desire to locate the creative members of society. Almost the reverse was true. Creativity was a concept that had been long and exclusively associated with artistic and literary activity. These in turn were linked with nonconformity, unconventional behavior, and even to insanity and feeblemindedness. Popular folklore had long included a belief in the kinship of creative genius and insanity, and the early mental testers, though contemptuous of other manifestations of the popular mind, subscribed unanimously to this assumption. The pioneers of the mental testing movement – among them, J. McKeen Cattell, E. L. Thorndike, and Lewis Terman – shared the mistrust and even disdain for the creative arts that had long been a part of America's intellectual baggage.

By the time of the First World War, intelligence tests were respectable enough to find widespread use in testing the mental ability of Army recruits. About 1,750,000 men received mental tests, and in consequence 8,000 were recommended for discharge because of extreme subnormality, 10,000 were assigned to tasks demanding only a low level of intelligence, and a top 10,000 were sent to special battalions for further training.

The shortcomings of the Army tests were appalling, and the distortions made of the results were both extensive and influential. To Lewis Terman, the Stanford psychologist who did more than any other single man to popularize the concept of the Intelligence Quotient, the Army tests seemed to prove above all that the hopes of nineteenth-century egalitarian democrats had been a delusion. Even with the advantages of universal education, not all men were intellectually capable of deciding their own affairs wisely. Some were apparently not even capable of wielding a pick and shovel in the Army!

Terman saw cause for hope, however. Intelligence tests, he thought, could locate in childhood those who were most able, and such children might be given special educational and cultural advantages to prepare them for leadership. Equally important, such children could be encouraged to select intelligent mates and so help to breed superior offspring. Thus in the early 1920s Lewis Terman selected 1,000 school children who scored above 140 on the Stanford-Binet examination and termed them potential geniuses. For the next thirty years he studied these people extensively, hoping to find out what methods best helped genius to develop, what sorts of personalities geniuses really were, and how well they got along with others.

Terman's critics were many and vocal. What none of them ever pointed out, however, was the contrast between Terman's definition of genius and the traditional meaning of the term. Whenever one finds a word being used in a very new way, it is worth inquiring why that word has been emptied of its old meaning and what the significance of the change may be. An awareness of the contrast might have put a different light upon the exertions of the mental testers back in the 1920s. Such an awareness might still prove instructive to the new creativity testers.

The conception of genius is ancient if imprecise. Always, however, it has carried connotations of a *qualitative* difference between the genius and the ordinary mortal. For the nineteenth-

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century Romantics in particular, the genius was characterized by his devotion to beauty and by his access to a kind of truth that escaped other men. Most often the genius was seen as an artist or poet, vastly different in appearance and mode of life from the generality of men, and with little reverence for social convention.

Of one thing in particular the Romantics were absolutely certain: neither the scientist, the inventor, nor the man of commerce could be a genius. Success in science, invention or trade was dependent not upon the exercise of imagination or intuition – the qualities that distinguished the genius–but upon the mastery of past knowledge, upon painstaking experimentation, and upon obedience to accepted forms of thought and behavior. To the Romantics, the genius was the archetype of the free individual. His appearance was a mystery, his contributions immeasurable and always, in some sense, creative.

As Lewis Terman defined it, on the other hand, genius was purely a *quantitative* phenomenon: a potential genius was anyone who tested above 140 I.Q. As the years passed, it became clear that the children whom Terman had selected in this way were not particularly creative, nor were they even very different from their supposedly less-gifted peers. Far from being nonconformists, the potential geniuses adapted with agility to the values that American society respected. As college students, they tended to slight intellectual pursuits in favor of extra-curricular activities. As adults, they entered the professions with notable success, and in matters social and political, as in all things, they tended to be moderate.

For the most part, Terman was delighted with the way his potential geniuses had turned out. Their lives, he said, disproved once and for all the old myths about the defects of genius. Geniuses were not bizarre or erratic eccentrics but steady, well-adjusted members of society. Unfortunately, it never occurred to Terman to wonder whether, in fact, they were geniuses at all.

The influence of Terman researchers and his conclusions was enormous. To some extent this was so because they were so entirely consistent with cherished American attitudes. Although his early critics found him anti-democratic, it was easy enough to counter this accusation by pointing out that what he wanted for the gifted child was the essence of democracy: the chance for each individual to realize his potentialities. Although Terman made many recommendations for educational reform, they did not demand a very profound re-orientation of pedagogical values. He called for scientific measurement of intellectual ability in a country that had long been devoted to science. He urged that gifted people should be given enlarged opportunities for usefulness and expressed his approval when they turned out to be, in the most conventional senses, useful. Again he echoed a venerable American tradition.

For the most part then, the I.Q. became the accepted frame of reference within which to discuss individual excellence. This was so despite the fact that psychologists had, since the turn of the century, been developing tests that would measure qualities usually associated with creativity. Such efforts were universally ignored. It's hard to escape the conclusion that until quite recently American educators, psychologists, and the general public were not particularly interested in measuring or developing creativity or in furthering an understanding of the creative process. Why then has there been the very recent change in this state of affairs, and how significant is the change?

One of the most decisive factors in heightening American interest in creativity has been the change, not in our regard for artistic and humanistic pursuits, but in the nature of *scientific* activity. Until the twentieth century, it had been possible for the average layman to keep pace with scientific discovery. One reason, in fact, that the theory of evolution had been so controversial in this country was that it was comprehensible enough to be argued about. The conclusions of Charles Darwin may have violated cherished spiritual beliefs, but they did not run contrary to common sense.

Such has not been the case with innovation in the physical sciences in the twentieth century. Discoveries in quantum mechanics and nuclear physics have been quite beyond the grasp of all but a small minority. There has been no contemporary counterpart of the old *Popular Science Monthly*, designed to familiarize a broad public with atomic theory or the idea of relativity. At the same time, those discoveries in many cases run counter to common sense. There is nothing in the average man's experience to prepare him to accept ideas of an expanding universe, or a space-time continuum. No longer does the scientist depend solely upon sensory evidence to arrive at new knowledge about the world. What might seem at first to be merely the wild imaginings of undisciplined minds have often furnished keys that unlock whole new areas of man's larger environment. The new knowledge that has emerged from such speculation has given man power that

—*George S. Zimbel.*

"The new tests must be used not to discipline but to liberate the highly creative."

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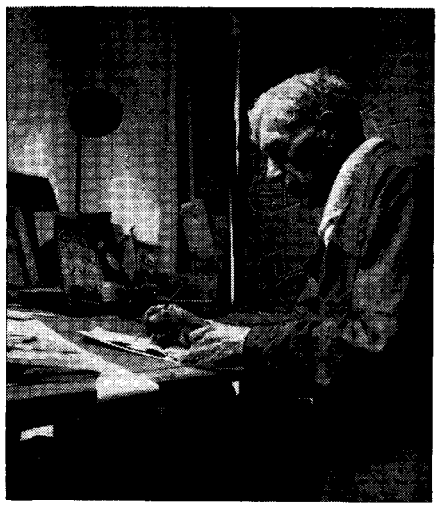
he had never before dreamed of possessing: it has given him the power of self-destruction and has placed him upon the threshold of some of the fundamental mysteries of human existence.

Because of these developments, it has become possible in the twentieth century to describe the man of science in ways once reserved for quite different kinds of men. The great scientist can now be seen as one able to break the bonds of conventional thought, a man not afraid to trust his intuitions and his imagination. In this way, he has gained insight into ultimate truths that traditional methods of inquiry had been unable to reveal. These were the mental processes and kinds of knowledge that had been thought, a century and more before, to be the special province of the man of genius.

This doesn't mean that the man of science has come to fulfill all the attributes previously associated with creative genius, or that all the sciences are now necessarily dominated by these new approaches to knowledge of the natural world. It is true nevertheless that physics has ruled the world of science in the twentieth century as biology ruled it in the nineteenth. In part, this has been because physics seems to hold the key to the life or death of mankind, and in part it has been because the struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union has given a sense of immediacy to the possibility of a nuclear Armageddon. It was this latter possibility that impelled a re-evaluation of the concepts of intelligence, creativity, and genius, and that brought about the new interest in creativity at this time.

In 1957, as every schoolboy knows, the Soviet Union successfully launched a space satellite and conclusively dispelled certain comfortable myths about the intellectual and scientific backwardness of our antagonist. The ripples from that event began to spread at once. American educators began to demand more science courses in the schools, cited the methods of Soviet scientific education as examples well worthy of emulation, and generally urged a return to academic discipline. Science talent hunts were begun, gifted young people were given special inducements and training to prepare them for scientific careers. And all of these new ventures had about them the conviction that upon their success or failure depended the security of the nation.

In this atmosphere, research into human creativity began to expand and flourish. There was nothing to suggest that psychologists, educators, or the public had departed in any way from conventional American valuations of the several categories of human activity. What had happened was that the meaning of creativity had broadened.



—*Henle (Monkmeyer).*

Georges Braque—"Imagination, intuition —qualities that distinguish the genius."

For example, at the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research in Berkeley, California, psychologists began, after the mid-1950s, to study a group of 600 highly creative adults, in order to discover what traits and characteristics they might have in common. The members of the group included writers, architects, research workers in the physical sciences and engineering, and mathematicians. One of the assumptions underlying selection was that creativity was as characteristic of the scientist as of the artist.

At the University of Minnesota's Bureau of Educational Research, related efforts, supported in part by the Federal government, have been carried on in the same areas and have been guided by similar assumptions. The work of director E. Paul Torrance and associates, however, has been focused upon the development of tests to measure creativity in the young.

Although Torrance himself has denied that he is more interested in any one kind of creativity more than others, the orientation of his work has clearly been toward the recognition and development of scientific ability. In Torrance's recent book summarizing current findings about human creativity, *Guiding Creative Talent*, the examples he gives of eminent "creatives" of the past who began using their abilities while quite young, are all men of science or technology—Newton, Hillier, Colt, and Westinghouse. Torrance's very definition of creativity shows this orientation. Creative thinking, he has written, is "the process of sensing gaps or disturbing, missing elements; forming ideas or hypotheses concerning them; testing these hypotheses; and communicating the results, possibly modifying and retesting the hypotheses."

In terms of impact, too, the creativity testers have most significantly impressed those concerned with American scientific and technological development. The National Science Foundation has supported several research conferences at the University of Utah, another center for the study of human creativity. The Air Force has used some of the creativity tests to discover its especially gifted personnel, and in the spring of 1962 NASA began to use the tests on its job applicants. One may be reminded of the Army intelligence tests of 1917 and hope that the errors of that ill-conceived experiment in mental testing are well in the minds of today's testers.

In some senses, it is true, there is much to be commended in the preferences revealed by this new generation—particularly in contrast with the values of the pioneers of the early twentieth-century mental testing movement. The new approach to creativity is far more environmentally oriented than the original intelligence tests were. No one talks any longer about "breeding" an elite to command the "mediocre majority." The current researchers into creativity have been governed by the belief that every individual is born with the capacity for creative expression and that it is the responsibility of parents and teachers to prevent that capacity from being lost.

On the other hand, the historical record may suggest some reasons to be cautious about the current expectations about the fruits of creativity research. The very fact that the related concepts of creativity and genius have been so long associated with artistic endeavor may lead one to question the wisdom of the current emphasis upon fostering scientific creativity. The zeal with which contemporary psychologists have approached creativity testing has been markedly in the direction of identifying those most highly qualified for scientific innovation. It is on this basis that they have obtained public and financial support for their investigations. It is possible that their tests and their suggestions for educational innovation may be ignoring those forms of creativity that do not conform to their own predispositions about the kinds of creative activity that are "worthwhile" in American society.

The eagerness with which the Air Force and NASA have welcomed the new testing devices should give one pause to consider the potential effects of such talent hunts. Surely there are areas in which the need for creative innovation is as marked as in the scientific and technological. It is, in fact, rather ironic that the man of science should come to be viewed as creative at the time when his labors have multiplied man's capacity for destruction.

Another potential danger is related to the first and concerns that much-belabored issue of conformity in contemporary America. In past centuries the idea of creative genius has always

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carried connotations of nonconformity. The man of genius was thought to be distinguished by his freedom from convention, by his disregard of the opinions of others. It was this element of nonconformity that most often brought public criticism of his behavior. It is time to ask whether the circumstances that have helped the creativity testers to gain a wide public hearing are also circumstances that will encourage what may be a necessary degree of nonconformity.

John Hersey recently made some pessimistic predictions about how Americans were likely to respond to creative excellence. In his Orwellian novel, *The Child Buyer*, Hersey describes the fate of a highly gifted child, Barry Rudd, purchased by a large corporation engaged in important government defense work. Barry's parents, teachers, and friends are at first appalled at the idea that he should be bought, taken from his home and family, and placed in the service of this corporation for the rest of his life. The process by which the boy is to be prepared for his work is a horrifying one: through various methods of mental conditioning and surgical alterations he is to become capable of devotion only to United Lymphomilloid.

One by one, the objectors are corrupted until finally Barry himself capitulates and is taken off to begin his life of intellectual service. The means of corruption are diverse, but in every case the child buyer capitalizes upon the fact that Barry Rudd makes those around him feel uncomfortable. He too often says the unexpected, too often demands implicitly that people think about things in new ways. The child buyer offers a comfortable escape from the tensions that the boy's presence causes. Barry will be made useful: he will be doing work which, while highly ambiguous, will supposedly contribute to national security—and he will be removed from society. Even Barry recognizes that his only chance for the realization of his potentialities lies in abandoning the hope of a normal life in society.

No one would suggest today that there is a likelihood of John Hersey's dire prophecies being brought to fulfillment in the extreme manner he has described. Hersey has, nevertheless, put his finger upon some of the problems that can emerge from the climate of opinion that has stimulated new interest in creativity. The discovery that creativity is a general human characteristic and that it can be found and measured even in the very young represents a tremendous advance in human knowledge. The American public has the obligation to demand that the new tests be used not to discipline but to liberate the highly creative. If this should not be the case, it would be tragic indeed.

New Books

How Children Fail. *By John Holt. Fitman Publishing Corporation.* 181 *pp.* $4.50. An analysis of why most children fail to develop more than a small part of their capacity for learning and creating. The author finds from his experience and research that most children are afraid—of not doing what other people want, of not pleasing, of being wrong, of failing. Part of the blame, the author believes, rests with parents and the schools, who encourage the child to work for petty rewards like gold stars or even Phi Beta Kappa keys, who fill lessons with repetitive and fragmented subject matter, who tell the child what he "should" think and feel and keep him from following his own curiosity which could lead to real intellectual endeavor. The author's conclusions suggest ways parents and teachers could help prevent this sense of fear and continuing failure.

Accent on Talent. *By Benjamin Steigman. Wayne State University Press.* 370 *pp.* $7.95. Description of New York's High School of Music and Art, its program and its achievement, by its former principal of twenty-two years. The school provides four years of intensive study of music and art for talented boys and girls, together with a full college preparatory program. The author offers views on the general high school course of study, its servitude to the colleges, and its neglect of the artistically talented.

How to Teach Your Baby to Read: The Gentle Revolution. *By Glenn Doman. Random House.* 166 *pp.* $3.95. Written for parents, a presentation of how children can be taught to read at an earlier age than previously thought possible, and some extraordinary benefits that accrue.

Introduction to the Philosophy of Education. *By George F. Kneller. John Wiley and Sons, Inc.* 137 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. An outline of those elements of philosophy that are relevant to understanding education and teaching.

Higher Education in the American Economy. *By André Danière. Random House.* 206 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. Analyzes education as a consumer good, discusses the non-monetary cultural benefits, and suggests solutions to the problem of providing public higher education to those who cannot afford it.

Progressives and Urban School Reform. *By Sol Cohen. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 273 *pp.* $6.50. A history of the Public Education Association of New York City from 1895 to 1954.

Freedom with Responsibility in Teacher Education. *The American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education* (1201 *Sixteenth St. N.W., Washington, D.C.*). The 1964 Yearbook, proceedings of the Annual Meeting. Includes the important address by James B. Conant outlining his plan for changing the teacher certification process, and the responses of Harold Taylor and Francis Chase.

A University in the Making. *By Albert E. Sloman. Oxford University Press.* 90 *pp.* $3.25. The BBC Reith Lectures on the planning and establishing the new University of Essex in England, by its Vice-Chancellor.

Creative Writing in the Elementary School: Psychology and Technique. *By Don Pease. Exposition Press.* (386 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016). 182 *pp.* $4. Offers the classroom teacher suggestions and techniques to motivate, reinforce, and evaluate the young student's written efforts.

Foreign Language Teaching. *By J. Wesley Childers. The Center for Applied Research in Education* (70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011). 120 *pp.* $3.95. An account of the status and growth of foreign-language teaching in the United States.

The Psychology of Learning and Techniques of Teaching. *By James M. Thyne. Philosophical Library* (15 *East* 40th *St., New York,* N.Y. 10016). 240 *pp.* $7.50. Aims to show student-teachers how a knowledge of learning can give guidance to the act of teaching.

The Colleges and the Courts Since 1950. *By M. M. Chambers. The Interstate Printers and Publishers* (19-27 *North Jackson Street, Danville, Ill.*). 415 *pp.* $7.50. A discussion in lay language of higher state and federal court decisions since 1950 regarding such subjects as racial desegregation, the loyalty oath furor, taxes and finances of public and private institutions.

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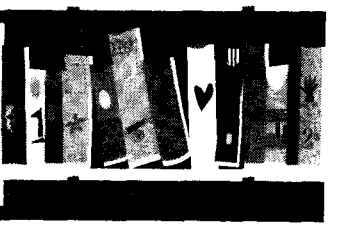
the Editor's Bookshelf



SINCE World War II, educational criticism has come full cycle. For the first decade after the end of the war the critics directed their fire against softness in the schools, low standards, and a curricular emphasis that gave too little attention to intellectual excellence. New international threats in the late Fifties resulted in a demand for more science, mathematics, and technical know-how, but the attack on low standards was continued.

Since 1960 the emphasis has shifted. While some critics continue to call for higher standards, a growing number now are expressing fears that the standards are becoming too rigorous, that the present emphasis on school grades and test scores is causing college doors to be closed to boys and girls from minority groups and culturally impoverished homes, and that creative non-conformists are being sacrificed to conventional grade-getters.

The many criticisms of standardized tests, including College Board examinations, are a part of this new movement. So, also, are the many books and articles that call attention to the effect of a rigorous academic emphasis on children from lower class homes who, because of early cultural deprivation, are not well prepared to compete. And the favorable reception given by some educators and many parents to *Summerhill*—a description and defense of a completely permissive school in which there is no competition and standards are non-existent—suggests a wish on the part of many to reverse the current trend toward a more rigorous education.

Paul Goodman, author of *Growing Up Absurd* and *Community of Scholars*, now joins the critics of the schools with a new book titled *Compulsory Mis-education*, (Horizon Press, 190 pp., $3.95). Like the critics of the fifties, Goodman views with alarm, demands drastic changes in the schools, and doubts that the professional educators now in charge can make the necessary changes or even see the need for them. But the kind of changes he demands are in sharp contrast with those demanded in recent years by Admiral Rickover and the Council for Basic Education. He is not asking for higher standards, more required schooling, or more attention to the academic subjects. On the contrary, he is convinced that the American people are oversold on the values of formal schooling.

Goodman says, "I doubt that, *at present or with any reforms that are conceivable under present school administration*, going to school is the best use for the time of the majority of youth." He maintains that "education is a natural community function and occurs inevitably . . ."

It is easy enough to understand what Mr. Goodman is against—and some of

Goodman on "Mis-education"

"The compulsory system has become a universal trap, and it is no good. Very many of the youth, both poor and middle class, might be better off if the system simply did not exist, even if they had no formal schooling at all."

• • •

"It is said that our schools are geared to 'middle-class values' but this is a false and misleading use of terms. The schools less and less represent *any* human values, but simply adjustment to a mechanical system."

• • •

"The recent attacks on Deweyan progressive education, by the Rickovers and Max Raffertys, have been outrageous—one gets impatient. Historically, the intent of Dewey was exactly the opposite of what the critics say."

• • •

"Authentic progressive education . . . has moved into new territory altogether, how to cope with the over-centralized organization and Organization Men of our society, including the top-down direction of science by the National Science Foundation. The new progressive theory is 'Summerhill.'"

"Like Dewey, Neill [Headmaster of Summerhill] stressed free animal expression . . . A child at Summerhill can just hang around, he'll go to class when he damned well feels like it – and some children, coming from compulsory schools, don't damned well feel like it for eight or nine months. But after a while, as the curiosity in the school revives—and since their friends go—they give it a try . . . it is just this departure in progressive education that is catching on in America . . ."

• • •

"Twist and turn it how you will, there is no logic to the proposal to extend compulsory schooling *except* as a device to keep the unemployed off the streets by putting them into concentration campus called schools."

• • •

"Numerically far more important than these overt drop-outs at 16 . . . are the children who conform to schooling between the ages of 6 to 16 or 20, but who drop out internally and day-dream, their days wasted, their liberty caged and scheduled."

• • •

"The philosophic aim of education must be to get each one out of his isolated class and into the one humanity."

• • •

". . . since schooling undertakes to be compulsory, must it not continually review its claim to be useful? Is it the only means of education? Isn't it unlikely that *any* type of social institution could fit almost every youngster up to age 16 and beyond?"

• • •

"The public schools of America have indeed been a powerful, beneficent force for the democratizing of a great mixed population. But we must be careful to keep reassessing them when, with changing conditions, they become a universal trap and democracy begins to look like regimentation."

• • •

"At least in the middle class, that fills the colleges, this technique of socializing is unerring, and the result is a generation not notable for self-confidence, determination, initiative, or ingenuous idealism. It is a result unique in history: *an elite that has imposed on itself a morale fit for slaves.*"

• • •

"It would be a useful study . . . to find how many people who grew up from 1900 to 1920 and have made great names in the sciences, arts, literature, government, business, etc., actually went through the *continuous* sixteen-year grind, without quitting, or without quitting and occasionally returning when it was relevant."

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his targets are indeed vulnerable—but it is difficult to visualize the kind of educational process that would exist if he had his way. He makes many recommendations but does not make clear how these could be put together into a workable pattern. And in his concluding chapter he admits that he has little hopes that his dreams will become reality. "To be candid," he says, "I do not think we will change along these lines. Who is for it?"

Some are. Elderly progressive educators, (the progressive movement collapsed so long ago that most of the remaining progressive now are elderly) will find much to applaud in Mr. Goodman's book. He shares their distrust of formal schooling, of academic subjects, of standards, discipline, and competition. And he says, ". . . progressive education was the correct solution of a real problem that Rickover is concerned with, the backwardness of people in a scientific world. To put it more accurately, if progressive education had been generally adopted, we would not be so estranged and ignorant today."

Teachers, who have followed the long debate while meeting daily the problems that confront them in the classroom, are likely to ask wearily, "Must we fight that battle all over again?" It appears that we must—that it must be a continuing battle, renewed by each new generation that has forgotten the past. Perhaps it is true that extremism in the defense of education is no vice. But if it is a vice—and we think it is—it might be well to seat Paul Goodman and headmaster A. S. Neill of Summerhill at a table across from Admiral Rickover and Max Rafferty, and let them fight it out while teachers who reject both extremes get on with the business of educating children. —PAUL WOODRING.

Reformist, Adaptive, Revolutionary

Values in American Education: An Interdisciplinary Approach, *edited by Theodore Brameld and Stanley Elam (Phi Delta Kappa, Bloomington, Ind., 180 pp., $4.95), is a collection of essays offering contrasting approaches to the teaching of values in the schools. The reviewer is Director of Education and Training for the American Jewish Committee and a staff member of the Boston University Laboratory of Human Relations.*

By MAX BIRNBAUM

THE title is impressive, *Values in American Education*. The subtitle, *An Interdisciplinary Approach*, reassuring and promising. The authors are scholarly and eminent: Gail Kennedy, Ronald Lippett, Morris Opler, Herman Muller, and Theodore Brameld —a philosopher, a social psychologist, and anthropologist, a geneticist, and an educator. The results, however, are only mildly rewarding. Perhaps this is so because the importance of the issues discussed and the unquestioned authority of the five spokesmen raise expectations that can hardly be realized.

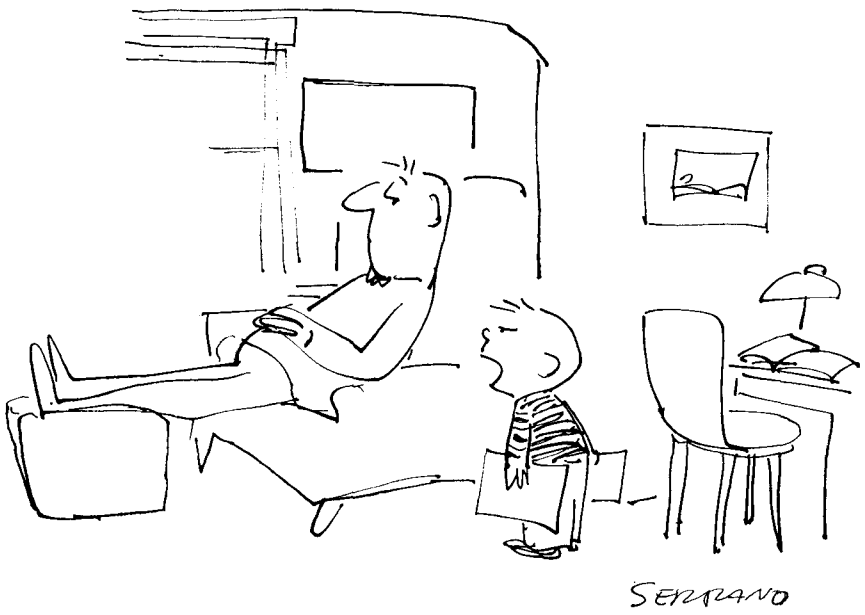
This small volume contains five essays and supporting discussions that make up the report of a symposium sponsored by Phi Delta Kappa, educational honorary fraternity. Illustrative of the difficulty that American education has had in getting off the ground with suitable pedagogical aid is the lack of clarity that surrounds the term "value." The symposium contributed further to the confusion by using "value" in at least five different senses. This lack of clear focus led Professor Opler at one point to challenge sharply Ronald Lippett's use of the term as "loose" and partaking of the trivial. To Opler, values are only those beliefs which are a "basic part of character structure." Man's choice between rye or white bread is a preference, not a crucial commitment of self. Although Opler did not drive home the obvious point, he would undoubtedly agree that part of the human condition, personal and social, is the consequence of conflicts of values, each of which is deeply imbedded in personality.

Despite the gap between the promise of the title and the performance of the text, the presentations are lively and each contains at least one seminal idea; less can be said of many larger and more pretentious tomes.

Gail Kennedy makes the persuasive point that automation will increase rather than decrease man's satisfaction in work, because the escalating educational requirements that automation brings will increase personal expertise. Professor Kennedy performs a significant service by simultaneously rejecting the mischievous notion now current in educational circles that man must be educated toward the enjoyment of leisure and away from the traditional notion that a man's work is a measure of his worth.

Ronald Lippett's paper reflects a highly imaginative and creative use of many classroom experiments that deal productively with value-issues. The latter term was introduced as a sober defense against Professor Opler's criticism of the loose use of "value" already referred to. Refreshingly, Dr. Lippett admitted to having scrapped his prepared paper and presented another written literally overnight after a reading of Professor Kennedy's paper.

Unlike Kennedy and Lippett, who adopt reformist and adaptive approaches to the teaching of values, Professor Herman Muller, Nobel-prize-winning geneticist, is the complete revolutionary. To him, the discoveries of biological and physical science have projected a world radically different from that



"I bet the Russians are quick to help their kids with their homework."

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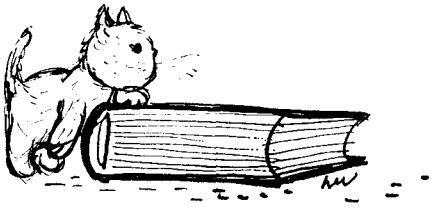
which supports our present value structure. Essentially, Muller reiterates the bleak view of scientific culture which bemoans the humanistic stance as an ominous example of cultural lag. His is an "evolutionary humanism." Illustrative of the difficult leap which his scientific view of man contemplates, are his suggestions concerning the education of youth toward a new set of values concerning population quality, where man's need for personal involvement in procreation is to be offset by his preference for quality of offspring ensured by selected genetic strains in sperm banks.

Professor Opler who consistently took iconoclastic positions in the discussions that succeeded each of the previous papers continued his role by denying that the schools had ever dealt seriously with the problem of values. There was, for him, only one exception to his general indictment and that was that schooling itself was a "training for future work" in our culture. He did, however, reject current notions that culture was deterministic and supported the possibility that man was able to shape his culture and thus values.

Professor Theodore Brameld, senior editor of the symposium, contributed the last essay, which contained reflections on the previous papers as well as a reasoned proposal for a separate course in the teaching of values. Here, Dr. Brameld offers as a prototype, a Japanese school program in "moral education" which he had observed during a recent visit to a school on the Island of Kyushu in southern Japan. But, ironically, this program now required by the Ministry of Education for all junior and senior high schools is being militantly opposed by the teachers' union, whose members remember "emperor-worship" and other disastrous consequences of pre-war "moral education." This disturbing opposition, however, does not seem to dampen Professor Brameld's missionary ardor.

These five essays illustrate the difficulty of coming to grips with the continuing problems that haunt the social studies classroom—what values to teach, and how to teach them. James Reston's perceptive comments, in a series of columns in the *New York Times* during July and August of this year, concerning the fundamental value conflicts which undergird our present election campaign, underscore the delicate nature of the task and the need for education to get on with the job.



Business and Schools

Continued from page 58

various kinds of aid and service were computed:

Instructional aids	$62,947
Other informational materials	2,336
Equipment and supplies	7,436
Instructional services	51,873
Teacher training programs	11,136
Administration and operation aid	74,751
Total average expenditure per company	$210,479

If some of the larger firms had been able to secure total figures for their expenditures, this average per-company figure would certainly have been higher. A conservative estimate of $250,000 for each company would make the total expenditure for the 248 companies surveyed more than $60,000,000. An equally conservative estimate for the rest of American industry and business, which has sales and profits three times those of the 248 firms surveyed, might be half again as much, or $90,000,000. In addition, previous surveys indicate that major trade associations make expenditures in this field of at least $10,000,000 annually. These three figures total $160 million as a modest estimate of the total expenditure for education materials, programs, and services by business and industry in 1963.

Given this substantial expenditure for education, the question arises as to why practical, hard-headed industrialists and businessmen do it. Their reasons are varied and doubtless have been influenced by their experience with the schools in recent years. But the programs they support are at least a partial rebuttal of the cynic, and their words reflect not only knowledge of the field, but conviction concerning industry's role.

The largest number of companies (nearly 60 percent) said it was important to provide aids to the schools in order to help education meet the challenges of the day. Specifically, they wanted to "help increase teacher efficiency"; "provide fresh, new, up-to-date materials, equipment, techniques, and information"; "strengthen instruction"; and "raise the general level of education."

The next largest number (44 per cent) wanted to increase educators'

Aid in Administration and Operation

The special knowledge and varied skills of business management are made available to schools and colleges in many different settings. In most cases the offer of aid appears to stem from a natural concern for economy, efficiency, and safety in the operation of our educational institutions, but the responsibilities assumed by companies and company personnel quite often range more widely. Some of the types of help provided, and the percentage of companies offering each type, are given below.

Membership on boards of education (primarily public schools)	52%
Membership on boards of regents and trustees	50%
Membership on administrative advisory committees	43%
Help in fund raising (primarily private schools)	35%
Help in campaigns for bond issues and special levies	20%
Help in planning safety campaigns, fire protection, bomb shelters, etc.	13%
Help in school budgeting and accounting	12%
Donation of school buildings, classrooms and sites	11%
Help in planning property control programs	7%
Advice on school insurance and fire-proofing plans	4%
Help in planning cafeteria service	6%
Help in planning school transportation programs	4%
All other	13%

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knowledge of competitive enterprise. They felt an obligation to "help educators and students understand the aims, accomplishment, problems, and needs of the free enterprise system and of individual businesses—the practical side of business in terms of economics, people and skills."

Others wanted to "help create a plentiful supply of educated manpower, skilled and practically oriented"; "to build awareness of employment opportunities"; "to fulfill community responsibility of the firm since education is the basic force of progress, prosperity and peace and the first line of defense—a benefit to generations to come." Just four admitted that they wanted to "promote sales, awareness of products, and more efficient use of products."

A companion question to "why do they do it," is the even more revealing, "what do they get out of it?" The responses display an interesting combination of direct company advantage and community interest.

The largest number of companies, about a third, reported as the result of their efforts, better community and company relations, more understanding and sympathy for business goals and problems, greater company prestige, and a more friendly attitude on the part of the public.

Nearly as many reported stronger teaching, improved curricula, greater student interest and better trained graduates; they also detected better understanding and appreciation of business, industry, and the free enterprise system by both teachers and students. Substantial numbers of companies credited their education programs with helping to attract and hold better employees, and with encouraging a closer working relationship between education and industry that has resulted in teachers and students looking to their companies as continuing sources of information. More limited numbers saw benefits through expanded markets, greater awareness of products and better use of products, and greater awareness of employment opportunities.

It would be possible to interpret these responses from industrialists and businessmen in a variety of ways. But, whatever the reasons, business-industry-education cooperation is a fact, is expanding, and almost certainly will continue to grow in the future. More industrial leaders are coming to realize that the schools and their students are not the only beneficiaries; they, too, receive benefits, and so does all society. And as technology continues to complicate our lives, as well as ease our burdens, the need becomes even greater for various economic groups and interests to understand each other and to join hands in united cause.

Prince Edward County

Continued from page 61

by opening lunchrooms, hotels, and theaters, but it will take integrated classrooms to really do the job. The attitude of the senior citizen of the South represents an anachronism in our society that cannot be changed, and we must therefore concentrate on the young people, for with youth we have a chance to succeed.

The child must be taken from his underprivileged home and given early childhood educational opportunities. We will never teach him to read at the age of six or seven if he is not exposed to those enriching experiences so necessary for a child to experience before he sees his first primer.

The school doors should never be closed. The children in the Free School achieved two years' work in language arts in one because our school day, school week, and school year was longer than in the traditional systems. School buses ran early and late and on Saturday and on Sunday.

Field trips were the order of the day in the Free Schools. Most of our children had never been to Richmond, the State capitol, but some of our young people had never been to Farmville, the County seat. Despite living in the so-called "Heart of the Old Dominion" they had never been to Mount Vernon, Monticello, Williamsburg, or even to Appomattox only twenty-five miles away. We first exposed our children to things in their own community. They visited the fire house, the post office, and the local bank. They were then taken to Richmond and visited houses of business and large industries. They traveled to the historic shrines of Virginia, including the birth place of Booker T. Washington. They visited Washington, their nation's capitol, and listened to the Senate filibuster on Civil Rights. They were present in the chambers of the Supreme Court when the Prince Edward case was heard for the third time. They traveled to New York and visited the United Nations. They were provided with those experiences to which normal boys and girls are exposed, and rich dividends were theirs when they returned to the classroom.

The school library in the Free Schools was given the type of attention it deserves. When we opened the Free Schools the library had a few hundred ragged volumes on the shelves. When we closed the schools in August, we had over fifteen thousand volumes in circulation and turned the entire library over to public school officials. Our programs on Sunday were designed for the entire family and were generally in the fine arts area. Talented artists, skilled musicians, and musical organizations from the Dartmouth Glee Club to the Virginia State Concert Band were presented. First-run movies were offered twice weekly.

The attendance record of our children was initially poor until we discovered that many of them shared clothing and took turns coming to school. Once we were able to clothe them properly, attendance did not prove to be quite as difficult a problem.

The final point made in my first suggestion is to introduce inter-group relations courses as a part of an extensive adult education program. Instruction should be provided in this area and emphasis placed on the contribution made in our society by minority groups.

My second recommendation deals with an integrated staff. I am convinced that we can speed up total school integration by encouraging staff integration.

The law of the land is clear when it comes to the composition of the student

Free School student waits for an appointment with the dentist.

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body, and some progress has been made. The law is equally clear as it pertains to fair employment practices.

I was interested only in qualified, dedicated teachers, and selected over ninety of the applicants. Seventy-five per cent of these were white and Negro Southerners (five white Virginians), and 25 per cent were white and Negro Northerners. In terms of formal education qualifications, I found the Southern Negro to have spent just as many years in school as the Northern teacher. All had bachelors' degrees with about one-fourth holding masters' degrees.

I soon learned, however, that the southern Negro teacher was handicapped by the poor elementary and high school education he had received and by a restricted college curriculum. I did find some of our Southern Negro staff members who were superior teachers. These generally were men and women who had been born in homes where they had had cultural opportunities, had attended certain Southern communities where Negroes were given equal education opportunities.

The Free Schools attracted a few of the most talented professionals in both the North and South, but the Northern group as a whole had received far better training in some of our nation's most renowned institutions. These included Harvard, Yale, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Dartmouth, Antioch, Brandeis, Bowdoin, Columbia, and Vassar, while many of our Southern Negroes attended Bluefield State, Kentucky State, Livingstone, Claflin College, and South Carolina State College.

I was anxious to give every child attending the Free Schools an "equal" education. To do this, I had to break from the traditional self-contained classroom organization where, at the elementary level, the child has the same teacher in all subjects all day; and, at the secondary level, one teacher is responsible for the same group in a subject matter for the entire year.

My sixteen years as a school superintendent had taught me that all teachers are not equally competent, that all schools will have a fair share of gifted teachers, of average teachers, and of below-average teachers; that no one teacher can plan and organize as well as a group of teachers. I wanted to organize my staff in such a way as to bring out the best in every teacher; I wished to give all children an equally fair chance.

A "team" arrangement was worked out in the Free Schools with the most competent teacher serving as team leader. This person taught in a given subject matter area and worked with three or four other teachers in planning and carrying out the teaching. All groups received in-service help through the employment of qualified visiting consultants; all groups had some clerical assistance freeing them from many of the routine tasks of the classroom.

I am an advocate of the team-teaching arrangement, whether the staff is integrated or not. I think it essential, however, that qualified Northern teachers be allowed to teach in Southern schools. I receive innumerable requests from Northern teachers who want to teach in Southern schools. I have talked to many white Southern teachers who have asked for assignments in Negro schools but have always heretofore been refused. Southern Negro teachers, fewer in number as reported to me, have asked to teach in white schools but always receive a negative response.

THE integrated faculty in the Free Schools has been a catalyst in erasing the color concept at both the student and the staff level. Young children threw their arms around their teachers, regardless of color, and expressed their affection. They were quick to admit that they did not think of their teacher as white, black, or yellow, but merely as their teacher! The older students reported that their choice of a teacher depended on competency and not color. Not a single child stated that he preferred a white or a Negro teacher, but they were unanimous in reporting that they enjoyed having *good* teachers of all races.

My third recommendation pertains to the organization of a school system. An advocate of the nongraded system, I favor this method because the graded structure, inherited from the late middle ages in Germany, fails to meet the needs of our "space age" children. Educators have recognized the inadequacies of the chronological age, lock-step graded structure, but have been unwilling to take the steps to effect the required change. We need flexibility in our schools. We must remove ceilings and permit the child to reach for the sky.

One thing I wanted in the Free Schools was flexibility. I knew that the lock-step curriculum of the graded school would restrict the children and encourage conformity. I wanted to remove any ceiling on learning; to encourage creativity; to stimulate inquisitiveness on the part of the child; to teach skills as they related to concepts and not in isolation.

The flexibility I was looking for was

in the nongraded organization. It could provide diversity for every child and would not restrict pupil progress.

The nongraded school has been explained and defined in different ways by different educators. The definition I like reads as follows:

> The nongraded school is an organizational pattern of education which can provide continuous learning for every child, and by which he will be able to achieve success at each level of instruction. Each child will progress from level to level as rapidly as he masters the skills and the content at each level of achievement. He will not experience failure as it is sometimes experienced in the graded system. Neither will he experience boredom, no matter how able or gifted, since he will be stimulated and challenged to progress to new levels when he is ready to do so.

The Prince Edward nongraded plan grouped children on an inter-age basis, based on achievement rather than chronological age, in language arts, mathematics, science, and social science. These same boys and girls were heterogeneously grouped for the fine and practical arts, health and physical education, in home rooms, and for citizenship classes. We did this with all children beginning in grade one. Each child was exposed to several different teachers with ease, and all of our research indicated that the child's mental, social, and physical health prospered under the arrangement.

Progress made by a vast majority of our children substantiated the confidence I placed in the team arrangement and in the nongraded organization. These innovations had worked well in the sophisticated suburbs of the North. They worked equally well in the destitute tobacco country of southside Virginia. Such arrangements, however, only help facilitate learning. The success of the children in Prince Edward County is directly attributable to their own native intelligence, which flowered when proper conditions existed.

My last point, and conceivably the most important, is to name bi-racial boards of education. The Free Schools were permitted to be opened by the warring groups in Prince Edward County because a bi-racial board was to serve as the governing body. The success of the project can be traced to the confidence whites and Negroes had in their members on the Board. The public schools belong to all the people, and qualified citizens of all races should serve on local boards and become policy makers. The Negro teacher is not free to think, free to act, free to vote, free to teach, if local school committees are composed of members representing the white power structure in the community. I was told repeatedly by Southern Negro

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teachers that their continued employment in communities where they had worked meant strict adherence to a subservient role, and any deviation from it meant dismissal. The Negro has been controlled and manipulated by the white man for hundreds of years but these days are fast drawing to a close. Either we give qualified Negro citizens representation voluntarily, or the extremists will force the issue by violence. No longer can we depend on the responsible Negro leaders controlling the action of their group through peaceful demonstration. The time to make the Negro responsible for his destiny is *now*. We can save embarrassment and possible bloodshed by naming qualified Negroes to places on Boards of Education. We still have a little time left to put our house in order, and we should use this time to take the necessary steps, guaranteeing freedom and liberty now for every American citizen.

ON THE evening of Monday, June 15, 1964, I presented high school diplomas to twenty-three young men and women who had successfully completed all Virginia requirements. They had returned to the Free Schools in September after waiting four years for such an opportunity. They had worked in lumber camps, tobacco fields, and some had drifted north to New York City. A few of them continued their education by living with relatives in other parts of the United States. Some had celebrated their twenty-second birthday. Now they were receiving their diplomas.

Two of them were to be married during the summer, two were to enter the armed services, seven were to go to work, from Richmond to New York, having found employment with the vocational skills gained in the Free Schools. Twelve, including the class president, were making plans to enter college in September. Two of this group were entering Franklin and Marshall for special training during the summer.

The class president, a bright, personable young lady, who also was president of the National Honor Society and editor of the yearbook, having been denied admission to the local, all-white state teachers' college for women, was entering St. Paul's College, a private college in the state, on a full scholarship. Most of the group would not return to Prince Edward County. They saw no future for them in southside Virginia. After all, there was only one clerical position open for the Negroes in the county, and this position was filled. Many of these people were going to receive college educations, and a college-trained Negro was not wanted in Prince Edward County. Yes, it was true. They were singing, "Carry Me Away From Old Virginny."

"the Communist Party is a white man's party..."

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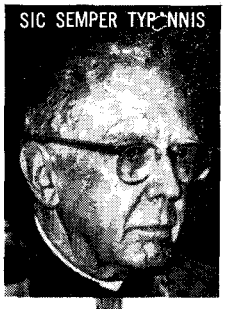

The Catholic Church and the
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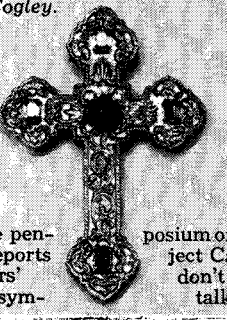

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Peace Corps

Continued from page 56

energetic in the heat of the noonday sun. He was taught in training to try to organize a "town meeting," to gather together the villagers and help them to see the benefit in forming a council—some viable group that can begin mobilizing the villagers to action. "That's no problem," says a young Notre Dame graduate who just returned from two years with the Indians in Chile. "But it took me six months to convince them that when one person spoke, everyone else owed him the courtesy of listening. We finally got general agreement on what had to be done in the village. That's when my problems really began: after they had decided what ought to be done they went home and waited for someone else to do it."

Out of these misconceptions the villagers become puzzled, the volunteer disappointed. His "messianic complex" begins to subside. These people aren't waiting to be rescued, apparently, but they are willing to become friends. He begins to settle back to work at this. He realizes that he has a lot to learn about them, what they want and value. He listens now much more than he talks.

He then begins to perceive that their expectations have been aroused many times before, then bitterly disappointed. And that when this has happened year after year, politician after politician, one becomes afraid to hope. So the villagers' resistance is more understandable to the volunteer; he slows down to their pace, begins to work harder at winning their confidence. This can take months but it must be done before the first tangible results begin to appear.

Out of this realization one volunteer was able to write near the end of his services in Latin America:

> I am as idealistic as I ever was, but not fanatic. Nobody, not even the Peace Corps, is going to solve the world's problems in my lifetime. So I have learned to do what I can, above all to keep myself open to the personal needs of other people, without getting into a stew about it.

A few months before the end of the first year a second period of adjustment is described by volunteers: the *crisis of acceptance.*

By this time, he has become a real part of the community. A good road has been built for the first time linking the village with the nearby city. Produce is now getting to the market there. Money is being invested in a cooperative that the community has started. He is beginning to see results. But something else is happening to him.

For one thing, the romance and adventure are gone. He knows now what a slow, tedious, up-hill struggle the work of social change can be. He's often bored and there's not much intellectual stimulation. He devours books as never before.

FOR the first time he begins to experience a society in solitude, without distraction, without the diversions common to American life. There's no television; radio reception is poor. Never before has he been so much alone with himself. A confrontation with himself occurs that is, in varying degrees, a crisis.

A volunteer serving at a lonely post in East Africa tells how he literally looked at himself in a mirror one morning and scoffed:

> Mr. Peace Corps! Mr. American! Who do you think you're kidding? . . . What do you really stand for?

This is the moment of real awakening that virtually every volunteer experiences. For nearly a year he has been busy seeing, doing, absorbing. Now he is asking himself, "Who am I? Where am I going out here? What does it all mean?" Just about everything he believes in is exposed to self-doubt and re-examination.

Out of this crisis comes a maturation of the volunteer's own expectations. He begins to realize the difference between the rather naïve values that he carried abroad, and the more realistic attitude he has come to adopt through his experiences.

"You really have to admire the ageless wisdom of these people," the Philippine volunteer said, "when you understand the depths of their problems and their acceptance of a life this hard."

Unconsciously, the volunteer has begun to borrow from them. He's become more patient, less impulsive, more thoughtful, less defeated by constant frustration. He is suddenly aware of how close he has become to them, and they to him. He's aware of what he has given in skill and hard work, but much more aware of what he himself has gained.

BY the time of the Completion of Service Conferences, after his two years' service, the volunteer has been able to bring the confusion, the frustration, and the self-doubt that often mark his early experience into better balance.

More than three-quarters of the first 1,000 volunteers to finish service felt that their work definitely had made a contribution to the economic or social development of the host country.

Practically all (94 per cent) felt that they had done at least "moderately well" as volunteers, taking into account their work, getting along with the local people, and their growing appreciation of the country and its culture.

But the successful navigation of the first two "crises" in the volunteer's experience sets the stage for the final *crisis of re-entry.*

At the conferences the volunteers were asked what they liked best about the Peace Corps. The answers frequently included: "the opportunity to do a job that really needed to be done," "the friends I've made," "the opportunity for travel and learning."

But the most common response is the same whether you ask a community development worker in Latin America, a teacher in Africa, or a farmer in Asia. The "freedom and autonomy I enjoyed," "the opportunities for self-expression and creativity in my Peace Corps assignment," "the responsibility I was given for my age" are the recurring answers.

As they look toward home they begin to wonder whether they will be able to rediscover in our society an equally stimulating challenge. Is it any wonder then that when a group of 30 volunteers who had been back in the United States for about four months were brought together recently, more than half of them indicated that "indecision

Harper's *magazine*
OCTOBER

The Coming Revolution in Teaching English

by Andrew Schiller

A slashing attack on conventional "rules" of grammar and a lively report on the modern science of linguistics. It is based on the conviction that, though they may not know a noun from a participle, children can master reading and writing if they are convinced that the language they are using is the same one they have been speaking all their lives.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

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about the future" was their most serious problem. Although all of them were in graduate school or gainfully employed, this indecision was still the greatest problem cited.

As one volunteer put it: "Two years in the Peace Corps showed me how many different opportunities there are in this life. It's an embarrassment of riches. The only trouble is, I just can't decide which line to take."

Out of this indecision about the future, however, certain trends are beginning to develop. Volunteers are interested in working more with people than with things; more for public service than for private pursuits; more for creativity and satisfaction in their work than for security. Their choice of graduate studies indicates a growing interest in the social sciences and international affairs. Almost 25 per cent of them say they will return to the country of their assignment one day, to live and work.

They also express a striking sense of restlessness about some of our own problems. The racial situation in the States is a commonly cited example.

Having spent two years abroad where for the most part there were no racial barriers—and certainly none between American whites and American Negroes—the volunteers of both races were disturbed to return to a society where "invisible barriers" are ever present. The Negro volunteers have found that they are not accepted by the whites as they were abroad, nor are the white volunteers as readily accepted by Negroes.

They report that whereas they had an intellectual commitment to racial equality before they joined the Peace Corps, their commitment now is an emotional one. This leads them to take a much firmer and more active position in the field of civil rights than ever before.

Negro volunteers spoke of their own difficulties in returning to a society where they feel the pain of segregation again for the first time in two years. Most of them anticipated this before they came home, but it still hurts.

One of the Negro volunteers said that when Negroes back home asked him about the Peace Corps, their primary interest was in how he was treated by the white volunteers, rather than the way the host country nationals received him.

"In other ways it's tremendously good to be back home," a fifty-four-year-old engineer tells friends. "To rediscover privacy and anonymity after two years in a goldfish bowl is a pleasure. It's great to return to the theater, the supermarket, a good daily newspaper, and a sense of order you have to leave the U.S. to appreciate—and everything works!"

But the need to readjust to the fast pace of life, learning again to express oneself in the American idiom, and finding general apathy about foreign affairs never fails to give the returning veteran a rude jolt.

Mused a strapping six-footer who had been working twelve-hour days helping an Andean village build latrines and cisterns:

> When I got back to my hometown in Ohio and went to work, I fell back into hanging out evenings in the neighborhood tavern with my old buddies. After about two weeks of that I gave up the tavern. They didn't care about the problems of the Indians in Peru, and I didn't give a damn what happened to the Indians in Cleveland.

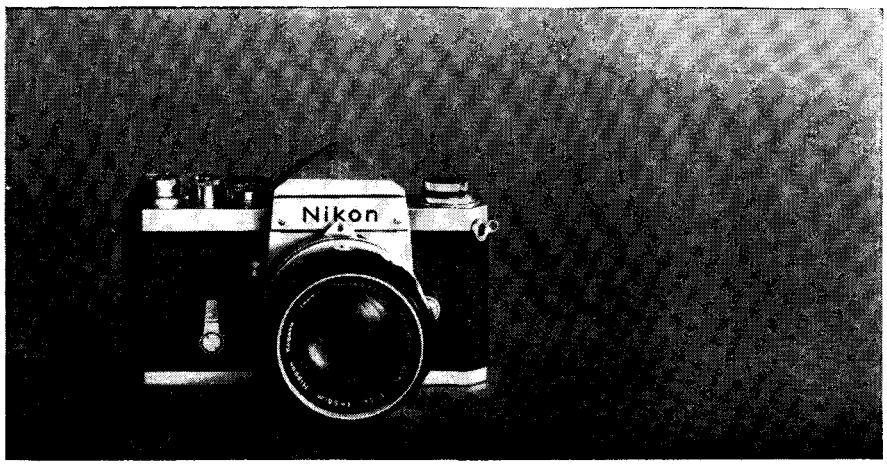
President Johnson, hoping to take advantage of the head of steam built up in returning Peace Corps Volunteers, recently told the heads of all federal agencies to push harder in hiring them and asked for a report on how many had been placed by September 1. Although the Peace Corps itself is the largest hirer of its own veterans, some have recently begun moving into the Foreign Service, USIA, and AID. Sargent Shriver, who heads up the War on Poverty as well as the Peace Corps, plans to draw heavily upon returned volunteers both as instructors in the Job Corps and in VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America), the domestic counterpart of the overseas Peace Corps. Some 83 per cent of the volunteers asked said they were interested in helping in the Poverty War either full or part-time upon their return to the U. S.

What are those volunteers finding who have carried the torch back into our problem areas at home? "That's the scary thing," says a twenty-two-year-old girl teaching in a large urban slum. "Once I start looking around at home, I see the same things in our country I noticed in the Philippines. Like the Philippines, the teachers here get caught up in a system and give up. They can't make some of the changes they want to make without risking their jobs. It's tough enough to keep your energy up when you see how large the problem is you are tackling."

The majority of returning volunteers can't tell you what their impact will be at home, or precisely what they plan for careers. They have learned the personal dialectic of self-confidence through self-doubt, and don't come by their answers easily.

Will the volunteer "readjust," give up, and adapt? Or will he take up challenges in his own back yard similar to those he faced overseas?

The answer to this question may provide the most important story yet to be written of the Peace Corps and its volunteers.



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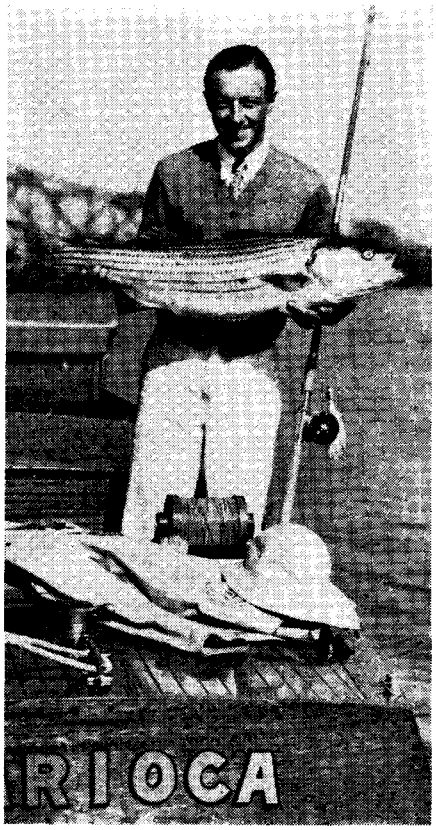
Sung but Unhonored

ASK the average music lover, pop or otherwise, to identify the composers of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "I Got Rhythm," "You're the Top," "Old Man River," and "Oklahoma," and the chances are that he'd score 100 per cent. Add to the foregoing the titles of such equally characteristic and popular tunes as "Tea for Two," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Through the Years," "Without a Song," and "More than You Know," and the chances are five to one that 100 per cent would turn to zero. All are the work of Vincent Youmans, the enormously talented other member of the Six of American Musical Comedy whose songs go marching on (he died in 1946), though his name is rarely honored.

As one can find by consulting the affectionate and belated tribute called *Through the Years* (Evergreen, 6401-2, $8.98), Youmans's time of productivity was crowded into the years between 1921 (when he began with *Two Little Girls in Blue* and followed two years later with *Wildflower*) and 1933 (when he attained a pinnacle of prominence in that celebrated musical film *Flying Down to Rio*, for which he wrote not only the title tune and "Carioca," but also a superb tango, "Orchids in the Moonlight").

A son of wealth (his father was a celebrated men's hatter), Youmans thereafter passed into a limbo of inactivity, compounded by a disposition to ill health that ended in his death in 1946, a victim of tuberculosis. There were rumors, in the interim, of new projects and a capacious trunk of unpublished songs, but the only project that materialized was a revue he produced in 1943, for which the music was by Ernesto Lecuona and not Youmans, and in which Leonide Massine had a part. It perished on the road. As for the trunk, if there was one, it has yielded no secrets to compare with such well-known truths as "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Without a Song," or "Tea for Two."

Like his confrères, Berlin, Porter, Gershwin, and Rodgers, he had a knack of his own, a style and sentiment that never ran off into the color of others. Like the rest, he wrote his share of Kern tunes when he was starting out—"Wild Flower" is an excellent imitation of the model—but once he had found his own feet, he was off and running



Vincent Youmans with a prize catch aboard the "Carioca" at Rumson, N. J. (1934).

with a pace and manner of his own. He had a special affinity for the forgotten zest of the one-step, which turned into such often-heard "openers"—something fast and mobile to get a program off the ground—as "I Know That You Know," "Rise n' Shine," "I Want to Be Happy," and "Drums in My Heart." He had, too, a special gift for writing fine verses that were an integral part of the appeal of such songs as "Hallelujah," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "More Than You Know," and had thoroughly mastered the art of writing a "release" (middle part of the pop tune sequence), which gives "Without a Song" a unique excellence thirty-five years later. Even when he borrowed from Brahms—in the instance of "Through the Years"—he went in a way that transformed the first four notes of "*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer*" into a positive masterpiece of another genre altogether.

For a true insight into the nature of Youmans's talent and the background from which it emerged (he is quoted as saying, in Stanley Green's authoritative brochure, that the year he spent as a rehearsal pianist and assistant to Victor Herbert was "the luckiest thing that ever happened to me"), the student of such matters is referred to a mélange of *No No Nanette* that appeared on the Pathé-Marconi label here a half-dozen years ago. Not only do the French lyrics by Colline and Mergy nestle close to the line of Youmans's well-known tunes in "Thé pour deux" and "Heureux tous les deux," but they reveal a fresh zest and sauciness in "Too Many Rings Around Rosie" and "The Call of the Sea," also their Continental roots.

With all this equipment, plus taste and discrimination, it would have seemed almost impossible for Youmans not to have been involved with at least one show that would have kept his name as well as his output alive and truly evergreen. However, his trend at the time was to such topical matters as *Hit the Deck*, *No No Nanette*, and *Smiles;* and when he turned to such more enterprising subjects as *Rainbow* with Laurence Stallings or *Great Day*, the surrounding matter was not up to his standard of excellence. Thus, unlike his contemporaries, he never had such a career's high point as *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Kiss Me Kate*, or *Show Boat*—not to mention a *Porgy and Bess*, a *Pal Joey*, or an *Oklahoma!*—to bring his works back to the stage in later years. Nothing with which he was associated was really revival-prone; even the period-flavored *Flying Down to Rio*, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, has a faded look to go with its buoyant sound when it makes an occasional appearance on the *Late Show*.

THE total of Youmans tunes on the present pair of LPs is thirty-six, and almost everyone has the ring of originality and individuality. The performances are best in the flavorsome backgrounds by the duo pianists, Paul Trueblood and Rita Segree, who know the period's virtues as well as its failings and keep them properly in balance. Of the four singers, Ellie Quint is clearly a lineal descendant of the sweet-voiced soubrettes who sang "Tie a String Around Your Finger," "Love Is Like a Song," and "Oh How I Long to Belong to You" thirty years ago; but Nolan Van Way is no Tibbett with "Without a Song," and Bob Quint is less like Franklyn Bauer than Trueblood and Segree are like Rainger and Fairchild, or Ohman and Arden, the reigning duo pianists of the day. All have usable enough voices, which should include Millie Slavin, who sings "I Want to Be Happy," "Happy Because I'm in Love," and "Music Makes Me"; but not the professionalism to sustain their best level at all times.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Armstrong before "Dolly"

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

LATE last winter a recording of "Hello, Dolly" by Louis Armstrong suddenly appeared high on the "top 40" tabulations of the music trade papers, lists otherwise monopolized largely by the Beatles, the Beach Boys, and Connie Francis. It eventually reached the top of those lists and has by now sold well over 1,000,000 copies. When "Dolly" passed its peak in midsummer, another Armstrong single, "I Still Get Jealous," appeared on the lists, moving upward.

Another recent Armstrong release is a Verve album called *The Best of Louis Armstrong*. The title is grossly inaccurate, but the album does contain remakes of "I Got a Right to Sing the Blues" and "Body and Soul," pieces that in their earlier versions certainly are among the best Louis Armstrong recordings. But the earlier versions come from 1930 and 1933.

It is patently ironic that Louis Armstrong should have his greatest popular success some forty years after his formidable talent first began to affect jazz music, and some thirty years after his own creative peak, years that have seen his ideas absorbed and developed by legitimate followers and thoroughly popularized by some lesser lights—sometimes grotesquely popularized if one thinks of performers like Louis Prima.

Armstrong's work, almost from the beginning, affected the whole of jazz music; hardly a player was untouched, and hardly a composer. And not only jazz, for he has affected all our popular music, his vibrato has found its way into the brass sections of symphony orchestras, and his brass technique has encouraged concert composers since the Twenties to write for trumpet rather differently from the way their predecessors had. One way or another, Armstrong has affected almost all our music. But nowadays most people think only of the genial Satchmo, the displaced vaudevillian, whose presence echoes the manner of the Twenties as he grins on our nightclub stages or television sets.

Louis Armstrong would surely have been an important musician aside from his genius: his instrumental technique was more precise than had appeared in jazz before him, his musical ideas were more consistent, and his rhythm was surer. His rhythm was also different, and in this it was a culmination of the jazz style of his home city, New Orleans. His closest predecessor is probably his acknowledged mentor, Joseph "King" Oliver. The Oliver who is closest to Armstrong is the fluent Oliver one can hear on "Dippermouth Blues" (later "Sugarfoot Stomp"), which was one of the most imitated solos in jazz even during the period of Armstrong's dominance. But Armstrong broke away fully from the simple, clipped, staccato syncopations of ragtime, and in doing so he took full melodic advantage of the possibilities of a newer idiom, an even, four-beats-to-the-bar that New Orleans jazz had been moving toward, apparently since its beginnings. From then on, the music had a new name, first among musicians and gradually among the public at large; from then on, it was "swing."

Armstrong's earliest solos ring through the ensemble passages on King Oliver's earliest records, "Canal Street Blues" and "Froggy More" from 1923, and even today it seems evident that there was a major talent behind them.

The following year he was in New York as a featured soloist with Fletcher Henderson's orchestra. Musicians and composer-arrangers flocked to hear him, imitated his style (as best they could), and ransacked stores to find duplicates of his clothes, particularly his unstylish, heavy-toed shoes.

The Louis Armstrong who bursts through such Henderson performances as "Shanghai Shuffle," "Copenhagen," "Everybody Loves My Baby," and the rest is an original and thoroughly attractive soloist. But he is still not the towering musician that Armstrong was to become. The expansive Armstrong who recorded "Wild Man Blues" three years later in Chicago is a much more authoritative player, and the man who played the staggering stop-time chorus on "Potato Head Blues" or the series of dazzling descending runs from a single, piercing note on "Gully Low Blues" ("S.O.L. Blues") is more authoritative still. As late as the 1940s, one could hear reputable jazzmen paying Armstrong the tribute of reproducing his solos from this period, virtually note for note.

The self-discovery continued on "West End Blues" (which moves from an arresting, virtuoso introduction to an eloquently simple conclusion) and on "Muggles." In these performances, the nature of Armstrong's genius truly begins to reveal itself. And by now Armstrong was usually in the company of pianist Earl Hines, probably the first musician who was up to the trumpeter's fresh rhythmic and technical approach to jazz.

It is often said that the Louis Armstrong of this period broke with the jazz tradition and abandoned all possibility that the cornet or trumpet could any longer function in the old way as the leading voice in the tight-knit, complex, hetrophonic New Orleans ensemble style. True, but at the same time a great solo melodist and bravura performer was released. He was not only released from the demands of a predominantly ensemble style but he also found his own release from the purely rhythmic embellishments and filigrees—the obvious little note-doublings and triplings, for example—of the younger Armstrong. And by the mid-Twenties after all, the New Orleans ensemble style had been around for years and its possibilities had been thoroughly explored, needing only Jelly Roll Morton's brilliant personal summary of its achievements to make it permanently "classic." Jazz needed a new beginning by this time, and Armstrong provided it.

One can take a 1927 recording of "Twelfth Street Rag" (recorded in 1927 but unissued until 1940) as perhaps the most instructive in Armstrong's career. The piece was a lightweight and dated pseudo-rag even when it was written; he slowed it down, thoroughly re-composed it in a melodic paraphrase, and made moving instrumental music out of mechanical shallowness. One might say that he made it an eloquent and original blues, which is a good brief description of Armstrong's music in almost any performance.

UNTIL 1929 Louis Armstrong had in effect been reinterpreting jazz as he found it, using a repertory of the familiar pieces themselves or pieces built on the familiar structures and using the familiar chords. That job completed, he next undertook the popular repertory, the tin-pan alley output of the day, and reached the peak of his career with such material between 1930 and 1933. In the final analysis many of these pieces may not be as good musically as Fats Waller's "Squeeze Me" or King Oliver's "West End Blues," but they were often written with a greater musical sophistication and thus gave the trumpeter's talents a greater challenge.

Perhaps if he had had initial "taste" Armstrong would have found hardly any repertory at all. But the true expression of his taste (and his genius) lies in his ability to *re*compose a piece

(*Continued on page* 82)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Kenny Burrell: *Soul Call*. Burrell, guitar; Will Davis, piano; Martin Rivera, bass; Bill English, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. Prestige 7315, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Burrell is one of the most artistic and consistently interesting jazz musicians to come to the fore in the last decade, and this album could be recommended without reservation were it not for the cluttering effect of the conga on several numbers. Considering the comprehensive equipment of the jazz drummer and the proven ability of Bill English, the additional percussion on a session of this kind is quite superfluous. However, if the uneasy noises in the basement are ignored, there is some uncommonly fine guitar playing to be heard in unsentimental ballad explorations, in blues slow and melancholy, and in blues fast and defiant. The quietly sympathetic playing of pianist Davis is very appropriate to the amplified but well controlled tone that makes Burrell's guitar so pleasant to the ear.
The Definitive Jazz Scene, Vol. I. Featuring Count Basie, John Coltrane, Duke Ellington, Terry Gibbs, Coleman Hawkins, Shelly Manne, Charlie Mingus, Shirley Scott, Clark Terry, McCoy Tyner, and Ben Webster. Impulse A-99, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The ten performances in this collection have not been issued before and they derive from sessions for the most part previously released by Impulse. Their over-all quality is good, and they were presumably laid aside because of programing considerations—length, tempo, mood, etc. Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, and Ray Nance (violin) create a moving version of "Solitude" together, and Hawkins returns in an exciting "Avalon" with Shelly Manne. The first publicly issued recording of the number Ellington wrote for Queen Elizabeth II, "A Single Petal of a Rose," is played by Ben Webster with dignity and lyricism. Mingus declaims compulsively on the subject of "Freedom," and a fluted Basie sextet swings crisply on a Thad Jones original.
Duke Ellington: *Ellington '65*. Ellington, piano, and his fourteen-piece orchestra. Reprise R-6122, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Eleven hits of the Sixties, magically transformed by the arranging skills of Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, are here superlatively performed by the matchless Ellington orchestra. The ensemble is, as ever, one of uniquely satisfying textures. It is characteristic that the hit originally made by a trombonist should feature clarinetist Russell Procope, and that another made by a clarinetist should become a showcase for Harry Carney's baritone saxophone. Nor, of course, is anything so obvious as a trumpet solo permitted on "Hello, Dolly!"; instead, Jimmy Hamilton displays his talent as a tenor saxophonist. The right vehicles, settings, and tempos are also found for the highly individual voices of Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Lawrence Brown, and Cootie Williams.
Hank Jones: *This Is Ragtime Now!* Jones, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. ABC-Paramount 496, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	An accomplished and versatile pianist, Jones sounds thoroughly at home in an idiom that is a far cry from that in which he usually expresses himself. He has selected ten of the best rags by Scott Joplin, Joseph Lamb, Tom Turpin, and Joseph Northrup, added one of his own and one by Manny Albam, and interpreted them with an understanding of their relentless rhythm and lacy melodies that removes much of the mechanical feeling that is generally carried over from the piano rolls. A "tack" piano was used on the first side to give a saloon sound, an undoctored grand on the second. Lamb's "Bohemia Rag" is an uncommon piece especially worth hearing. Milt Hinton and Osie Johnson obviously enjoyed the experience and made the necessary rhythmical adjustments like the true professionals they are.
Gene Mayl: *Swinging Saloon Dixie*. Mayl, bass; Dick Baars, cornet; Booty Wood, trombone; Pat Patterson, clarinet; Clarence Hall, piano; Shannon Bell, drums; Monte Tabbert, vocal. Jazzology J-6, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This spirited Dixieland set is distinguished by the pianist and trombonist, both of whom are evidently Dixielanders by adoption only. Hall plays blues and boogie with assurance and imagination, and Wood, who has been in some of the best big bands, continues to employ the plunger-muted style he developed while with Ellington. They contribute largely to the record's most successful tracks—"Backwater Blues" and "Blues for Tiny." Baars, a young cornetist whose work suggests the influence of both Muggsy Spanier and Ruby Braff, plays agreeably, but Patterson's clipped and often uncertain phrasing leaves much to be desired. There are a couple of big-voiced vocals by Monte Tabbert, a singer clearly as familiar with Joe Williams as with Jack Teagarden.
Ike Quebec: *It Might As Well Be Spring*. Quebec, tenor saxophone; Freddie Roach, organ; Milt Hinton, bass; Al Harewood, drums. Blue Note 4105, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Another excellent posthumous album by Ike Quebec, this should serve as a reminder that many brilliant musicians of his generation are still neglected. As Nat Hentoff says in the illuminating notes, Quebec makes "no brittle attempts to conform to fashion." His big, warm tone is stirring and sometimes poignant on his logical ballad lines, and he swings with an easy authority on the faster "Ol' Man River" and "A Light Reprieve." He and Milt Hinton, an old associate, have a good relationship throughout and sound particularly congenial on the latter title. Roach's organ-playing is discreet and the tempos are well chosen.
Jimmy Smith: *The Cat*. Smith, organ, with big band. Verve V6-8587, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Jack McDuff: *The Dynamic Jack McDuff*. McDuff, organ, with trio and big band. Prestige 7323, mono and stereo, $4.98. Shirley Scott: *Great Scott!* Miss Scott, organ, with duo and big band. Impulse A-67, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	All three albums use the successful 1964 formula of organ, big band, and depressing movie themes, a formula doubtless held in tactical reserve for the eventual overthrow of the Beatles and their screaming retinue. The first was arranged and conducted by Lalo Schifrin, the second by Benny Golson (quartet only on the second side), and the third by Oliver Nelson (trio on the second side). Schifrin writes well for brass and employs trumpets, trombones, French horns, and rhythm to achieve the most immediately arresting results, Smith adding a dynamic ingredient to all the performances. Red Holloway's tenor saxophone and George Benson's guitar are featured on both sides of the McDuff album, and Shirley Scott makes her debut as a singer in a blues on hers, which is, incidentally, the least violent of the three by a narrow margin.
Clark Terry: *The Happy Horns of Clark Terry*. Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Phil Woods, alto saxophone and clarinet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Impulse A-64, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Oscar Peterson: *Oscar Peterson Trio Plus One*. Peterson, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn and vocal; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. Mercury MG 20975, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Though the sextet on the Impulse does not impress as a unit, its members do well individually. There is an episodic performance of Bix Beiderbecke's much-admired but seldom-played "In a Mist," on which Terry's musicianship stands him in good stead. Sounding more committed emotionally on the Mercury album, he plays both trumpet and flugelhorn in an effective kind of dialogue on "Jim" and uses the plunger mute skilfully on "I Want a Little Girl," where his range enables him to bring off a striking climax. More surprising are his scat vocals on the final track of each side. "Incoherent Blues" is deliberately humorous, but on "Mumbles" the singing—an astonishing amalgam—is thoroughly exhilarating. Peterson, happily recorded on his own piano for the first time, plays with more than usual authority and drive, and Ray Brown's bass foundation is richly stimulating. The carelessly transcribed liner notes contain some extraordinary spelling, including a reference to a classical pianist named "Gisa King"!
Mary Lou Williams: *Mary Lou Williams Presents*. Miss Williams, piano; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone and bass clarinet; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Tucker, Theodore Cromwell, Larry Gales, or Percy Heath, bass; George Chamble, Tim Kennedy, or Percy Brice, drums; Jimmy Mitchell, vocal, and the Howard Roberts Choral Group. Folkways 2843, mono and stereo, $5.95.	Made at different sessions during the past year or so, this intriguing collection is illustrative of Mary Lou Williams's integrity and imagination. Among the compositions born of her religious experience are "Black Christ of the Andes" (dedicated to St. Martin de Porres) and "Praise the Lord." The former uses the harmonic structures of jazz, but reverently avoids a pronounced rhythmic pulse; the other, full of exaltation and happiness, swings over a strong beat with Budd Johnson's wailing tenor saxophone. Like other numbers here, it cries out for performance by a big band, the composer being one of the most gifted arrangers jazz has ever known. Several trio tracks reveal her undiminished—indeed, increased—ability as an original and swinging pianist. "My Blue Heaven" and "Dirge Blues" are little masterpieces. —Stanley Dance.

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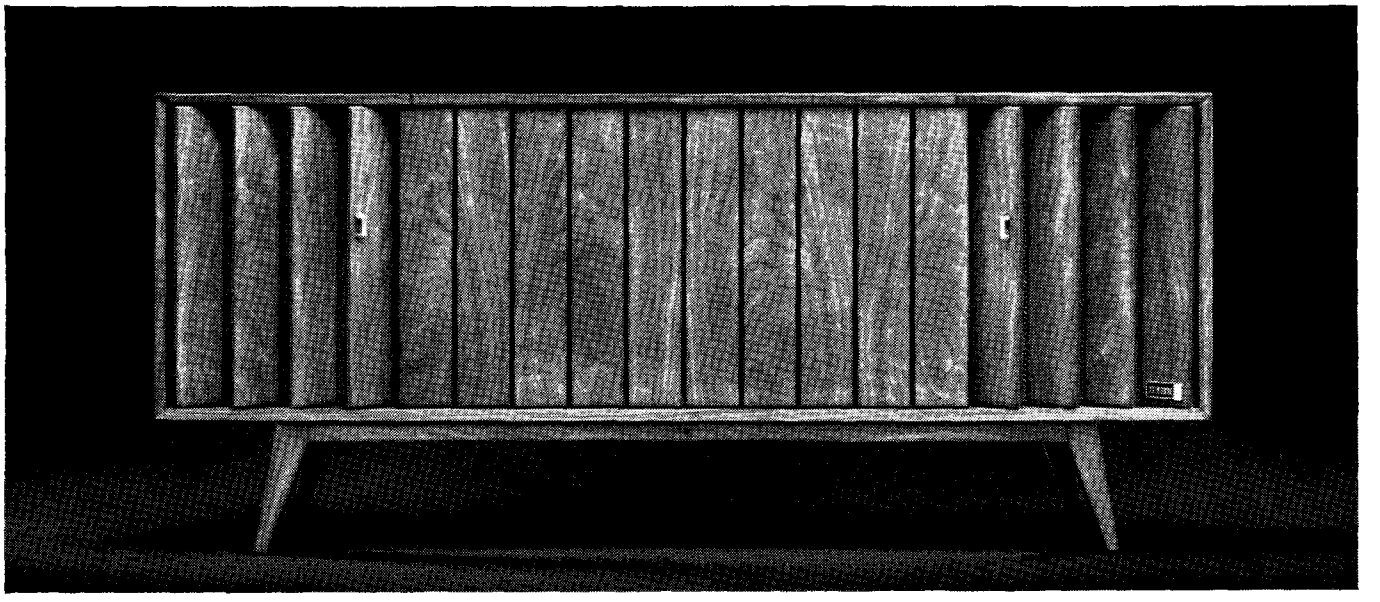

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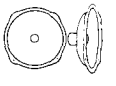
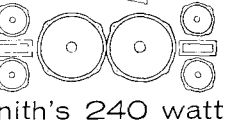
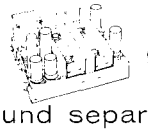
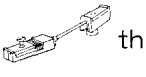
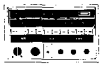
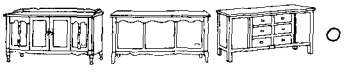
Zenith takes two giant Woofers  adds the brilliance of Zenith Exponential Horns and a precision quartet of Zenith Mid-Range Speakers Eight Speakers in all  Now, whether you like your music HIGH AND MIGHTY or SWEET AND LOW, Zenith's 240 watt (120 watts E.I.A.) Solid State Amplifier  gives you the finest sound reproduction in home console stereo. For the finest sound separation, Zenith adds the Stereo Professional Record Changer with the famous Zenith Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm  that makes it impossible to accidentally ruin your fine stereo records. Next Zenith builds in a quality radio tuner  that lets you enjoy brilliant AM, crystal-clear FM, and exciting Stereo FM Radio. And then Zenith wraps it all up in a fine-furniture stereo cabinet to bring you the world's finest home stereo instrument. See and hear all the new 1965 Zenith quality stereos...in a wide variety of fine-furniture consoles  one priced just right for you...now at your Zenith dealer's. Pictured at the top, Zenith Romberg, Model MM2670W.

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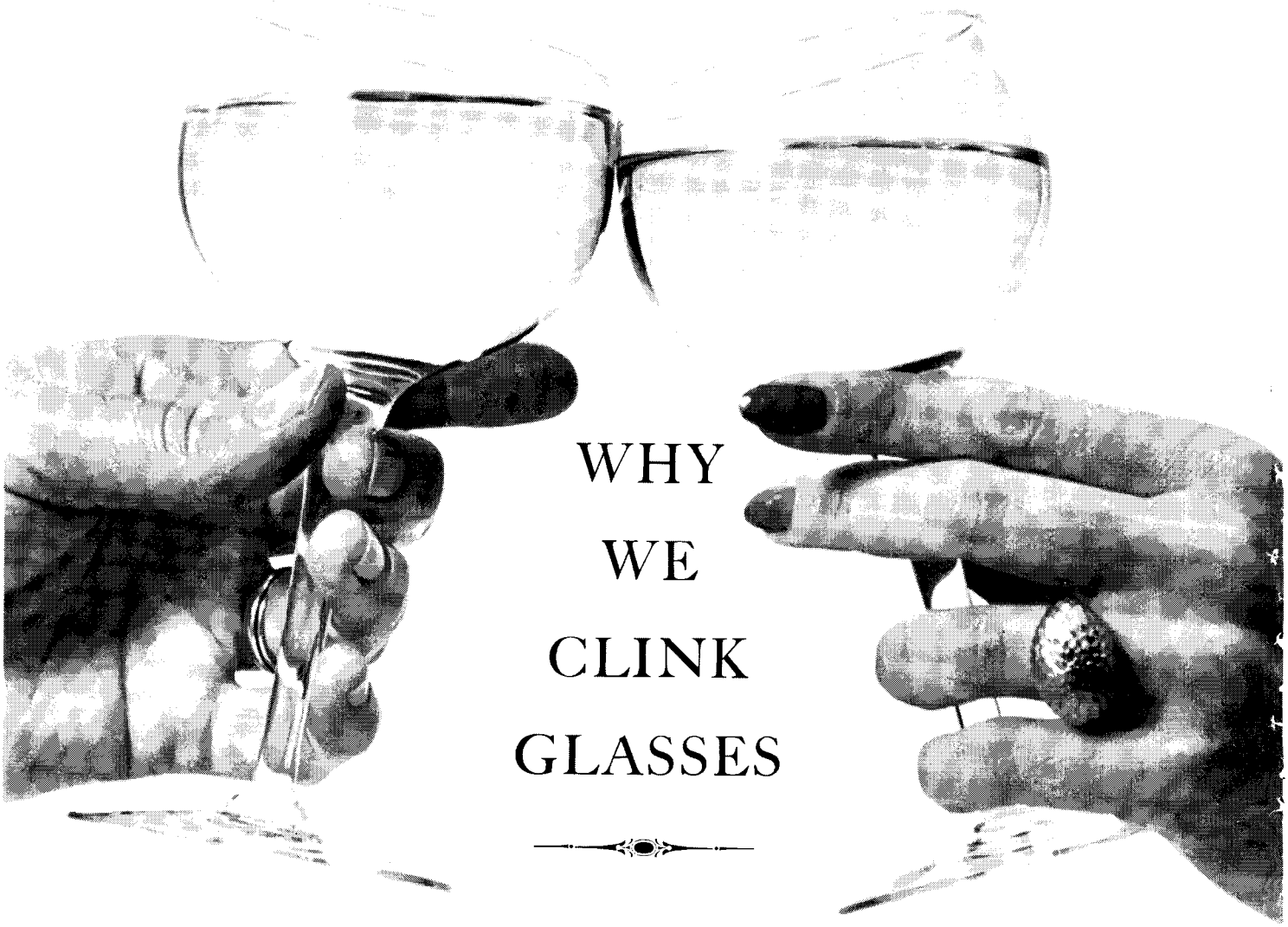

WHY WE CLINK GLASSES

BEFORE we start, lest you think that this is just about clinking our Paul Masson Riesling, perhaps we ought to explain that the reason its label is down below is because we didn't have room for the labels of all thirteen Paul Masson table wines. We had to settle for one; no particular reason.

Now, as to why people clink glasses before they drink wine. We have recently learned that it was the Greeks who started it, which came as somewhat of a surprise since we had never thought of there even *being* glasses that long ago. Perhaps it was goblets?

In any event, they started the custom for an appealing, attractive, and symmetrical reason: so that the drinking of wine would satisfy *all* the senses.

The flavor of wine satisfies the taste, the bouquet of wine pleases the nose, the limpid color of wine entrances the eye, and the feel of wine on the tongue fulfills the touch. Only the ear is left unappeased.

And that is why we clink glasses; to make a glad sound.*

Isn't that a nice piece of information? If you'd like some others (such as further details on the thirteen wines we allude to at the left) we'll be happy to send you edifying information along with the actual labels from each of the thirteen so you'll know what to look for next time you go to the wine store or your favorite restaurant.

The more perceptive will note that the glasses above are too full for either good wine tasting or good clinking; two-thirds is optimum. About his wedding ring, honi soit qui mal y pense.

Please write: PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, DEPT. C, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA (and please visit—it's an hour south of San Francisco) ©1964

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Folk and Blues LPs

PERFORMER, TITLE, DATA	REPORT
Judy Roderick: *Ain't Nothin' But the Blues.* Miss Roderick, guitar and vocals; various accompaniments including Sidney De Paris, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Bobby Short, organ and piano; John Hammond, mouth-harp. Columbia CL 2153, $3.98; stereo, CS 8953, $4.98.	For some inexplicable reason, female blues singers are few in number, limited in quality. Regardless of this stated fact, here is a performer who is worth her weight in any two or three gals performing in the same genre. A lustry shouter, somewhat in the tradition of Claire Austin of the old Turk Murphy Jazz Band, she comes on like thunder in her debut album. Her accompaniment is superb, and the choice of material, which includes "Baltimore Oriole," "Come Back, Baby," and "He Was A Friend of Mine," as well as a selection of ballads, is perfectly suited to Miss Roderick's driving style.
New Dimensions in Banjo and Bluegrass. Eric Weissberg, five-string banjo, guitar, and mandolin; Marshall Brickman, five-string banjo and guitar; Gordon Terry, fiddle; Clarence White, guitar. Elektra EKL-238, $4.98.	Weissberg and Brickman, two members of the "Tarriers" folk group, pick their way through eighteen banjo-bluegrass instrumentals in such dynamic and creative fashion that there is little room to doubt, after listening to this record, that they are just about the best around or extremely close thereto. On a number of the selections they both play five-string banjo, and the results are remarkable. Terry and White, both accomplished bluegrass musicians in their own right, are valuable assets, and Brickman's liner notes are cohesive and most informative.
The Poplin Family of Sumter, South Carolina. "Uncle" China Poplin, five-string banjo; Edna Poplin Elmore, guitar; David Jackson, guitar; Bill Poplin, mandolin; all with vocals. Folkways FA 2306, $5.95.	This is not only one of the most representative records of traditional country music ever recorded but also one of the happiest collections waxed in many a day. There is a great deal of singing, old-time two-finger banjo picking, and some fine guitar work, both ensemble and solo, present here. A working unit in their native South Carolina, they have a wide repertoire of traditional material and have adapted songs like "You Gotta See Mama Every Night," the pop "Just Because," and "Brown's Ferry Blues" to their own individual style. A musical treat in every way.
Son House and J. D. Short: *Blues from the Mississippi Delta.* House, guitar and vocals; Short, mouth-harp, guitar, and vocals. Folkways FA 2467, $5.98.	Two prime examples of the rough, intensely introspective "delta" blues style, both House and Short appear at their respective best. The record is devoted to solo performances by each of the men which were recorded some twenty-odd years apart. The Son House sides were drawn from the archives of the Library of Congress, for which they were originally recorded some time near the beginning of the Second World War, while Short recorded his tracks in St. Louis in 1962. The real value of this release lies in the availability of seven more sides by the legendary House, an artist whose total output has been very small. A man of deep, brooding intensity, he has a sad, moaning vocal style and an exciting, whining instrumental attack, all of which amply convey the fact that he is one of the finest of all recorded bluesmen.
Bob Gibson: *Where I'm Bound.* Gibson, twelve-string guitar and vocals; unidentified accompaniment on some tracks. Elektra EKL-239, $4.98.	Gibson, known as the "folksinger's folksinger," is a pleasant, hard-working, and, at times, original performer. This record is a song-bag of blues, ballads, folk and gospel numbers, all of which maintain a fairly good level of entertainment. Except for the disastrous instrumental "12-String Rag," the items all make for easy listening, with two interesting Shell Silverstein compositions, "Wastin' Your Time" and "The New 'Frankie and Johnnie' Song," and a rather unique and imaginative adaptation of Elizabeth Cotton's "Oh Babe, It Ain't No Lie" (called "Some Old Woman" by the artist)—being the most outstanding.
Yank Rachell: *Mandolin Blues.* Rachell, vocals, mandolin, and, on one track, guitar; Big Joe Williams, nine-string guitar; Hammie Nixon, jug and harmonica; Sleepy John Estes, guitar; Mike Bloomfield, guitar. Delmark DL-606, $4.98.	All of the participants on this skiffle-type LP are legendary figures in their own right and are as interesting collectively as they are individually. (It is a shame, however, that more group recordings featuring all of the men are not available.) The spotlight is on Rachell, a man who made quite a reputation for himself as a mandolin player and singer, in the Twenties and Thirties. Generally an accompanist, he is an able lead performer who appears to still have a great deal to contribute to the field of the blues.
Luderin Darbonne's Hackberry Ramblers: Louisiana Cajun Music. Luderin Darbonne, fiddle; Lennis Sonnier, guitar and vocals; Edwin Duhon, piano, accordion, bass, harmonica and vocals; Crawford Vincent, drums, triangle, and vocals; Glen Croker, steel-guitar, piano, and vocals; Johnny Parker, electric bass. Arhoolie F 5003, $4.98.	The entire disk is devoted to the rarely-heard, rarely-recorded, localized dance music of the Cajun people of Southern Louisiana. It is a conglomerate of a number of styles and traditions, with jazz and hillbilly music of the Thirties being readily discernible elements. (For an extended analysis of the music and the performers, consult Chris Strachwitz's superb liner notes.) Despite all of the external influences, this music "has that unique sound . . . which makes it unmistakably Cajun music." Listen to Duhon's accordion, leader Darbone's country fiddle, and such unexpected delights as the Cajun/English version of the blues "Trouble in Mind," ("Fais Pas Ca"), and the fiddle-accordion duet on "Step It Fast." This LP takes on added significance in the light of the scarcity of such recordings, and Arhoolie is to be commended for this choice offering.
Dean de Wolf: *Folk Swinger.* De Wolf, vocals and guitar; Ray Tate, twelve-string guitar, mandolin and banjo; Johnny Pate, bass; Phil Thomas, drums. Argo LP-4030, $3.98.	With so many individuals lacking in talent finding their way into recording studios these days, young de Wolf comes on as a most refreshing change of pace. This twenty-two-year-old Chicagoan has so much more than most "alleged" folksingers that it almost seems unfair to discuss him in relation to his poorer contemporaries. He is melodic, individual, intense, and, above all, imaginative. Consider the musical impressions of "Heah Rattler" and the extended version of "Cane in the Brazos" (5:30), to cite but two of his efforts. The driving version of his own "Pickin' Berries" is also a standout, as is the assistance, especially that of Raye Tate, of his accompanying group.
Alexander "Mudcat" Thomas: *Backwoods Blues.* Thomas, vocals and piano; unidentified drums. Smash, MGS-27046, $3.98; stereo SRS 67046, $4.98.	An old-timer, Thomas is a barrel-house, blues performer well into his seventies who is still active and who exhibits an infectious manner of enthusiasm. Not a great artist by any standards, he nevertheless emits a contagious feeling of well-being and "finger-snapping" at this live recording session. Heavily steeped in traditional material, "Tell Me Mama," "Step It Up And Go," and both "Mudcat's Blues" and "Worrisome Blues," he also shows the pop-hillbilly influences upon his repertoire, "My Blue Heaven," "Tennessee Waltz," and "Steel Guitar Rag."
The Weavers: *Reunion at Carnegie Hall.* Peter Seeger, Erik Darling, Frank Hamilton, Ronnie Gilbert, Lee Hays, Fred Hellerman, Bernie Krause, all vocals. Varied accompaniments include six and 12-string guitars and five-string banjo. Vanguard Stereo VRS-9130, $5.98.	In a sense this is an unfortunate release; it was shortly after this "reunion" took place that the Weavers disbanded for good. Long-time forerunners of all present-day folk groups, their level of artistry has always been consistently high, regardless of the various changes in personnel, and a note of sadness is struck with the realization that this wonderful group is no more. At any rate, this was a joyous occasion, which certainly deserved two LPs rather than one, and the happy spirit permeates all of the songs performed. Particularly winning are "San Francisco Bay Blues" (Darling and Hamilton), "Guantanamera" (Seeger, Gilbert & Krause), and "Ramblin' Boy" (Seeger). —Lawrence Cohn.

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Armstrong

Continued from page 77

into something meaningful, and to play it with such compellingly eloquent passion as to be almost beyond criticism. He alters one note here, five notes there; he delays this phrase, anticipates that one, and makes sublime music out of almost anything. The greatest case in point is surely something called "That's My Home," surely one of the silliest ditties ever written, and one of the greatest Armstrong recordings. He could also improve good material like Harold Arlen's "I've Got the World on a String" or his "I Got a Right to Sing the Blues." The latter is a superb performance from almost any point of view, but particularly in its rhythmic freedom: Armstrong unfolds a spontaneously revised melody, as if poised high above his (as usual) sodden accompaniment, yet in perfect time and with perfect swing.

His influence from this period extends far indeed. On his 1930 version of "Sweethearts on Parade" and on his 1933 version of "Basin Street Blues," Armstrong clearly outlines the phrasing and rhythmic manner of modern jazz. How well Charlie Parker must have known those records! No player, not even Roy Eldridge in his most advanced mood, was able to grasp and follow through on the implications of such Armstrong solos as these, until Parker in the mid-Forties.

Armstrong's peak years are full of excellent recordings yet there are inevitable failures, and they are curious and almost all of a kind. His greatest work was done at slow and medium tempo, whereas the up-tempo show pieces like "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy," "Shine," and "Tiger Rag," for all their excitement and impressive technique, sound oddly incomplete, rather like raucous build-ups for events that never take place. But "Stardust," for example, combines outright grandstanding and musical art—as Puccini did for his leading ladies.

Armstrong was also capable of pure melodic invention with no reference to a theme (the 1932 "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," the 1938 "I Can't Give You Anything But Love"), but the great Armstrong is the Armstrong of melodic paraphrase.

AFTER 1935 his style went through a simplification and retrenchment. And after 1947 Armstrong returned to the quasi-Dixieland format that he has kept since. The change began auspiciously at a Town Hall concert in New York with a small group also featuring trombonist Jack Teagarden and drummer Sidney Catlett, which luckily was recorded.

From that time on, Armstrong has become more and more the genial Satchmo, the grand old man, the engaging entertainer, the nightclub performer, successful with almost any audience that is in any way interested in nightclub performers. And in this, he has had the first period of sustained public success in his career. But the great jazz trumpeter is still there, as anyone who listens to his more recent recordings (or rather re-recordings) of "King of the Zulus," "Basin Street Blues," "Lazy River," "Georgia on My Mind," or "Struttin' with Some Barbecue" will know.

I have spoken exclusively of Armstrong the instrumentalist here, but he is also by reputation one of the great, and certainly one of the most influential, singers in jazz history. On the face of it, his style is the same as a singer and as a trumpeter. But for me, his horn carries the full, complex implications of his style, while his voice carries only its sur-

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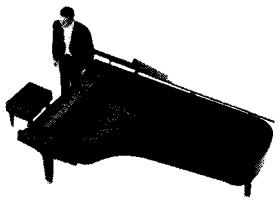

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face energy, exuberance, and geniality. His singing is to me often like his stage joking: there is much of the likable Satchmo in his voice, but Louis Armstrong the trumpeter is nothing like so one-sided a being.

Armstrong's groups large and small, in person and on records, have been notoriously sloppy and downright bad during much of his career, and he has been notoriously lax in seeing that they be anything else. But from 1947 through 1951 (and particularly in Teagarden, Hines, and Catlett) he had players who were outstanding, at least individually if not so much as a group.

As I say, the great trumpet soloist is still there on occasion. He recently did a version of Duke Ellington's "I Got it Bad and That Ain't Good" with the composer at the piano. The opening chorus, in *ad lib* tempo, is a simply embellished and slight melodic paraphrase, and it is the work of a player in his sixties. But it is also clearly the work of a great musician. On such occasions he plays with such transported conviction that one simply listens in awe to whatever comes from his horn.

Discography

Armstrongs first solos on "Canal Street Blues" and "Froggy More" with King Oliver, along with Oliver's own "Dippermouth Blues," can be heard on Riverside 122. There are nine selections with Armstrong on the first LP of Columbia's *Fletcher Henderson Story* (C4L 19).

The best version of "Wild Man Blues" is owned by Decca but is currently not in print. In Columbia's four-volume *Louis Armstrong Story*, Volume 2 contains "Potato Head Blues," "S.O.L. Blues," "Gully Low Blues," and "Twelfth Street Rag." Volume 3, with Earl Hines, has "Muggles" and "West End Blues." Volume 4 has two versions of "Stardust," and comes from 1929-1931. Columbia also owns "Sweethearts on Parade," but it is currently out of print; it may be obtained on European pressings in certain specialty shops.

Victor LPM 2322 is classic Armstrong, with "I Got a Right to Sing the Blues," "That's My Home," "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," and the great version of "Basin Street Blues." It omits "I've Got the World on a String."

On Decca DL 8327, there is the 1938 "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," and an also celebrated "Jeepers Creepers"; the rest of the set is remakes plus some trivial vocal novelties. The recent versions of "King of the Zulus," "Basin Street Blues," "Lazy River," "Georgia On My Mind," and "Struttin' with Some Barbecue" are parts of a highly uneven set of remakes called *Satchmo: My Musical Autobiography* (Decca DXM-155); however the LPs in this set have appeared singly and one can be more selective thereby.

The recent "I Got it Bad" in Duke Ellington's company is on Roulette R 52103.

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Nimzovich, first of the hypermoderns, played the eccentric 3 B-N5 against the Sicilian Defense set up by Gilg in the Kecskemet Tournament of 1927. His palpable threat was BxN, to double the Pawns and concentrate on their weakness. But Gilg prevented this by 3 . . . Q-B2. So the game took a revolutionary turn.

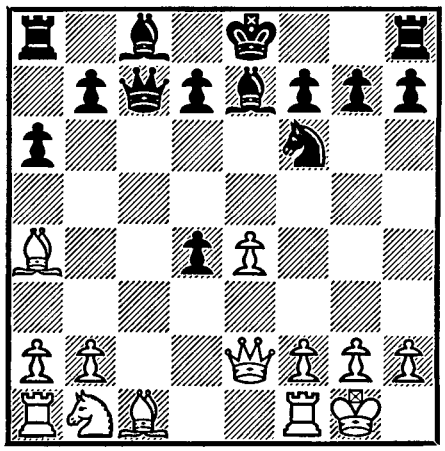
If Black plays 8 . . . O-O, Nimzovich shows a pretty possibility: 9 BxN, QxB 10 PxKP, NxP 11 R-K1, P-B4 12 PxP e.p., NxP/3 13 QxB, R-K1; 14 QxRch, NxQ; 15 RxNch, K-B2 16 N-K5ch, and White regains his Queen, remaining a piece to the good.

After 15 BxPch, the Bishop is immune because of 16 P-K6ch. If 17 . . . NxR 18 N-Q5, Q-B3 19 B-K3, P-Q3 20 B-N6ch, K-Q2 21 P-K6 mate.

Resignation is timely. If 20 . . . KxR 21 N-Q5ch. Or if 20 . . . QxR 21 QxN, with the double threat of rook and checkmate.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Nimzovich White	Gilg Black	Nimzovich White	Gilg Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	6 Q-K2	P-K4
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	7 O-O	B-K2
3 B-N5	Q-B2	8 P-Q4	BPxP
4 P-B3	P-QR3	9 PxP	NxQP
5 B-R4	N-B3	10 NxN	PxN



11 P-K5	P-Q6	16 B-R6	N-B7
12 Q-K3	N-Q4	17 N-B3	N-Q5
13 Q-N3	P-KN3	18 QxQP	QxP
14 B-N3	N-N5	19 KR-K1	Q-B3
15 BxPch	K-Q1	20 RxB	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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(Continued from page 85)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1593

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An "old" subject of a song dear to barbershop quartets.	144 54 117 48 34 35 203 108 3 160
B. Susceptible of getting forcibly thrown out.	163 65 37 109 130 52 135 14 215
C. Flyer.	133 216 87 111 214 190 120
D. A croquetlike game in which balls are rolled through arches into pits.	43 17 104 64 76 83 53 91 31
E. Popular beverage, given a special flavor by a certain process of preparation which appeals to many sophisticated tastes (2 wds.).	204 189 66 84 96 105 165 33
F. English mathematician and philosopher who collaborated with Bertrand Russell on *Principia Mathematica*, 1910.	168 155 56 13 193 118 176 197 114
G. Wall Street slang to express the price-reduction of fifty cents a share on some stock (3 wds.).	78 123 158 103 192 139 142 55
H. Certain percussion instrument whose sound is deadened (2 wds.).	38 7 170 154 121 18 211 127 157 42 30
I. Convert a tract of land into one set apart for the hunting of game, usually by the sovereign.	115 59 112 150 8 222 166 72
J. Pressing want of something (3 wds.).	198 124 217 92 173 213 129 149 41
K. Incapable of being reexamined and corrected.	122 61 138 183 219 145 68 29 94 162 171
L. The fresh-water nymph of classic mythology.	88 24 136 27 58

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Small, brilliant S. American hummingbird which feeds on honey, juice of the sugar cane, etc.	62 131 39 134 175 67 44 101 95
N. Infernal.	107 113 116 100 22 180 201
O. Princess in Verdi's opera *Don Carlos* who sings the beautiful "O don fatale".	179 97 172 4 25
P. Utensil for cooking, often at the table, certain popular luncheon cakes (2 wds.).	32 20 2 9 210 202 102 90 220 187
Q. Describing Macbeth's "imaginings" which he thought worse to bear than "present fears".	205 153 98 140 143 21 70 119
R. In a manner whose appeal to sense is without taste or flavor.	10 151 19 181 82 99 188 26 141
S. Horn player or trumpeter.	77 1 195 80 57 194
T. Burrowing	128 71 196 6 16 169 159 86 137
U. Followed by WORD X, two of the best-known varieties of WORD E (3 wds.).	110 51 45 209 147 186 212 28 5 15 177 12 161 218 23
V. Put forth; expand; strain, esp. beyond a limit.	208 74 185 81 200 11 47 146 89 63
W. Not doubted or challenged.	46 164 50 79 69 152 191 93 60 126 156 182
X. See WORD U.	40 174 125 207 36 199 184 75
Y. Imaginary location symbolizing comfort and prosperity (colloq.; 2 wds.).	132 73 167 49 106 148 178 206 85 221

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 S	2 P		3 A	4 O	5 U		6 T	7 H	8 I		9 P	10 R	11 V	12 U	13 F
	14 B	15 U	16 T	17 D	18 H	19 R		20 P	21 Q	22 N	23 U	24 L	25 O	26 R		27 L	28 U
29 K	30 H	31 D		32 P	33 E	34 A		35 A	36 X	37 B		38 H	39 M	40 X	41 J		42 H
43 D	44 M	45 U	46 W	47 V	48 A	49 Y		50 W	51 U	52 B	53 D	54 A	55 G	56 F	57 S	58 L	
59 I	60 W	61 K		62 M	63 V	64 D		65 B	66 E	67 M		68 K	69 W	70 Q	71 T	72 I	73 Y
74 V	75 X	76 D	77 S		78 G	79 W	80 S	81 V	82 R	83 D	84 E	85 Y	86 T		87 C	88 L	89 V
90 P	91 D	92 J	93 W	94 K	95 M	96 E		97 O	98 Q	99 R	100 N	101 M	102 P	103 G	104 D	105 E	
106 Y	107 N	108 A		109 B	110 U	111 C	112 I	113 N	114 F		115 I	116 N	117 A		118 F	119 Q	120 C
	121 H	122 K	123 G	124 J		125 X	126 W	127 H	128 T	129 J		130 B	131 M	132 Y		133 C	134 M
135 B	136 L	137 T	138 K	139 G	140 Q	141 R		142 G	143 Q	144 A	145 K	146 V	147 U	148 Y	149 J	150 I	151 R
152 W		153 Q	154 H		155 F	156 W	157 H		158 G	159 T	160 A	161 U	162 K	163 B	164 W	165 E	166 I
167 Y		168 F	169 T	170 H	171 K		172 O	173 J		174 X	175 M	176 F		177 U	178 Y	179 O	180 N
181 R	182 W	183 K	184 X	185 V		186 U	187 P	188 R		189 E	190 C	191 W	192 G	193 F	194 S		195 S
196 T		197 F	198 J	199 X	200 V	201 N	202 P	203 A		204 E	205 Q	206 Y		207 X	208 V	209 U	210 P
211 H		212 U	213 J	214 C		215 B	216 C	217 J	218 U		219 K	220 P	221 Y	222 I			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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